THE LARGEST SELLING FIFTY CENT MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD
THIS PRINTING 700,000

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER
1943

BENEFIT FOR THE
NATIONAL WAR FUND
THREE FRONTS—ONE CAUSE

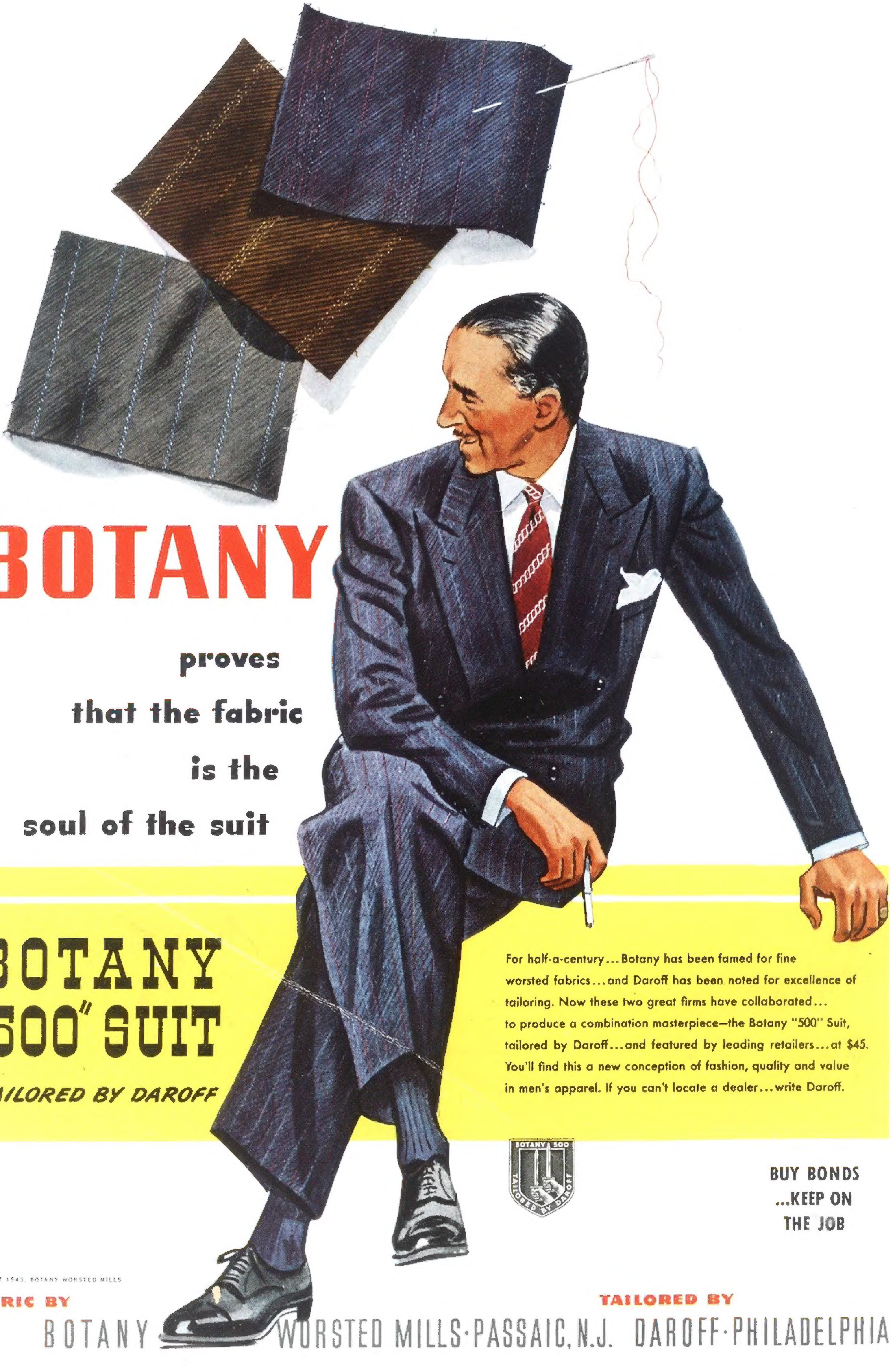
FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

Pledge Your Support
BUY WAR SAVINGS
BONDS AND STAMPS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
CANADIAN PRICE FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

ARTICLES
PAUL GALLICO
CURT RIESS
CAPT. J. R. GILLINGHAM
WILLIAM CABE
EDWARD P. MORGAN
HARRY O. HOYT
CAPT. JACOB CHAITKIN
JOHN BURTON TIGRETT
FICTION
MANUEL KOMROFF
SAMUEL W. TAYLOR
ARCH WHITEHOUSE
HENRY STEIG
JAMES VALE DOWNIE
PETER HELMERS
ART
JOHN FALTER
MARCEL VERTES
ALEXANDER LEYDENFROST
WALTER E. BOHL
LESLIE SAALBURG
SLAYTON UNDERHILL
PHOTOGRAPHY
ANTON BRUEHL
GEORGE HURRELL
HENRY WAXMAN
WILLIAM RITTER
JON ABBOT
GEORGE SEREBRYKOFF
VERSE
MAXWELL BODENHEIM
PHIL STACK
SPORTS
HERB GRAFFIS
RALPH CANNON
CLARK SHAUGHNESSY
CHUCK DUVAL
LLOYD MADDOCK
BERT POPOWSKI
DEPARTMENTS
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
LAWTON MACKALL
ILES BRODY
BRUCE PATTERSON
O. E. SCHOEFFLER
CARTOONS
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
VARGA
HOWARD BAER
PAUL WEBB
D. McKAY
B. SHERMUND
GARRETT PRICE
IRVING ROIR
CARL ROSE
L. S. SODERSTROM
(COVER)

INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 190



BOTANY

proves
that the fabric
is the
soul of the suit

BOTANY "500" SUIT

TAILORED BY DAROFF

For half-a-century... Botany has been famed for fine worsted fabrics... and Daroff has been noted for excellence of tailoring. Now these two great firms have collaborated... to produce a combination masterpiece—the Botany "500" Suit, tailored by Daroff... and featured by leading retailers... at $45. You'll find this a new conception of fashion, quality and value in men's apparel. If you can't locate a dealer... write Daroff.

BUY BONDS
...KEEP ON
THE JOB

COPYRIGHT 1943, BOTANY WORSTED MILLS

FABRIC BY
BOTANY WORSTED MILLS·PASSAIC, N.J.

TAILORED BY
DAROFF·PHILADELPHIA

"LOOK, SARGE. MY PEN QUIT ON ME—JUST LIKE THAT! MAYBE IF YOU TALKED TO IT . . ."
"LISTEN, SOLDIER. A PEN IS NO JEEP. YA GOTTA PROTECT IT. I TOLD YOU TO USE PARKER QUINK CONTAINING SOLV-X. IT SAVES THE RUBBER AND METAL PARTS."

Pens and repair parts are getting scarce!

To keep your pen writing . . use Quink with solv-x!

THE PEN which fails now cannot readily be replaced or repaired. For the production of *all* pens is drastically reduced by government order.

We suggest, therefore, that you safeguard your precious fountain pen with Parker Quink. This ink alone has the magic ingredient *solv-x*.

Solv-x eliminates the causes of most pen failures. It fights off the metal corrosion and rubber rot caused by high-acid inks—*cleans pens as it writes!*

For steel pens, too, Quink is ideal. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FOR V···—MAIL "Micro-film Black" *Parker Quink in "Micro-film Black" photographs perfectly! It is jet-black—ideal for every use. Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Family size, 25¢. Other sizes, 15¢ and up.*

SOLV-X *in every bottle of Quink... protects pens in 5 ways!*

1. Protects rubber . . . lengthens the life of sac or diaphragm.
2. Dissolves sediment and gum left by other inks. Cleans your pen as it writes.
3. Prevents clogging of feed.
4. Safeguards base metal parts . . . prevents corrosion.
5. Assures quick starting and even flow at all times.

Parker Quink

PARKER Quink

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING PEN-PROTECTING SOLV-X

Copr. 1943 by The Parker Pen Company

FLORSHEIM *Quality*

FOR LONGER RATIONED WEAR

The VIKING S-1111

Your Ration Book tells you how many . . .
Florsheim Quality tells you what kind

Today's Florsheim Shoes don't live a "stamp-to-stamp" existence; they're designed and built to *last*—to give you more for your money, more for your stamp. So, if you must buy shoes buy better shoes . . . buy Florsheims—and give your next shoe ration stamp to your family, for you won't need it.

Most Styles
$10.50 and $11

Florsheim *Shoes*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Publisher: David A. Smart
Edited by Arnold Gingrich

BENEFIT FOR THE
NATIONAL WAR FUND
THREE FRONTS—ONE CAUSE

Asst. Editor:
Bernard Geis
Board of Editors:
Fiction
Max Wilkinson
Non-Fiction
Harriet Paddock
Genevieve Pfleeger
Features
Georgette Carneal
Bruce Patterson
Sports
Ralph Cannon
Fashion
O. E. Schoeffler
Dora Deane
Research
Fritz Bamberger
Production
Gus Berkes
Format
Don May
Graphics
Tony Palazzo
Circulation
A. L. Blinder
Associate Editors:
A. D. Pitney
Helene Richards
Edith Roberts
Mary Vested
J. L. Cates

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1943 by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U.S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1943

Page

ARTICLES

The Flight of the Nazis . . . *Since no country would harbor Hitler, Himmler, Goering or the others, when Germany falls, how will they die?* . . . . Curt Riess 39
Do Women Act Crazier Over Men . . *Women flatter men with the subtlety of buzz-saws, collect scalps without discernment, loathe their own sex* . . . . Him 40
. . . than the Men Act Over Women? . *Besides the eternally frustrated Don Juan we have the fencer, the boaster, the my-girl-is-different type* . . . . Her 41
The Man Who Didn't Shoot . . *Citing Capt. Joe Foss, not for his record of twenty-six Zeros but for the twenty-seventh he didn't shoot down* . . . . Paul Gallico 42
Flying Begins on the Ground . . *Testing your knowledge of problems of the Air Service Command, vital to our winning the war of the air* . Capt. John R. Gillingham 48
Survivors from a Burning Sea . . *Boatswain's account of what happened after the torpedo struck the oil tanker, as told to Harry Davis* . . . . William Cabe 50 R
Little Europe in Mexico . . . *Wartime sanctuary for such birds of passage as royalty, diamond merchants, novelists, Nazi spies, is Mexico City* . Edward P. Morgan 61
So You Want to Drive a Tank! . . *Hosts of the Fort Knox, Ky., Armored Command School take your chin-leading reporter for a ride* . . . . Harry O. Hoyt 78 R
Russian Is So Easy to Learn . . *Teacher of Army men and civilians shows you how to master the alphabet, then puts you on your own* . . . . Capt. Jacob Chaitkin 85
The Coming Fight for the Air . . *Domestic tilt among air, bus, truck and railroad lines will pale beside the post-war rivalry of nations* . . . . . John Burton Tigrett 93

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury . . *Esky on the pan* 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire . . *They just put one word after another* 34
The Lively Arts: The Talking Machine—Sensational! . *Records: how to choose and use* . Gilbert Seldes 72
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments . . *Caustic counsel for producers* . . . George Jean Nathan 77
Camp Humor: Goldbricking With Esquire . . *Soldier's sallies* . . . . Bruce Patterson 94
Potables: Mr. Volstead, Nevermore . . *The insidious ways of prohibitionists* . . . . Lawton Mackall 96
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette . . *Italian cuisine is Europe's best* . . . . Iles Brody 101
Wearables: Taller than You Are . . *Clothes for the shorter than average* . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 113

FICTION

The Mystery of Hutter's Cave . . *The underground stream might jam the explorer into a tight place or carry him to a subterranean lake* . . Samuel W. Taylor 47
Conspiracy with a Corpse . . *The clergyman's funeral sermon proved that a good portion of speaking well consists in knowing how to lie* . . . . Peter Helmers 55
The Million Franc Reward . . *When a man is hungry enough his will power weakens so that he might even betray a countryman to the Nazis* . . Manuel Komroff 58
A Short Show for Albert . . *He was induced to sign up for pilot training in America when Daisy said they might put him in pictures* . . . . . . Arch Whitehouse 62 R
The Distressing Guest . . . . *Though marching to the death house would have been easier, it seemed only decent to call on Mary again* . . . . James Vale Downie 71
New Kid on the Block . . . . *They told him if he wasn't yellow to prove it and once he had accepted the challenge, there was no backing out* . . . . . Henry Steig 88

POETRY

A Sister Writes . . . . *Elegy for a hero* . . . . Maxwell Bodenheim 120

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design . . . . *Three fronts—One cause* . . . . *Modeled by* L. S. Soderstrom
The Temptation of a Hero . . . . *Painted especially for Esquire by* John Falter 43
The Varga Girl . . . . *Virtue Triumphs* . . . . *Verse by* Phil Stack; *Painting by* Varga 45
A Group of Four Etchings . . . . *Wild Water-Fowl* . . . . *Etchings by* Walter E. Bohl 57
American Beauties, Western Style . . *Marilyn Maxwell* . . . . *Color Photograph by* Hurrell 59
The Esquire Canteen . . . . . *Girls from the Folies Bergere* . . . . *Color Photograph by* Anton Bruehl 60
Among Hollywood's Nebulae . . *Julie London* . . . . *Color Photograph by* Henry Waxman 73
American Beauties, Eastern Style . . *Carmel Fitzgerald* . . . . *Color Photograph by* William Ritter 75
Broadway for the Boys . . . . *The Doughgirls* . . . . *Color Photograph by* Jon Abbot 76
They Laugh Who Win . . . . *Medley in Eight Parts* . . . . *Drawings by* Irving Roir 82
Stage Door Esquire . . . . *Greatest Show on Earth* . . . . *Color Photograph by* George Serebrykoff 89
The U.S. Navy's Blimp . . . *Nemesis to Nazi Submarines* . . . . *Painting by* Alexander Leydenfrost 90
Awarding Distinguished Flying Cross . . . . *Painting by* Leslie Saalburg 92
Air Cadets on Parade . . . . *Painting by* Slayton Underhill 145
The Belles of Vertès . . . . . . *Her leotard keeps her warm* . . . . *Drawings by* Marcel Vertès 147

SPORTS

Wild Goose Chase with a Limit . . *The descent of a flock of honkers is terrifying* . . Bert Popowski 56 R
Oakland, Home of the Squirrels . . *Its California soil produces sports' best zanies* . . . . . Lloyd Maddock 64
Football's Greatest Backfields . . . . *Princeton's of 1889 to Stanford's of 1940* . . . . Clark Shaughnessy 69 R
Ambassador of Billiards . . . *"Show me a shot I can't make," boasts Charles C. Peterson* . . . . Chuck Duval 80
The Esquire Sports Poll . . . *On the present lag of collegiate sports* . . . . Ralph Cannon & Herb Graffis 86
The Sporting Scene . . . . *The wartime physical fitter, Dr. Frank Lloyd* . . . . Herb Graffis 106

BRIEFS

Sacrifice at Nabunimbwa . . *Twin babies were to be killed for the rain god* . . . . . . Comdr. Attilio Gatti 66
The Lowdown on the Alcatraz Coup . . *On subtle cheaters at bridge* . . . . Samuel Fry, Jr. 67
South Sea Football . . . . . . *Spoiling for combat, the men let go in sport* . . . . Rube Samuelsen 116
The Hunter's Return . . . . *Walking through the forest was like a rebirth* . . . . M. E. Dunham 128
Profile of an American Hero . . *His humor endeared Ken McCullar to the Aussies* . . . . M. Fischer 146

TRENDS IN DRESS

Clothes and Accessories, *sketched by* Goodman, Fellows, Herrick and Hughes . . . . *beginning on* 99

ESQUIRE
November, 1943
Vol. XX, No. 5
Whole No. 120

T.M. REG.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-President in charge of advertising; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Circulation Director. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill. Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or provision for carrying charges if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. 17. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions and Pan-American Union, $5.00; in Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

EDITORIAL: Personal remarks, serving as the frame for a portrait

In our September issue we devoted a portion of these columns, at the request of William Lyon Phelps, to an explanation that illness would force him to miss his monthly deadline for *Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf*, for "at least one month, but probably not more than two at the most." Although at that writing Prof. Phelps had left the hospital and was apparently convalescing satisfactorily at his home in New Haven, by the time our September issue achieved print, his death had served to convert our few pleasantries concerning his kindness and considerateness into a much-too-casual memorial notice.

Meanwhile, yet another issue of Esquire had gone rolling over its deadline, so this is our first opportunity to explain that our cheery "So long" to Billy Phelps was never meant to serve as our last goodbye.

In that September issue, which carried his last column written for our pages, there appeared by a curious coincidence one of the most characteristic of his sentences. You would look long through all his writings of the past fifty years to find another so succinctly expressive of the affirmative attitude that conditioned his entire outlook on literature and life. The sentence: "No one need ever despair of the physical condition and courage of the human race."

Thus, although he fully expected to be back on his job in these pages, he nevertheless managed, with this sentence and one other paragraph of his in that same issue, to say his own farewells far better than any one else could have said them for him, then or now. The other paragraph: "It does not disturb me that the body grows old. But when does one himself grow old? I think I can state accurately the exact moment when a person passes into old age. It is the moment when in solitude one's thoughts regularly turn more to the past than to the present or future. In the matchless Shakespearean phrase, the stealing steps of age overtake our slowing bodies; but they can never catch up with an alert mind."

* * *

We felt so close to him, here in our shop, that it is hard to know how to bid him goodbye now. Although his home was far away, no contributor was in and out of our Chicago office oftener. Certainly no contributor ever even came close to matching the number of friendships that Billy Phelps made throughout our entire staff. He knew them all, from receptionists to executives and stenographers to stockroom boys, and he used to pop in and strike them dumb as he went around calling one after another of them by name.

He had another engaging little habit, of scribbling thank you notes to this or that staff member who might have had occasion, at one time or another, to handle a change or correction on his scripts, between this office and the typesetter or printer. These notes, in his huge rushing handwriting, were always signed Billy. He must have been Billy to a hundred thousand people, at least, all over the world.

His effect on a women's club audience, in his mid-seventies, can only be compared to that of the ineffable Sinatra, in his mid-twenties, on a studio audience today. And his effect on his students, even those of a generation ago, was more lasting and vivid than that of anybody or anything else they saw or heard or read during their entire college careers.

He was, as Mencken said over thirty years ago, "an intelligent professor." He was also an extrovert professor.

Many other people undoubtedly have much more important and significant recollections of him than ours. But we have one memory of him that we'll want to take out and look at, from time to time in years to come.

We like to think of him as we saw him in his New Haven home on a bright early Summer day, against a background of a myriad of colorful books, gleaming dark woods and glittering silver. He was gaily dressed, in his habitual happy tweeds. We had to hurry our business discussion because he had promised to go to the circus with a few New Haven friends who were to call for him any minute.

They did. There were between thirty-five and forty of them. Their ages ranged from five to eleven.

* * *

He wouldn't have liked this page, this month, although he was at all other times its most faithful, and articulate, follower. But he was impatient with both prolonged reminiscences and farewells. He'd have said, "Use the space for something that's coming up. Tell them about your Jazz Number, for instance. Stick to lively subjects." But all that will keep. And instead of prolonging our own reminiscences and farewells we'll devote the space to something we feel sure he would have liked. It's a vignette by another professor, a man he never met, Walter B. Pitkin, but with whom, as you will see, he had a lot in common. ⌗

MANPRINTS

This is about a man I never saw. He was a writer, yet I never even opened any book he wrote. I never got a letter from him, nor he one from me. We never telephoned. I never passed his house. I never entered his office. I never met any member of his family. And yet he is as familiar to me as my own right hand. I have been crossing his trail for some thirty years. The trail was not marked with footprints. Nor thumbprints. It was manprints.

Wherever this man went he left his mark. It was the mark of the whole man. And this marked him as an extraordinary person. For few of us—alas, how very few!—leave manprints as we go from place to place. Some of us leave tongueprints. We say something that leaves its mark on the minds of listeners, and we feel proud when, years later, somebody says: "Oh, yes! I heard you say that five years ago . . ." Or even prouder when somebody says: "Your lecture changed my course of thinking. . . ." Others leave jokeprints. In their wake ripples of laughter run on and on, dying away only after many years. And people bless the man who made the jokeprints.

Not a few strong personalities leave faceprints and voiceprints. How well I recall my one great moment in the presence of William Jennings Bryan as he thundered free silver on his greatest campaign! His back against the setting sun, he spoke in a voice whose like I have never heard. What did he say? I don't know. But the surge and thunder live on. That's a voiceprint.

And then the faceprint of Oom Paul Kruger, great leader of the embattled Boers! It haunts me still. I saw it in the flickering gas light of a misty Paris night, high above a screaming crowd. He was pleading the cause of the Boers against the British, in the midst of the desperate war. I could not understand a word he said, but suddenly I knew what men had meant when, of Helen of Troy, they said: "This is the face that launched a thousand ships." Oom Paul's was the face that hurled a hundred thousand warriors into a hopeless fight.

Well, this man of whom I now speak may have left jokeprints and voiceprints and faceprints on many people, but never on me; for, as I said, I never saw him or heard him. But he did something much more wonderful. He made himself visible with manprints all over the country, and these I saw so often that in time it became something of a joke that I never ran across the man himself.

Like myself, he was always travelling up and down our land, out of sheer pleasure. He liked the land, but he liked the people better. He never travelled for bread and butter, nor to crusade. He went hither and yon, to talk with people and to people about whatsoever people wanted to talk. He talked on almost any matter as easily as you and I talk about the weather. He talked with all comers at all hours.

I stopped over in a dirty Pennsylvania mining town, one bitter night. The folks I stayed with asked me about this man. Of course I knew him. Everybody knew him. What a wonderful human being! We wish he might have stayed here for a year.

A dull little grocer away up in northern Michigan took me in out of a driving snow storm. Yep, he knew the fellow. A great guy. "Usually I don't care for his kind. But he was different. You might say, one of us. And yet no. So smart. And full of fun. And wise! We ain't got a man in our county who knows half what that fellow does. No Sir."

A tired little school teacher on an Oklahoma prairie sighed when I mentioned him. "He did more to give me a lift through life than anybody else ever did. Yes, even more than my mother did." And she talked for an hour about him.

The president of the big Chicago bank swung in his chair and shook his finger at me. "If you'd tell us something like what he did, we'd like it. But then, I suppose you can't. Oh well. Do your best, young man."

And so it went. In a Maine village, at a Florida resort, along the lower levees of Old Man River, back in the Rockies, in San Francisco fog and in the whipping rain of Seattle's January, everywhere I ran across the same manprints. The marks of a powerful personality.

Just what had he said or done that made such deep impressions? Most of the people didn't know. And why should they? A personality isn't a sentence. A man isn't a lecture. Nobody can translate a manprint into an obituary or into an outline of the man's philosophy or his religion. Like a fingerprint, the manprint is unique. And it is infinitely more than the sum of all the man's quips and yarns and doctrines and preachments. It is the total impact of a personality upon people.

How rare the man who makes such an impact, not upon a few friends but upon tens of thousands, even total strangers and shirt salesmen met just for once in a Pullman smoker!

I am glad that I never met Billy Phelps in the flesh. Not meeting him has taught me the wonder of manprints.

—Walter B. Pitkin

Short Cuts to Social Success

by BOB HOPE

1. There are a dozen ways to be a social success . . . looks, clothes, money, brains, money, personality, family, money, youth, beauty, and your own checking account. Me, I became a social success by putting on a big front . . . well, I didn't exactly put it on . . . I took my girdle off.

2. First, dress carefully to make the best impression. I never wear anything beyond ten days—I tire of things quickly, also that's when the free trial offer is up. Of course, if you really want to have something after ten days' trial, try Pepsodent. You'll have a bright smile that nobody can take away from you.

3. Next, always be friendly. Unless you're leaving town anyway, never greet a stranger by saying, "Well, what d'ya hear from your Draft Board?" Instead, give him something pleasant to think about, like . . . "Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium. It's the special film-removing tooth paste."

4. Learn to dance. I know what it is to be a wallflower. In fact, I once sat in a corner so long I had clinging ivy growing up both legs. Clinging ivy is bad enough. But film clinging to teeth is worse. It dulls your teeth and dims your smile. But Pepsodent with Irium sure gets rid of film in a hurry.

5. Above all, watch your manners. For example...when you drink tea, extend your finger. This is not only polite, but in case anybody tries to steal your sugar, you can poke 'em in the eye. Otherwise, never point . . . unless it's to show how Pepsodent, the special film-removing tooth paste, keeps teeth bright.

PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER
PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER
Contains Irium
New
VICTORY PACKAGE
SAME QUANTITY
SAME QUALITY
Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE
Contains Irium

Only Pepsodent contains Irium

How PEPSODENT with IRIUM uncovers brighter teeth

Film on Teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.

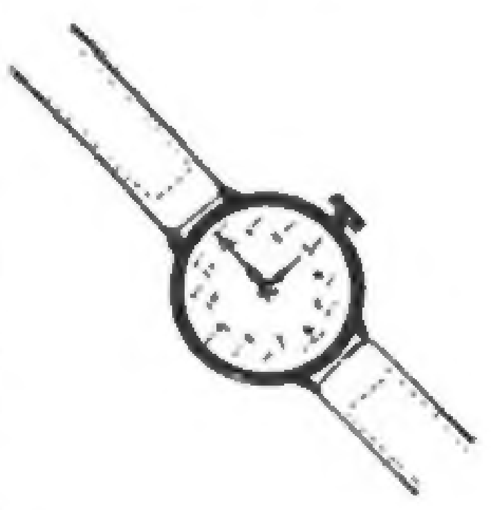
This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles look when commonplace methods don't clean film away.

But look what Irium does! It loosens film—floats it away, leaves the surface clean, bright and sparkling.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural brightness of your smile... quickly, safely, gently.

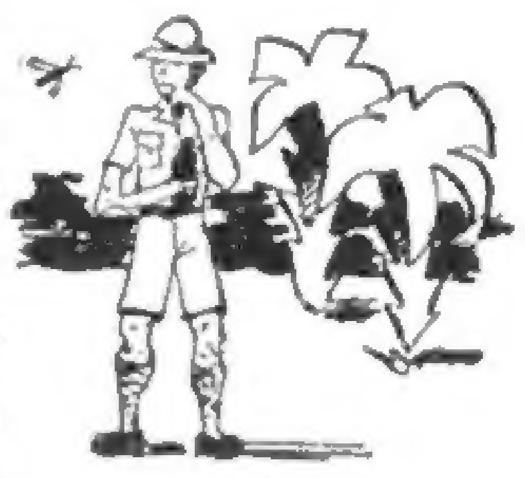
Talking Shop with Esquire

STRICTLY NON — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.

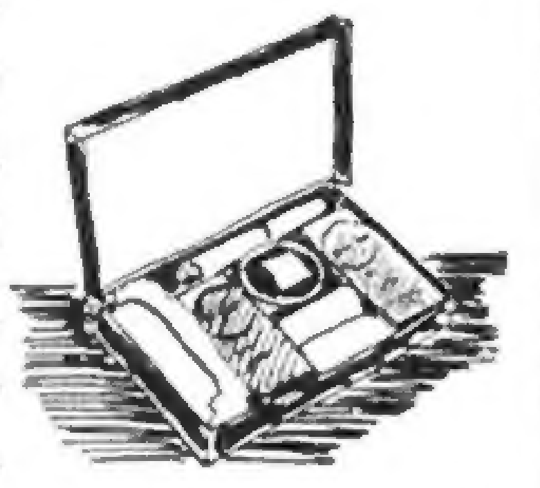


ARMY TIME. Remember the days when it was "twelve noon or twelve midnight"? To get yourself in the mood for this "1300", "1400" stuff, better get one of the new wrist watches with the 24-hour dial. The dial has regular numerals plus army time in red numerals. The watch is a peach . . . shockproof and waterproof, with all steel case and back, broad sweep radium hands and numerals and a 17 jewel movement. Same firm makes another all steel job, self or manual winding, and a favorite with the navy because it's impervious to salt water.

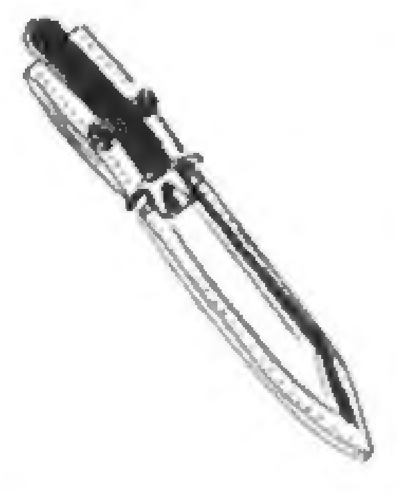
SHOPPING FROM A FOXHOLE. What do you do when your best girl's birthday is coming and you're stuck in Sicily? How do you get a present to your brand new son and heir? How are you going to be sure that your Christmas gifts for the wife and kiddies will be there in time? Several leading New York stores have personal shoppers for men in the service. They act as a service man's Girl Friday and private secretary. All you do is tell us your problem, and enclose your check or money order, and we'll have her do the rest. And, of course, for any special requests, there's always your pal Ranger.



HIDE PROTECTOR. Out in the South Pacific, the boys are smearing themselves with a new insect repellent which is anathema to deadly mosquitos and other tropical flesh biters. Its a colorless liquid, and one application is good for from 2 to 4 hours. Perspiration won't wear it off.



MORE HIDE PROTECTORS. This time it's a kit to keep all leather, such as boots, shoes, cap visors, belts and gun slings in perfect condition . . . and waterproof. You get brushes, rags, salves, shoe dressings and conditioners, neatly boxed in a substantial case with a gold seal of the U. S. There's a liquid on the market which takes the stiffness out of new shoes, damp-proofs the soles and preserves your kicks indefinitely. You put it on about once a week, and give the uppers, leather linings, insoles and outer soles the once over lightly.



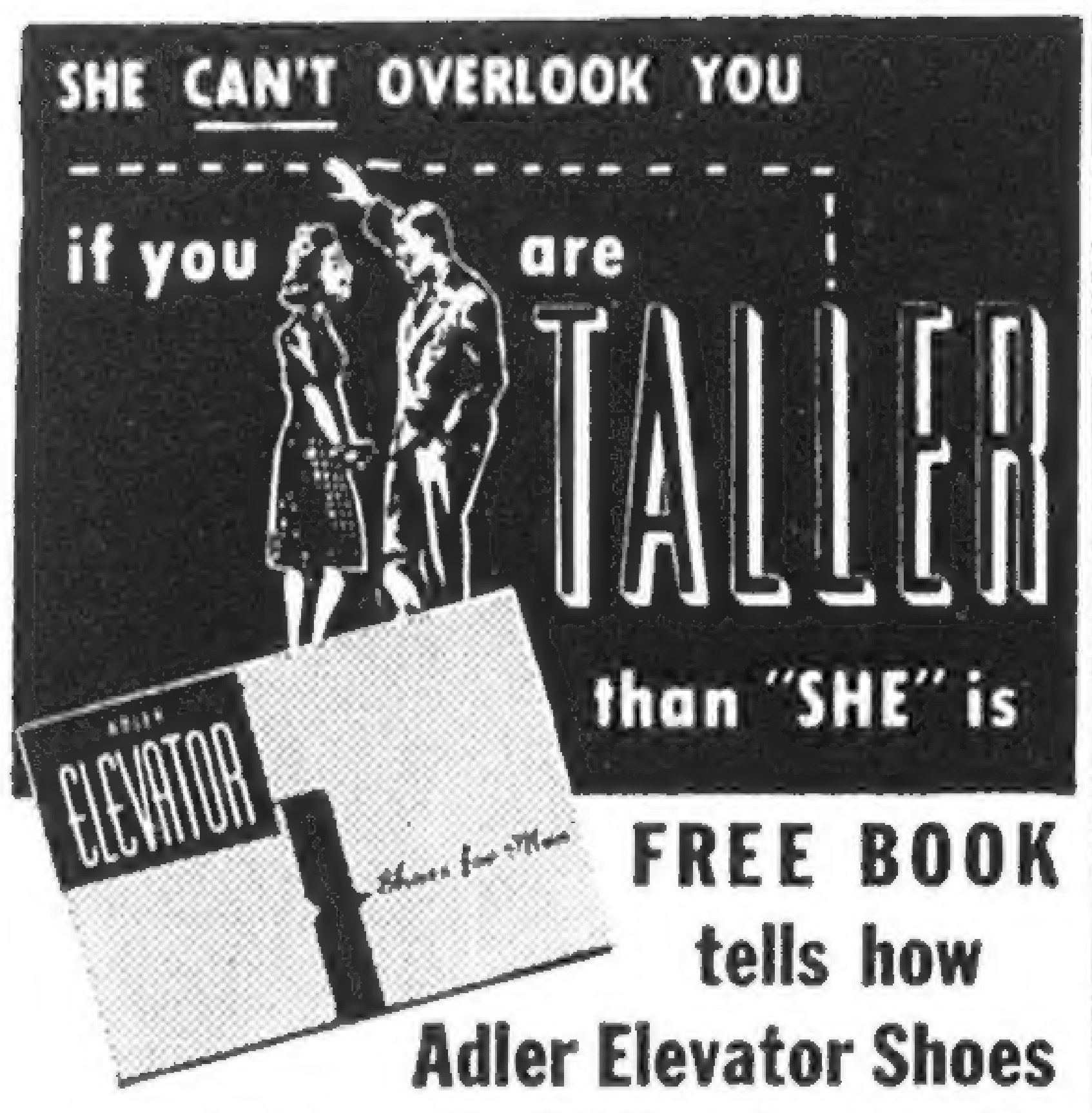
COMMANDO'S "SNICKERSNEE". The head coach of our Olympic fencing team, an expert in small arms and knife fencing, has designed a saber knife that really does a job on man or beast. The 7-inch blade holds its razor sharp edge, and the double edge hunting point makes it ideal as a general purpose knife. Even the perfectly balanced curved handle is of steel, covered with cowhide. Cowhide also is the fitted sheath, which comes complete with horsehide leg thongs.

ROLL DEM BONES. A New York newspaper columnist has invented a new game called Kismet, which combines the best features of roulette, cards and dice. It can be played by any number, and just for variety, you use red, white and blue dice, and work yourself into a lather. The playing board folds up so it can go into weekend or duffle bags.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



SHE CAN'T OVERLOOK YOU
if you are TALLER than "SHE" is

FREE BOOK tells how Adler Elevator Shoes make you Taller *instantly*

If "She" has a tendency to look over the top of your head at taller fellows, it's time for you to do something about it! And that something is to change to Adler Elevator Shoes . . . but fast! Adler Elevators, you know, are those remarkable, smart shoes that make you almost 2 **INCHES TALLER**, and they also improve your posture. Write for Free Book now.

(In ordering by mail you may detach ration coupon.)

$12.95

OBEY THAT IMPULSE
ADLER SHOES for MEN

Dept. E11-43, 122 E. 42 St., N. Y.
Gentlemen: I am interested in BEING TALLER. Please send me your Booklet in Full Color.
NAME....................................
ADDRESS....................................
CITY..................STATE..........

The Miracle Shaving Aid
"RANCHO" RAZOR BATH
Gives You 3 Distinct Aids:
1. *Many more shaves per blade.*
2. *No razor-cleaning drudgery.*
3. *Keeps razor antiseptically clean.*
Enthusiastic owners report phenomenal blade milage.
POST-PAID $1.25 THE SET PLUS GIFT BOX
DISTINCTIVE CREATIONS, INC.
10 West 47th Street, New York City

THE MASTER HAND MEANS
PERFECTION IN PERSONNA
Precision Double Edge Blades

10 *for* $1
and worth it

Master Cutlers not only hollow-grind Personnas from finest Swedish steel, and leather-strop each one. They also give every blade the going-over of its life in 17 inspections. Result—perfect blades, perfect shaves, *always.* Fits your double edge razor perfectly.

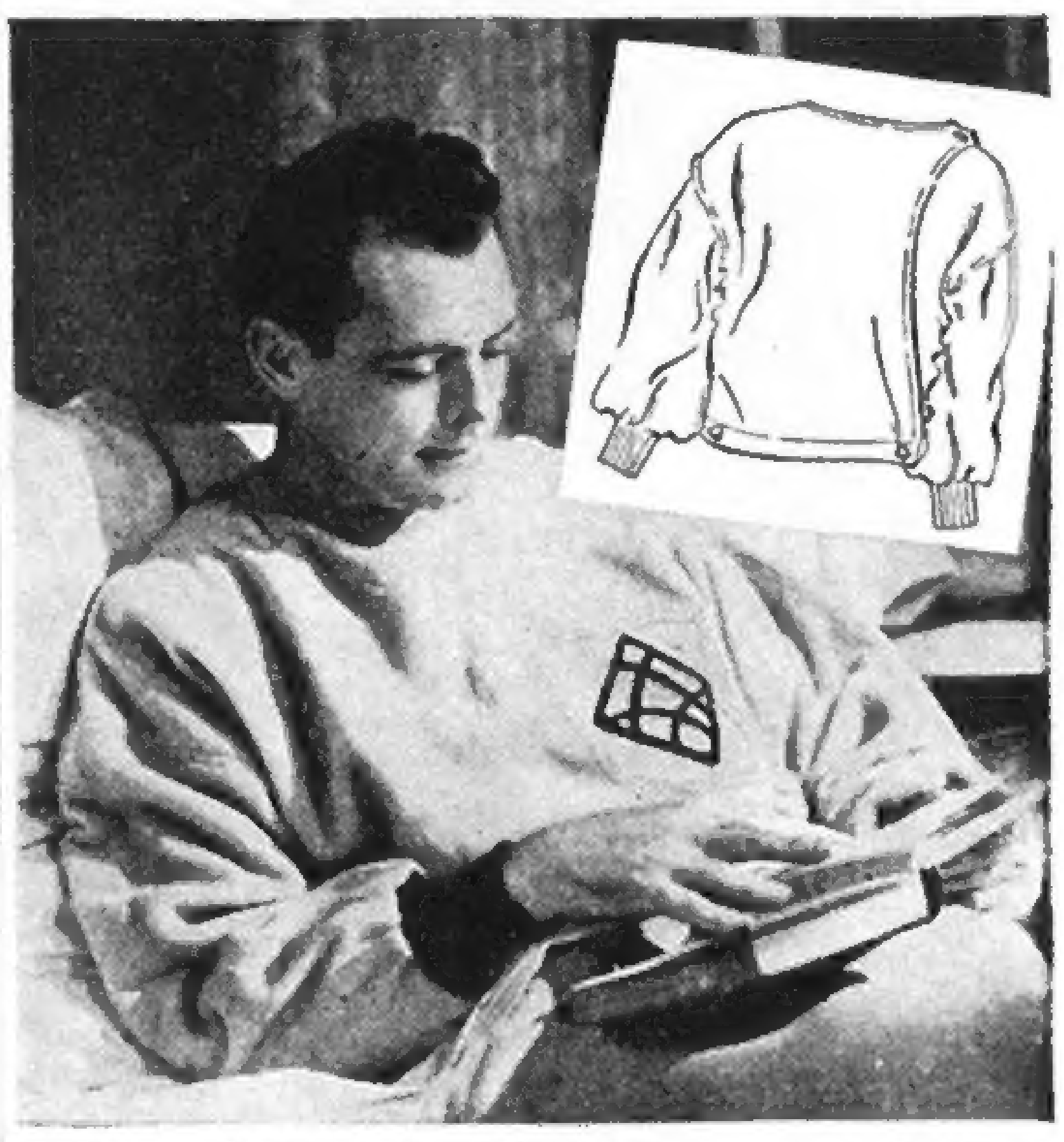
GIFT BOX OF FIFTY $5

Fine as a Rare Jewel

If your dealer can't supply you, write to Department A. Personna Blade Co., Inc., 599 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

PERSONNA
Precision

Readinjack



A Most Original, Handy LOUNGING Jacket

...for men at home, in the barracks, at school, or traveling—and particularly for men of the armed forces who are in hospitals and who need every comfort and convenience while convalescing. **Wonderfully easy to slip on or off** because of its clever, original, patented crisscross back-opening and three-button closure. **Warm, comfortable, cozy** and **so convenient.** Of soft-as-down Camelord, a Du Pont Rayon fabric that will give amazing service. Large front decorative pocket. To doff the "Readinjack" the man simply touches the hip buttons and slips his arms out. Never anything like it before. **The Perfect Answer** to the **Gift Problem. Postpaid.** . . . $6.50

Your favorite store has it, or send coupon direct to FIELDS & CO., 232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me these Readinjacks: (Cash or money order enclosed.)

	Small	Medium	Large
Luggage Tan			
Royal Blue			
Maroon			

Name ____________
Address ____________

Styled by Marxman

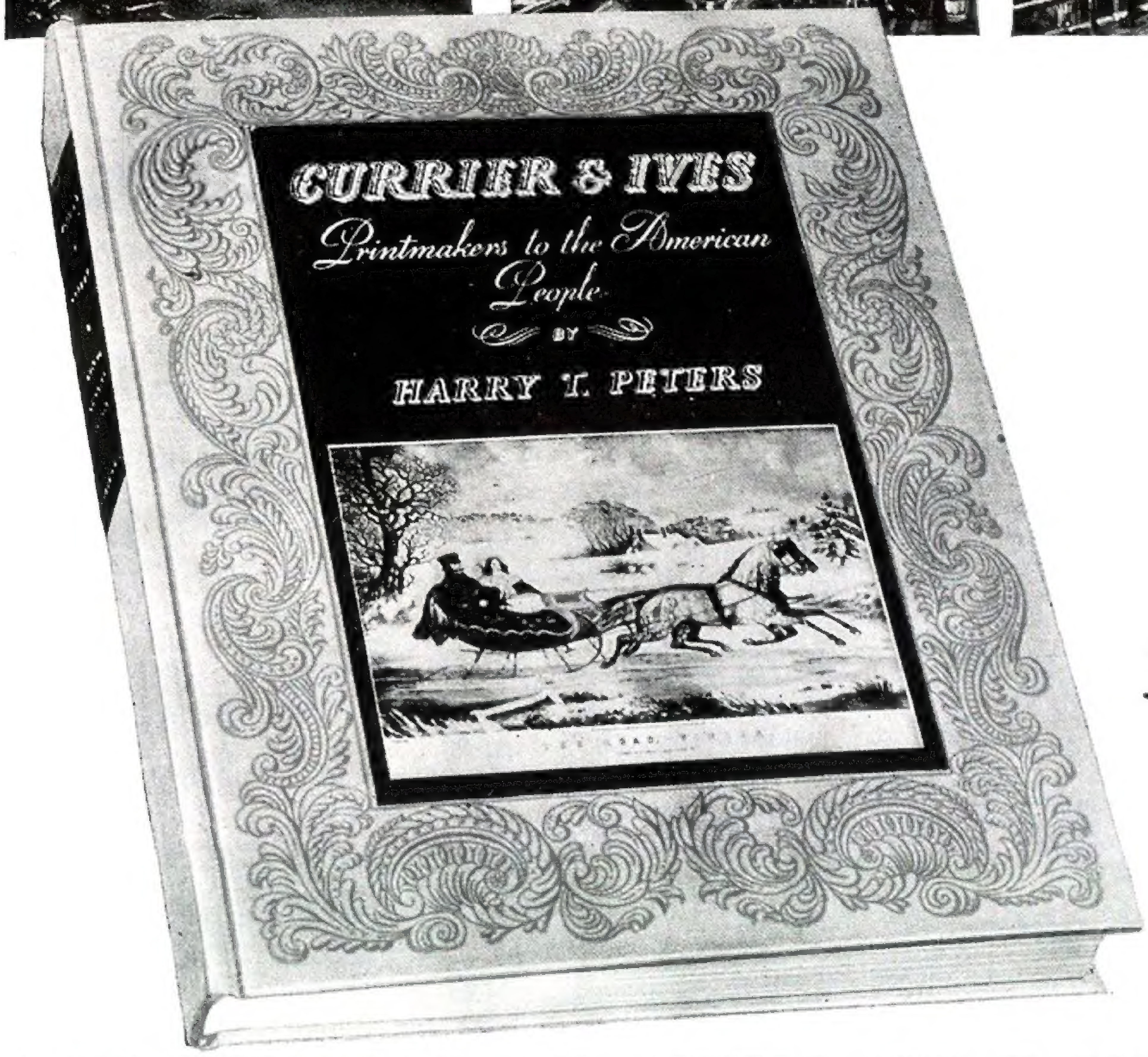
THE *Mel-O*

Thoroughly aged, carefully selected briar...bench-made and sculptured by craftsmen faithful to a *fine tradition*... a pipe that's smooth, and mellow...a real delight to smoke... a treasure to own.

Look for the name—
MARXMAN
27 W. 24th St.
New York, N. Y

$3.50

Pipes by
MARXMAN
AT ALL FINE TOBACCONISTS


CURRIER & IVES
Printmakers to the American People
BY
HARRY T. PETERS

A **FREE** COPY . . . TO NEW MEMBERS
OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

CURRIER & IVES

Printmakers to the American People

Retail Price $5^{00}

ALL THESE PRINTS APPEARED ORIGINALLY IN A LIMITED EDITION OF TWO VOLUMES AT $115.00 PER SET

HOW THIS BOOK AND OTHERS LIKE IT CAN BE GIVEN TO CLUB MEMBERS

Begin Your Subscription
to the
Book-of-the-Month Club
with the
SEPTEMBER SELECTION

So Little Time

by John P. Marquand

—or you may begin with any other of the recent selections pictured below

WHAT A SUBSCRIPTION INVOLVES: Over 500,000 families now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. They do so in order to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in.

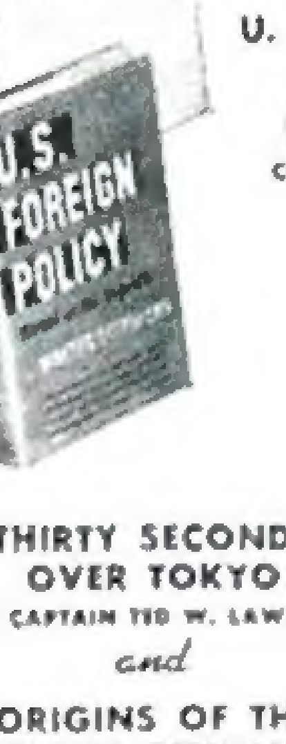
As a Club member, you receive an advance publication report about the judges' choice—and also reports about all other important coming books. If you decide you want the book-of-the-month, you let it come. If not (on a blank always provided) you can specify some other book you want, or simply say: "Send me nothing."

For every two books-of-the-month you do buy, you receive one of the Club's book-dividends free. Last year the retail value of free books given to Club members was over $7,000,000—given, not sold! These book-dividends could be distributed free because so many subscribers ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print *other fine* library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among subscribers.

Your obligation is simple. You pay no yearly fee. You merely agree to buy no fewer than four books-of-the-month in any twelve-month period. Your subscription is not for one year, but as long as you decide; you can end it at any time after taking four books-of-the-month. You pay for the books as you get them—the regular retail price (frequently less) plus a small charge to cover postage and other mailing expenses. (Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

ALL BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTIONS

Why keep on missing important books like these?

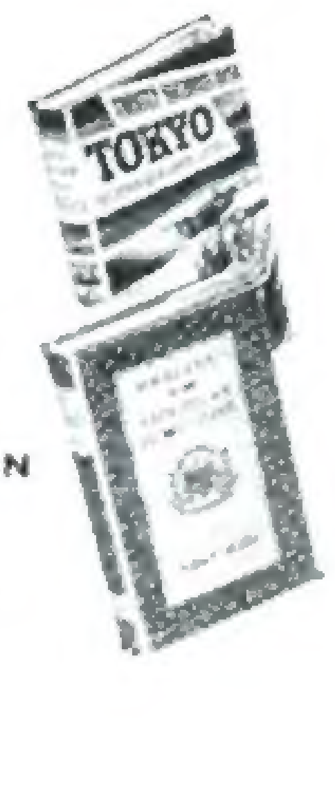


WESTERN STAR
BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENET
and
U. S. FOREIGN POLICY
BY WALTER LIPPMANN
(double selection)
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
$3.00

SO LITTLE TIME
BY JOHN P. MARQUAND
$2.75

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE
BY FRANZ WERFEL
and
VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER
BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY
(double selection)
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
$3.00

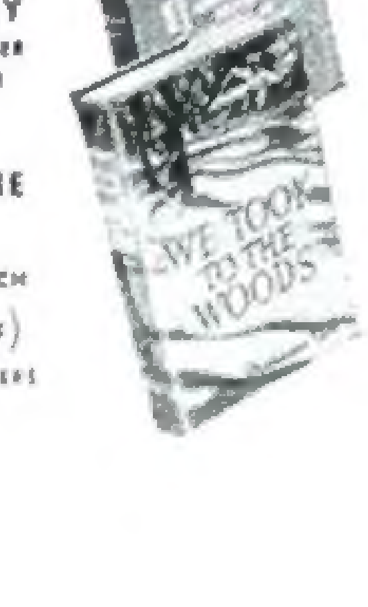
PAUL REVERE:
And The World He Lived In
BY ESTHER FORBES
(Awarded the Pulitzer Prize for History)
PRICE TO MEMBERS
$2.75



THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO
BY CAPTAIN TED W. LAWSON
and
ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
BY JOHN C. MILLER
(double selection)
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
$3.00

THE HUMAN COMEDY
BY WILLIAM SAROYAN
and
COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S RAID
BY BERRY FLEMING
(double selection)
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
$3.00

ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA
BY SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON
(Awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Biography)
$2.75



OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY
BY CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER AND EMILY KIMBROUGH
and
WE TOOK TO THE WOODS
BY LOUISE DICKINSON RICH
(double selection)
COMBINED PRICE TO MEMBERS
$3.00

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB A8211
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive a free copy of CURRIER & IVES, and for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month from the Club each full year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

Name ....
Please Print Plainly

Address ....

City.............................. Postal District No. (if any) ....*State*..............................

Begin My Subscription With..
(choose one of the selections at the left)

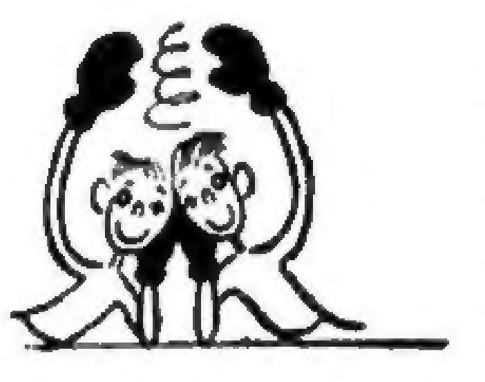
....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada) Limited

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

SECOND-GUESSING THE SPORTS POLL

The significant element in your August sports poll is its unwitting revelation of what years of sportswriting do to the brain. Hell's little bells!—why the *second* Dempsey-Tunney fight and the *second* Louis-Schmeling fight? In each case, the first show was better as a contest and as drama. The second Dempsey-Tunney fight ended with Tunney too scared to knock out a Dempsey too tired to chase him. The second Louis-Schmeling fight was a sordid exhibition. Customers leaving the stadium that night in disgust would have sneered at the suggestion that they had witnessed one of the outstanding sports spectacles of the century.



Schmeling, past his prime in the first match, gypped of his right to fight Braddock for the title, and made to wait two years for the return bout, had, with the abettance of sportswriters, become convinced that all he had to do to lick Louis was to walk into the ring and spit. I have seen a lot of fights (and fought a good many, as far as that goes). I saw that one, and saw the moving pictures of it several times afterward. And I'll be damned if I don't believe sportswriters dreamed up the version that is now accepted as sports history.

Schmeling faced Louis that night as if the fellow were a backward sparring partner. Louis, wary as always, did not turn Schmeling around with the first punch and floor him with the second, as your reporters have it. There were two flurries of light punching and some clinching. Schmeling backed from a clinch to find himself against the ropes. Louis stood very close to him, and Schmeling, obviously amused at Louis's fright and completely confident, made a gesture with his right hand. It wasn't a feint, it was a gesture, and its object was to remind Louis of how that right hand had two years before clubbed him all over the ring for twelve rounds and knocked him out.

Now, Louis is a sort of automatic fighter; his opponent has to start him off. That is, for every movement his opponent makes, Louis automatically makes a counter move. Fighting, the guy is in a trance, governed only by a complicated system of reflex actions. (Only Tommy Farr was smart enough to take advantage of this.) So Schmeling made his gesture, and Louis reacted as he would react to an unconvincing feint. He socked Max. Schmeling, out of position, held by the ropes, turned his back. Louis kept on punching; he hit Schmeling with a left hand to the exposed side and a right hand to the spine. He ruined a couple of Max's vertebrae. Schmeling screamed, and the referee ordered Louis back (because he thought Schmeling would fall or because he knew Schmeling had been fouled). But Schmeling clung to the ropes; he would not go down. The referee started to count, then changed his mind and beckoned Louis to continue. Louis stood behind Schmeling and hit him several times, and Schmeling finally fell. He floundered a few seconds and got to his feet. He was barely able to stand; his hands were down. Louis ran from the corner, approaching Schmeling from the side, and fired a very long, and safe, shot—which floored Schmeling—and ran away. A very wary fighter, Mr. Joe, though I have yet to talk with, or read, a sportswriter who appreciated this.

Now, Max is slightly German and pigheaded, and the way he started out that night, he was due for a fall, regardless of where he got hit. It was most desirable that Louis, usually a scrupulous sportsman, should not be charged with a foul. Therefore, next day, the New York boxing commissioners issued one of their famous dictums: Louis, in hitting Schmeling in the back, had not committed a foul. Everybody was happy, practically. I tried that day to get a copy of the New York State Athletic Commission's boxing rules and was told that they were fresh out of them. So I dug up my old rule book, out of a trunk, and found a fair blow described as one delivered with the knuckles of the closed hand to the sides and front of the body. So much for that magnificent sports spectacle.

In 1926, Jack Dempsey, the ferocious killer of the Firpo brawl, the Willard horror, the Carpentier slaughterer: the invincible Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey (*Jack Dempsey*—what a name it was in those days!), returned to the ring after three years' layoff to meet Gene Tunney, a handsome guy without a chance. The glamorous Estelle Taylor of Hollywood had her Rolls-Royce shot from under her by the legal eagles of vengeful, discarded Perfumery Jack Kearns. Crude characters with guns talked to others, Pig Latin from the side of the mouth, in Atlantic City hotel lobbies, and up in the Pocono mountains, Gene Tunney ran backward for miles through the woods or read Shakespeare in his room. Tunney made a daring airplane flight to ringside, astounding one and all. Jack Dempsey entered the rain-swept ring, his traditional scowl made more terrible by two, great, Mephistophelean eyebrows of cotton batting, designed to hide from Tunney which brow carried the ugly gash that inexplicably appeared on the afternoon before the fight. Both brows were gashed, both of Jack Dempsey's eyes were closed and bloody, thirty-nine minutes later, when he, unable to see the new champion, felt for him and embraced him in mid-ring. And for several years thereafter, you could not lick some greasy stumblebum without having him run out after the fight was over and throw his arms around you.

The second Dempsey-Tunney fight, though it lacked the ominous undertones and the story background of the first, was nevertheless, in its way, dramatic, up to the seventh round. Good drama requires a villain. Your reporters write: "Barry knew that neutral corner rule too clearly to be rushed by hysteria." No doubt that B. knew it. And, no doubt again, B. knew that when Dempsey finally reached a neutral corner, he should have picked up the knockdown timekeeper's count, instead of starting at "one." Why spoil your top story with this whitewash? Is somebody out there Barry's brother-in-law or something?

Faithfully yours,

Arlington, Va. R.G.

HOT DISCOGRAPHY, MASSACHUSETTS STYLE

The Twelve Best Jazz Records of All Time according to our sales are as follows:

1. King Porter Stomp, Benny Goodman
2. One O'Clock Jump, Count Basie
3. Boogie Woogie, Tommy Dorsey
4. Hawaiian War Chant, Tommy Dorsey
5. Cherokee, Charlie Barnet
6. Begin the Beguine, Artie Shaw
7. I Can't Get Started, Bunny Berigan
8. John Silver, Jimmy Dorsey
9. Body and Soul, Coleman Hawkins
10. Ciribiribin, Harry James
11. Sophisticated Lady, Duke Ellington
12. Star Dust, Artie Shaw

Paul O'Connor

Worcester, Mass. Mgr., Record Dept.

HOW TO SEE TIME DOUBLE

Having had a number of free drinks from the gags you have printed I submit one of my own that pays off very well. It follows below.

A Day Lasts Forty-eight Hours.

Seeing that a certain day, say the first of January, proceeds from east to west over the earth in stages of an hour, that day must be born somewhere in the east and die somewhere in the west. Every day lasts forty-eight hours. It begins its life in the western half of a certain zone of time; every hour it occupies a fresh zone until at the end of twenty-three hours it has included the whole world in its grasp, except for the eastern half of the zone of time in which it started its career. At the end of twenty-four hours it takes this last strip in its stride, but must at the same time yield up the very first strip (the western half of the first zone) to its successor, January 2nd. And the latter in its turn pushes old January 1st off the earth hour by hour. Forty-seven hours after its birth, January 1st only rules over the first zone. At the end of forty-eight hours it dies—at the very moment that the third of January is born in the western half of the first zone. Hence the actual end of January 1st and the true commencement of January 3rd coincide. So a certain day lasts forty-eight hours. And how much time is there between January 1st and January 3rd? None at all, which is another good bet for a drink.

This is very easy to explain by drawing twenty-four vertical lines and pointing out the progress of the day, hour by hour.

If you can use this I will let you buy me a Zombie at the Beachcombers.

Sincerely,

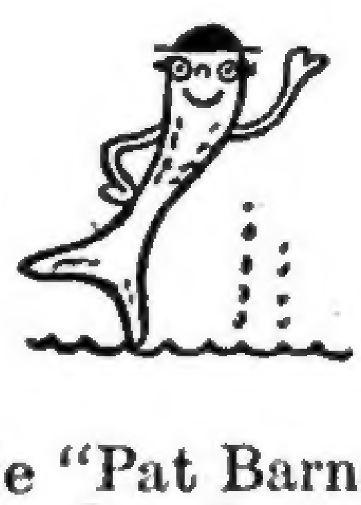
Sgt. James Yarnell Braden

Cedar Rapids, Iowa. U.S.M.C.

DICK MILLER'S AMEN CORNER

Will you kindly see that this letter appears in your *Sound & Fury* section alongside of Donald Martinez's letter. This would have been in your hands sooner had I known of Martinez's letter.

Yes, four of us spent nine days with Dick Miller in June 1941 in and around West Yellowstone area. Dick always has the habit of studying the water conditions of an area he intends to fish before he actually goes to work. Since the area we wanted to fish was unknown to our group, Donald Martinez sent his guide "Pat Barnes" with us first two days. Our first day was spent exploring water. The next day our group, with Barnes, fished the Madison River. Dick was the only one who caught fish, taking the limit with five fish. The next day Martinez took our group to Hebgen Lake at the mouth of the Little Madison. Not one fish did Martinez catch that morning. Dick suggested that we come back that afternoon as he had checked the temperature of the water and knew when the hatch of insects would be on. We went back after lunch and in half an hour Dick caught six fish that weighed better than three pounds each.



We took 150 feet of film of Dick fishing and casting for the residents of West Yellowstone, the latter at the request of Martinez.

The early part of 1940 Martinez visited our casting club on several occasions, securing fly casting instructions from Dick Miller. Dick has been an ardent angler from early youth, he taught a fly tying class, casting class and a streamcraft class for six years in our local club. He has graduated over 100 proficient fly tiers and casters.

May I say that next year, war conditions permitting, Dick is filming a fishing picture in and around West Yellowstone. Let us hope a group of Martinez experts are on hand. The names of the men who were with Miller on the trip are Dr. Geo. Paige of Anaheim, Calif. Dr. B. W. Hardy, Thomas D. Wyllie newspaper man and myself of Huntington Beach. Again, I say, Dick Miller is in our estimation the best fly fisherman in the country. Will certainly appreciate it if you will get this letter in your next issue.

W. M. Clegg, City Treasurer

Huntington Beach, Calif.

THROUGH TEXAS ON TWELVE RECORDS

The Aloe Field Hot Jazz Club, the first such organization in the military, really got a kick from the Goffin article, *Twelve Records and Exile.*

In a real sense our situation six months ago fulfilled the prerequisites of Goffin's predicament. Our exile, of course, was Texas; our records were:

1. *Red McKenzie Mound City Blue Blowers*
   "One Hour"
   "Hello Lola"
2. *Bud Freeman*
   "The Eel"
   "China Boy"
3. *Louis Armstrong*
   "West End Blues"
   "Fireworks"
4. *Sidney Bechet*
   "The Shag"
   "Baby Won't You Please Come Home"
5. *Art Hodes*
   "Selections from Gutter"
   "Organ Grinder's Swing"
6. *Johnny Dodds*
   "Bucktown Stomp"
   "Blue Washboard Stomp"
7. *Duke Ellington*
   "Perdido"
   "Raincheck"
8. "Creole Love Call"
   "Black and Tan Fantasy"
9. *Pete Johnson—Joe Turner*
   "Piney Brown Blues"
   "627 Stomp"
10. *Muggsy Spanier*
    "Riverboat Shuffle"
    "Relaxin' at Touro"
11. "Da Da Strain"
    "Someday Sweetheart"
12. *Count Basie*
    "It's Sand Man"
    "Ride On"

We gathered these dozen waxings to escape having to listen to the queer noises that these Texas radio stations produce. Cowboy wails, lugubrious broken-heart ballads and maddening, Mexican marimbas can be utilized, for my money, to demoralize our enemy. It offers no relaxation to the soldier.

Our twelve discs offer a good cross-section of jazz styles—New Orleans and Chicago being well represented.

The dozen records were contributed by jazz lovers interested in furthering hot jazz among military men.

Since then we have amassed 138 more platters so that now we can boast of an 150 record collection of hot jazz.

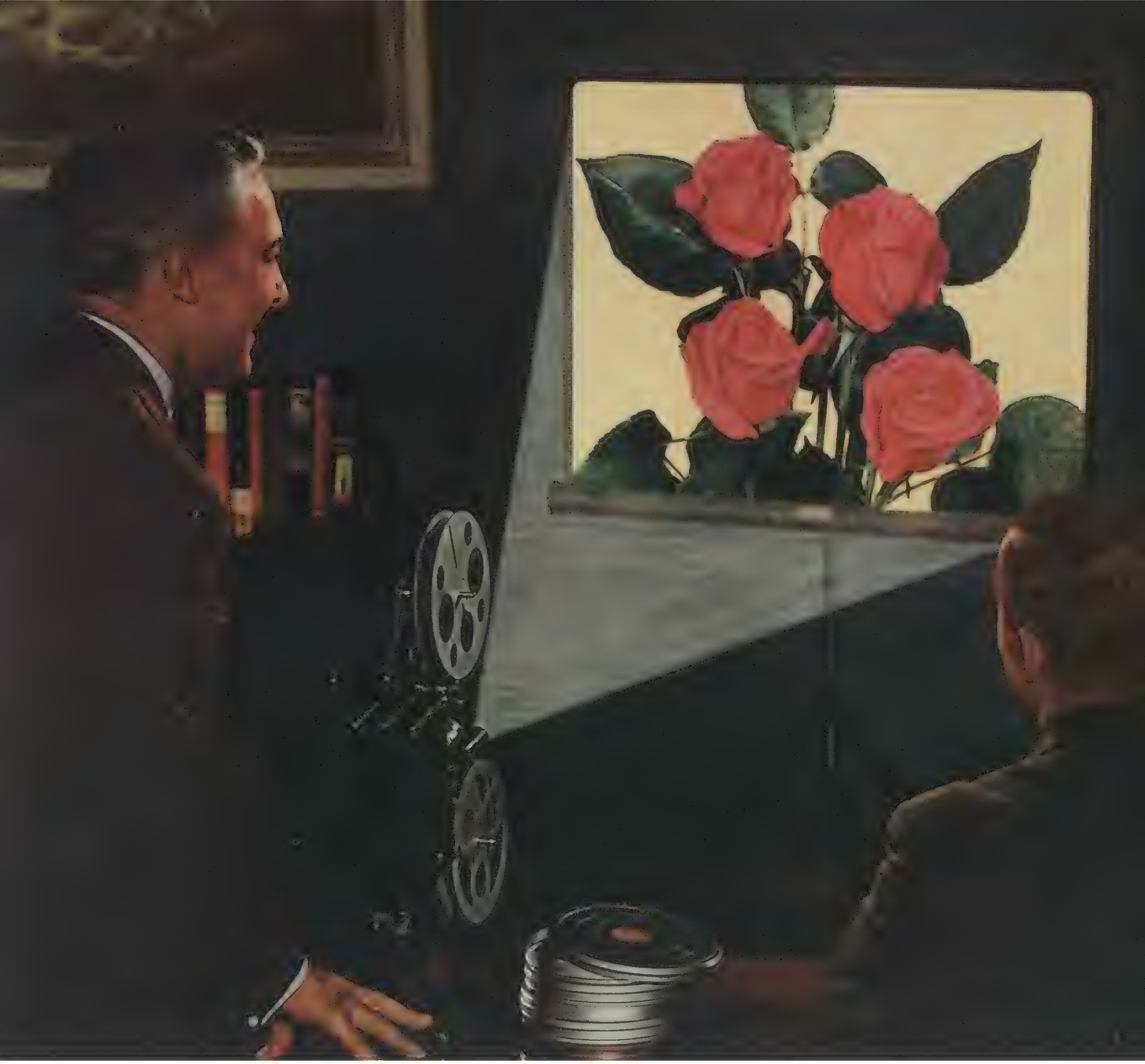
The formation of a Hot Jazz Club has done much for the morale of our members. There's nothing more enjoyable than playing a fine Armstrong disc on a quiet Texas night when the nostalgia for home enfolds one like a pleasing aroma. A record session with jazz masters is a tonic to a soldier.

We hope to see articles on hot jazz made a regular feature of Esquire.

Sincerely, Sgt. Cy Shain

President, Aloe Field Hot Jazz Club.

Victoria, Tex.



Guess what's next on the program!

YOU'VE SEEN home movies that are grand—and some that are just so-so. But here's an idea that's worth trying—if you'd like to be known as a top-flight amateur photographer, *and host.*

All you have to do is this: after running off a few reels on the screen, you simply wind up the program with a gorgeous picture of four red roses, by way of saying, "Time out for drinks—drinks made with Four Roses."

Would that get a round of applause? You bet it would!

Applause for your skill as a photographer—and *certainly* applause for your thoughtfulness in serving the most gloriously flavorful whiskey ever bottled!

FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

An Explanation to Our Friends

IF YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Four Roses, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

This unusual reflection on a polished table top was caught by famed photographer Sarra.

Reflecting Complete Vitamin Health Protection

Today as never before, you and yours need the *complete* vitamin health protection that "VITAMINS Plus" gives so easily, so economically. Just two tiny capsules, taken once each day, will do this for you:

1. Help Correct Dietary Deficiencies
2. Absolutely Prevent the Dangers of All Vitamin Shortages
3. Also Prevent Nutritional Anemia

Remember—nothing is more destructive of morale and efficiency than vitamin shortages. They are frequently the cause of constant fatigue, grouchiness, jumpy nerves, minor aches and pains. They may cut down your resistance to disease, rob you of pep and energy, make you feel older than your years. They can vitally affect your appearance, your enjoyment of life. And they are so insidious—you seldom know what the trouble is!

"VITAMINS Plus" gives such *complete* vitamin health protection because it is a scientifically correct combination of *all* the essential vitamins—full protective amounts of them all—taken together, working together. Compounded under strict laboratory control, the exclusive "VITAMINS Plus" formula contains:

ALL the important B-Complex vitamins—Thiamin (B_1), Riboflavin (B_2 or G) and Niacin Amide—*combined* with the equally important Vitamins A, C and D.

ALSO vital Iron (1½ times the minimum daily requirement), Pyridoxine (Vitamin B_6), Calcium Pantothenate, and Liver Fraction (25 mg.—not intended for treatment of pernicious anemia).

Yet "VITAMINS Plus" costs only a few pennies a day! Take it regularly—just two tiny capsules once every day. Your druggist has "VITAMINS Plus" in four convenient sizes.

Life Begins with
VITAMINS Plus

Recommended by the Makers of Vicks VapoRub

The Modern "Ounce of Prevention"

WHY 2 CAPSULES ARE USED

"VITAMINS Plus" scientists have separated and hermetically sealed the oil-soluble and water-soluble vitamins in two tiny air-tight capsules...so that there is less chance of chemical reactions which might result in deterioration and loss of strength.

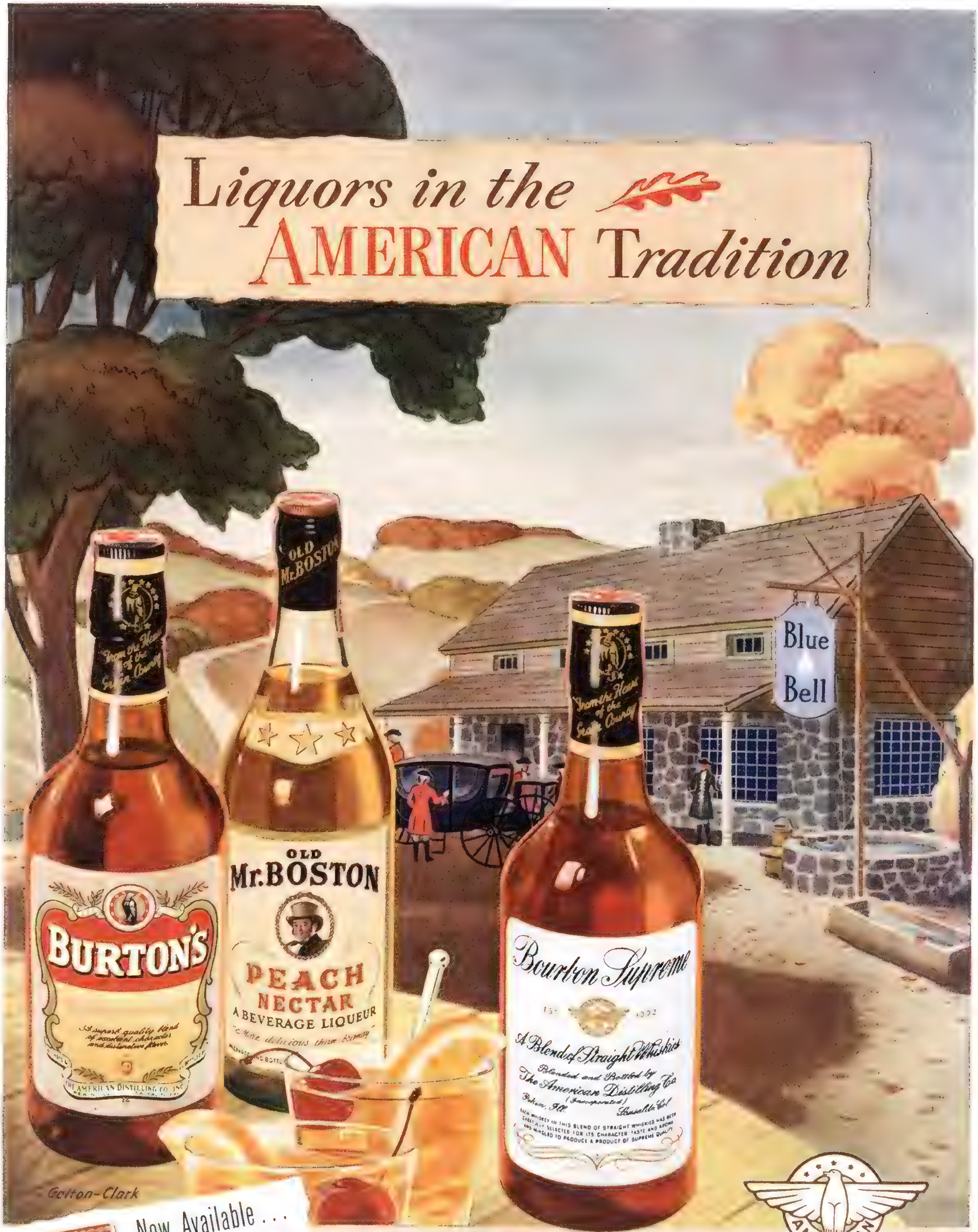
"Thanks, Dear—
FOR THESE THREE
BIRTHDAY BEAUTIES"
Happy Birthday
Darling —

COPYRIGHT 1943, WEMBLEY, INC., NEW ORLEANS

Murrytown Ties—styled by **Wembley***

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PRICED *One Dollar* AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE ★ ★ ★ BUY WAR BONDS NOW—INVEST IN FREEDOM!


Liquors in the AMERICAN Tradition
Blue Bell
From the House of the Sunny Country
OLD Mr. BOSTON
BURTON'S
A superb quality blend of excellent character and distinctive flavor.
THE AMERICAN DISTILLING CO. INC.
OLD Mr. BOSTON
PEACH NECTAR
A BEVERAGE LIQUEUR
Bourbon Supreme
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
Blended and Bottled by The American Distilling Co. (Incorporated)
Pekin, Ill. Sausalito, Cal.
EACH WHISKEY IN THIS BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES HAS BEEN CAREFULLY SELECTED FOR ITS CHARACTER TASTE AND AROMA AND MINGLED TO PRODUCE A PRODUCT OF SUPREME QUALITY
Gelton-Clark

Blue Bell Tavern, Broadway at 181st Street, New York, 1750

Now Available . . .

OFFICIAL BARTENDER'S GUIDE 753 Tested Recipes for practically every drink known to man . . . Send 35c in stamps or coin to The American Distilling Co., 247 Park Ave., New York 17 N.Y.

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY INC.

PEKIN, ILL. NEW YORK, N. Y. SAUSALITO, CAL.

BURTON'S Blended Whiskey • 86.8 Proof • 60% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . OLD MR. BOSTON PEACH NECTAR • 70 Proof . . . BOURBON SUPREME • A Blend of Straight Whiskies • 90.4 Proof

She Loved Him Passionately ...with a Burning HATE!

Act at once to get Van Wyck Mason's sensational new $2.75 best-seller—ABSOLUTELY FREE!

"Why are you on deck?" he demanded, a wicked gleam in the depths of his dark eyes. "I ordered you below!"

Not in Years Has Any Book Thrilled Readers So Much as RIVERS OF GLORY. Yet It Is Only One of the TWO Books You Get FREE on This Amazing Offer!

SLOWLY Minga Allen struggled back to consciousness—and to shame. The mists of the Hudson hid all trace of the drunken Hessians who had overpowered her. TWO of them! Or had there been *three?*

She had to get away!—away from America, away from the Patriots she hated, away from the disgrace that might follow this night of horror. Family, fortune, honor—everything had been swept away by the Revolution! Her only hope was to get to Jamaica, and the fabulous Aunt Adelina whom she had never seen.

Did Andrew Know What She Was?

Then fate brought her hot-headed, devil-may-care Andrew Warren—unwanted by his own Navy, masquerading as a Tory at the risk of the hangman's noose. He wanted no part of her. Refused to have her on board his *Evergreen*, Jamaica-bound. He knew women—from Boston to St. Kitts! And he thought he knew what Minga was. But she sailed with him just the same.

She might have been weaned on pickles, for all the sweetness she showed him. For he was a Patriot . . . and she loathed them all with a violent hate. How could love grow in such a soil? But it did—with a passion that was just as violent.

In the steaming tropical heat, with her thin gown plastered to every line of her figure, Minga would have bewitched even an angel. And Andrew was no angel! They were nearly killed when Caribbean pirates swooped down on them. Nearly drowned when the *Evergreen* foundered. And then—

But read RIVERS OF GLORY for yourself! This exciting novel is by *Van Wyck Mason*, author of those other best-sellers, *Three Harbours* and *Stars on the Sea*. RIVERS OF GLORY has soared into the best-seller list at $2.75 in the publisher's edition. But YOU can get it—and this *other* great book—FREE!

BOTH BOOKS FREE!

—If You Join "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club" NOW!

—ALSO FREE with This Thrilling Best-Seller!

and Short Stories of DE MAUPASSANT

IN addition to RIVERS OF GLORY you ALSO receive free the 502-page SHORT STORIES of DE MAUPASSANT; complete, unexpurgated. Nearly 100 stories of love, hate, intrigue, passion, madness, jealousy—the frankest, most daring stories of their kind ever written!

Read of Henrietta, in *Forbidden Fruit*, who begged her husband to take her out for an evening as he would a mistress. Read of *Ball-of-Fat*, buxom girl of easy virtue who alone could save a party of more respectable people in a dash through German-occupied France—and what she did! Read *Love*, *Mademoiselle Fifi*, *Story of a Farm Girl*, *Bed No. 29*—all the best works that have made de Maupassant "father of the modern short story."

The Best of the New—AND of the Old

Each month ONE of the Book League's selections is a modern best-seller by a famous author like Sinclair Lewis, John Steinbeck, Erskine Caldwell, or Somerset Maugham—a book selling for $2.50 and up, in the publisher's edition. The OTHER book is a masterpiece by one of the world's greatest authors.

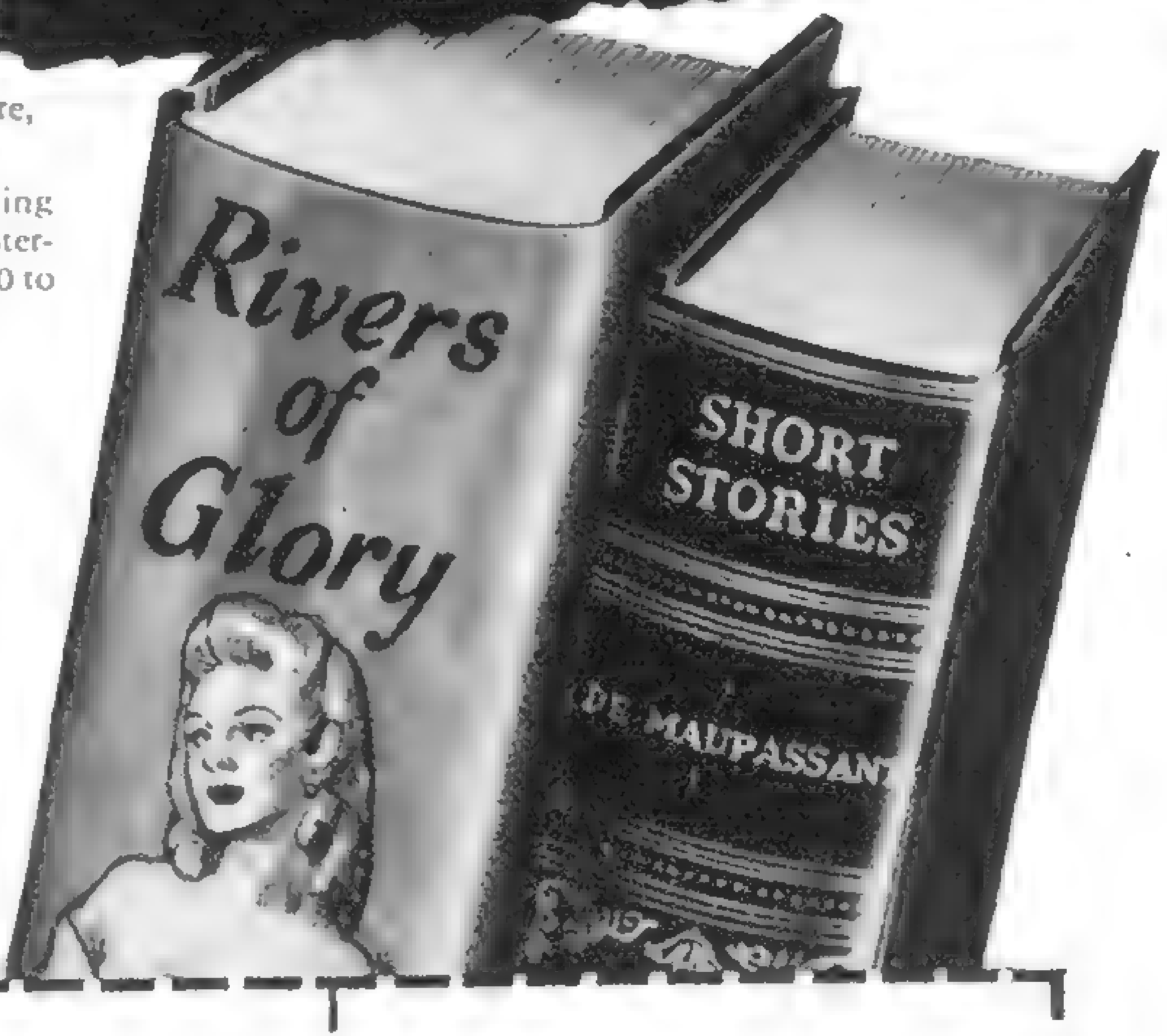
These volumes of the world's classics are *uniformly bound* in durable cloth. They grow into a handsome, life-time matched library. Other great authors in this series include Shakespeare, Poe, Oscar Wilde, Dumas, Zola, etc.

This is the ONLY club that builds for you a library containing the best of the new best-sellers AND the best of the older masterpieces! The TWO books sent you each month are valued at $3.50 to $4, in the publisher's edition. But you get BOTH for only $1.39!

5-DAY TRIAL—No Obligation

Send No Money With Special Coupon-Envelope Below

Send the special "cut-out" coupon-envelope below without money. Read RIVERS OF GLORY and SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT for five days. If these two books do not convince you that this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club," simply return them; pay nothing. Otherwise, keep them as a gift; your subscription will begin with next month's double-selection. Send for your TWO FREE BOOKS *now*. BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. EM11, Garden City, N. Y.



Tear Off This Special Coupon-Envelope—Fold It As Directed—Then Mail It . . . *NO POSTAGE REQUIRED*

Gentlemen:

I have written my name and address below. Please send me—FREE—*Rivers of Glory* AND *Short Stories of de Maupassant.*

Within 5 days I may return them if I wish, without cost or obligation. Otherwise, I will keep them as a gift and continue to receive forthcoming monthly double-selections for a year—at only $1.39, plus a few cents postage, for BOTH books.

☐ HANDSOME DE LUXE BINDING: Check box if you wish your world's masterpieces (one each month) in simulated leather with silver stamping for only 50c extra monthly. We will then also send your FREE copy of DE MAUPASSANT in this binding—at no extra charge.

(Note: Higher in Canada. Address, [illegible] Bond St., Toronto.)

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

City. . . . . .State. . . . .

CUT SLIT HERE

FOLD BACK HERE

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 3
(Sec. 510 P. L. & R.)
GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

BUSINESS REPLY ENVELOPE

NO POSTAGE STAMP NEEDED IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

4c Postage Will Be Paid By

BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA
Garden City,
N. Y.

Dept. EM11

FOLD BACK HERE

The Post Office Will Accept this Without a Stamp!

Simply write your name and address in space at extreme left of this special coupon-envelope. Then cut this entire self-contained "mailer" out along heavy dotted lines, and fold as indicated. THEN SLIP HOOKED TAB SECURELY INTO SLIT! Drop envelope into mail box. No stamp needed. Post Office will accept it.

TAB

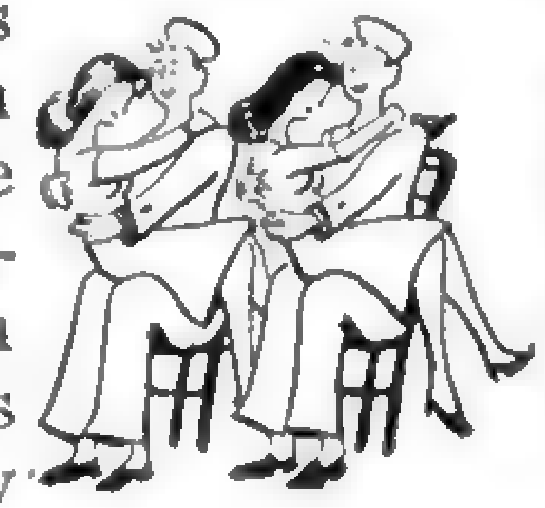
Talking Shop with Esquire

FUN ON FURLOUGH. Sooner or later you'll probably land in New York, where you'll find your uniform an open sesame to all manner of entertainment. New York really goes all out to make it *your* town, fellows, and each month your old pal Ranger will give out with "a tip or two on what to do."

ANNIE OAKLIES FOR ENLISTED MEN. You don't have to pay a cent to see a Broadway show, movie, ballet or hear the finest concerts. The New York Defense Recreation Center at 99 Park Avenue dispenses free tickets for enlisted men only. The trick is to get there at 11 a.m. for matinee tickets, and at 4, 5:30 or 7 p.m. for evening performances. There's always a long line of guys waiting, so first come first served. If you want to drag a doll, you buy HER ticket at the box office for half price.

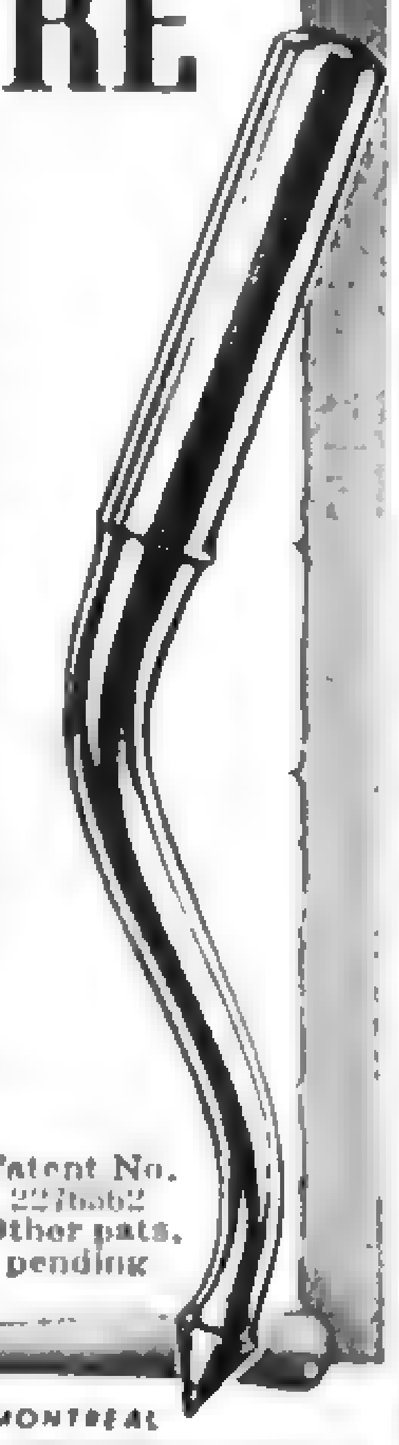
HALF PRICE TICKETS FOR OFFICERS. The Officer's Service Committee at the Hotel Commodore does a land office business with half price theatre tickets available for officers below the rank of Major or Lieut. Commander. Senior officers pay civilian rates, but the OSC will reserve tickets for them. There are also reduced rate tickets for opera, sports events and concerts.

TWO FOR ONE LUNCHEONS. When lunch time rolls around, head for the Hotel Edison where the charming ladies of the American Volunteer Service put on daily luncheon dances from 12 to 3 p.m. Here's one of the few places where officers, enlisted men and merchant marine lunch and dance shoulder to shoulder . . . and like it! Men in service can get two lunches for the price of one . . . you bring your own date or dance with the beauteous hostesses provided. Each pulchritudinous lass is a registered AWVS member and you're likely to draw a deb, a Powers or Conover model or assorted eyefuls from leading Broadway shows. The band is so hot you'll want to enter the various dancing contests for cash money prizes or free dinners to leading nighteries . . . or you may end by playing musical chairs with a gal on your knee! Romance! Adventure! Good clean fun!



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.


The World's Finest
PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE

The STAR SAPPHIRE

Enjoy living, breathing music in your own home, with the Duotone Star Sapphire. Its highly polished, genuine sapphire point, unique construction, and 5 patented features eliminate distortion and needle scratch. Assure your favorite records gem like reproduction with the Star Sapphire. Acclaimed and used by the world's most critical musicians! At better record shops, or Duotone, 799 Broadway, N. Y. C.

$5

Patent No. 2276662 Other pats. pending

IN CANADA – SNIDOR Ltd – MONTREAL

FOR TRUER TONE Say Duotone
THE WORLD'S FINEST NEEDLES

HE CAN DEPEND ON HIS Conklin TOO...

Conklin The Pen with the "Cushion" Point

50th ANNIVERSARY Seven Seas SLACKS

FOR SERVICE BEYOND THE Call of Duty

Seven Seas Slacks stay handsome longer than one has a right to expect. Because they're made of hard-wearing, good-looking fabrics that have what it takes! Distinguished style lines, impeccable tailoring, durable fabrics, and moderate prices make Seven Seas the value-buy for men and women.

Seven Seas SLIMLINE Slacks for Women

Moyer MFG. CO.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
50th Anniversary Year

Conserve your shoes with
HOLLYWOOD STAIN POLISH

Hollywood
BOOTMAKERS Stain POLISH
Advertised in Esquire
Hollywood
BOOTMAKERS Stain POLISH

TRADE MARK

Gives your shoes a rich hand-rubbed custom finish, plus a high gloss, as featured by America's leading shoe stores. Available in Antique Walnut, Antique Redwood, Dark Brown, Tan and Black. ✻ Sold by leading shoe and dept. stores, Post Exchanges and Ships Service stores. If dealer does not carry **Hollywood**, send $1.50 direct to factory for complete set of 5 Hollywood Polishes, sent postpaid. Unconditionally guaranteed.

HOLLYWOOD POLISH CO.
Dept. 3, 107-32 Van Wyck Blvd. Richmond Hill, N.Y.
Wholesale Midwest Distributors, Brown Shoe Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Keehn Bros. 219 W. Munroe St., Chicago

PREPARE NOW for POST-WAR OPPORTUNITIES with LINGUAPHONE

In your own home you can now prepare for peace-time opportunities in many fields by learning to speak in an amazingly short time any of 29 languages by the world-famous

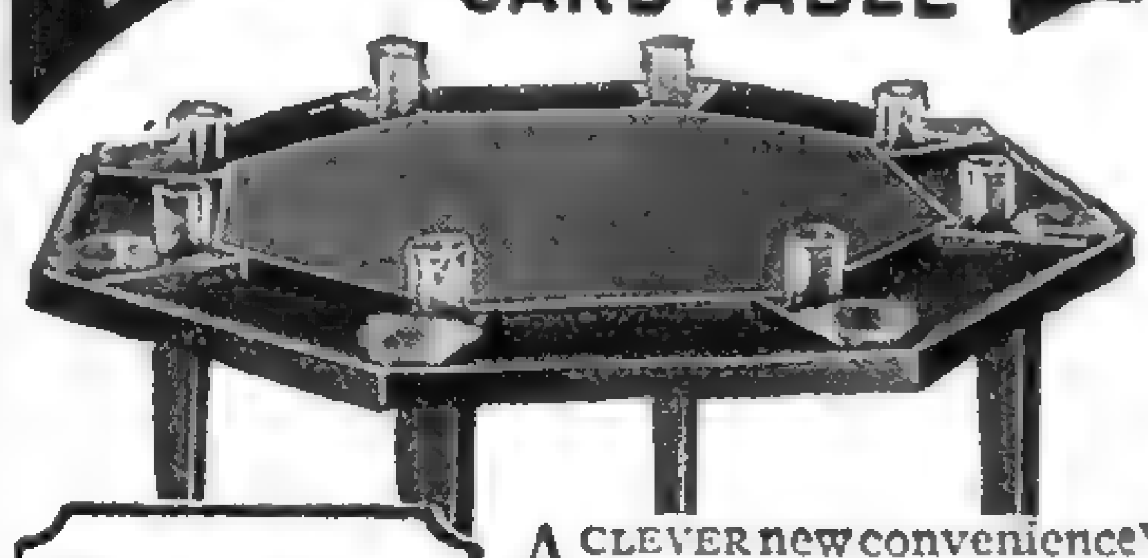
LINGUAPHONE Ear-Eye METHOD
It's quick, easy, correct

SPANISH JAPANESE RUSSIAN
PORTUGUESE FRENCH GERMAN
ITALIAN CHINESE NORWEGIAN
and 20 others.

Successfully used by Army, Navy, Flying and Signal Corps and other services; in thousands of schools and colleges; endorsed by leading educators.

Send for FREE Book—
Call for FREE Demonstration

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
8 RCA Bldg., Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. (20)


new PORTA-POKER
8-PLACE FOLD-AWAY CARD TABLE

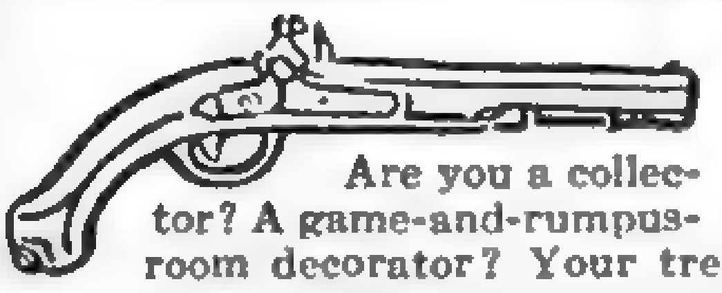
- Folds down to only 4 inches thick . . .
- Easily stored in minimum space
- Official size, 4-foot diameter . . .
- Green felt playing surface . . .
- 8 *nonspill, non-tip* holders for glasses and ash-trays . . .
- Mahogany-stained, alcohol-proof finish . . .

A CLEVER new convenience for card players. The all-purpose, portable play-table for small apartment, den or recreation room. New improved model. Attractively finished, substantially made, sturdy legs. Nothing to loosen or wear out. *Now custom made—delivery within 10 days.* Only $34.50 Express collect. Money refunded if not pleased. Makes an ideal gift.

HOME GAME CO., Dept. S-3
360 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois

EVERYTHING FOR FUN AT HOME
Headquarters for game room equipment, accessories for the home. Unusual games, novelties, barbecue supplies, etc. **Write for: "Successful Entertaining At Home." It's Free!**

Successful Entertaining at Home


GUNS & SWORDS

Are you a collector? A game-and-rumpus-room decorator? Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing 1400 authentic items. Typical values: *U. S. Civil War Cavalry Sabre* . $5.25
Old U. S. 45-70 breech loading musket . $7.50
To get your 76-page Illustrated Catalog, send 25c to cover postage and handling, to **Robert Abels, E-860 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., 21**

Make Every Shot Count!
35 MM Film Developed 36 Enlargements $1

Single or Double Frame
18 exp. 75c • 16 exp. Split 55c
12 exp. Split 45c • 8 exp. Roll 35c

All miniature and split size film finished in our famous 3 1/4 x 4 1/2 Beauty Prints—deckled, embossed margin and embossed date.

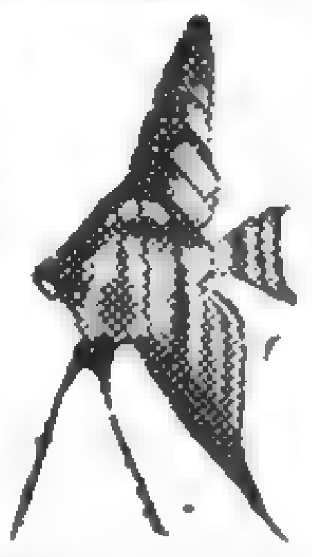
When film is scarce and every snapshot is doubly precious make every shot count! Don't take a chance and spoil good film by poor developing and printing. Today, more than ever, our careful, efficient, prompt service is your best protection against wasted film—your best assurance of pride and satisfaction with your pictures. Send roll and money or write for FREE mailers and samples—also complete Price List.

• • • •

Artistic Contact Finishing. 8 exp. rolls complete set of deckled-edge, embossed, wide-margin prints. Credits for failures. FREE Enlargement Coupon with each roll.

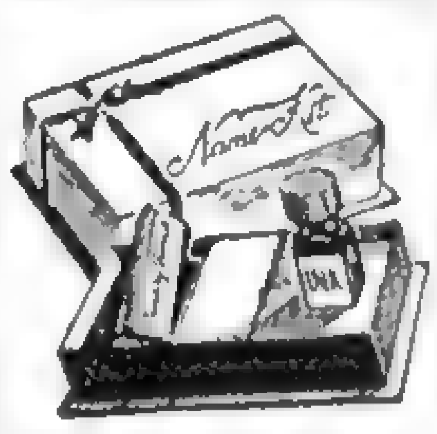
25¢

MAIL-BAG FILM SERVICE
Dept. 15 • Box 5440A • Chicago 80


TROPICAL FISH

You can have a small, exotic section of the South Seas right in your home—richly colored tropical fish; also goldfish, water lilies, aquatic plants, accessories, etc. **60-page catalog. All fish in full color.** Send 10c, coin or stamps (Foreign 25c).

EASTERN GARDENS, Dept. E
Kissena Blvd. and Rose Avenue
Flushing, New York


SERVICE MEN! CIVILIANS!
STAMP YOUR NAME ON EVERYTHING

Name-Kit enables you to mark your name permanently on personal apparel and on all sorts of objects. Ideal for the soldier or sailor. Black indelible ink, pad, and your name in script or block letters (enough for 1000 stampings). *Only* **$1.00** *postpaid.*

Distinctive Creations Inc.
10 West 47th Street, N. Y. C.

for the Military Minded Maiden

Beautiful Wooden Compact with clear glass mirror, velvet-soft powder puff and powder sifter. Distinguished by a carved wooden heart and arrow, with or without the service insignia. Attractive walnut finish. Designed and styled by Susan Randolph. Featured in exclusive shops everywhere at many times the asking price. Guaranteed

Another Buy-of-a-Lifetime

Just $2.49 plus 10% Fed. Tax. We pay postage. Indicate desired service insignia. Free gift card enclosed on request. Quantities limited. Order to-day!

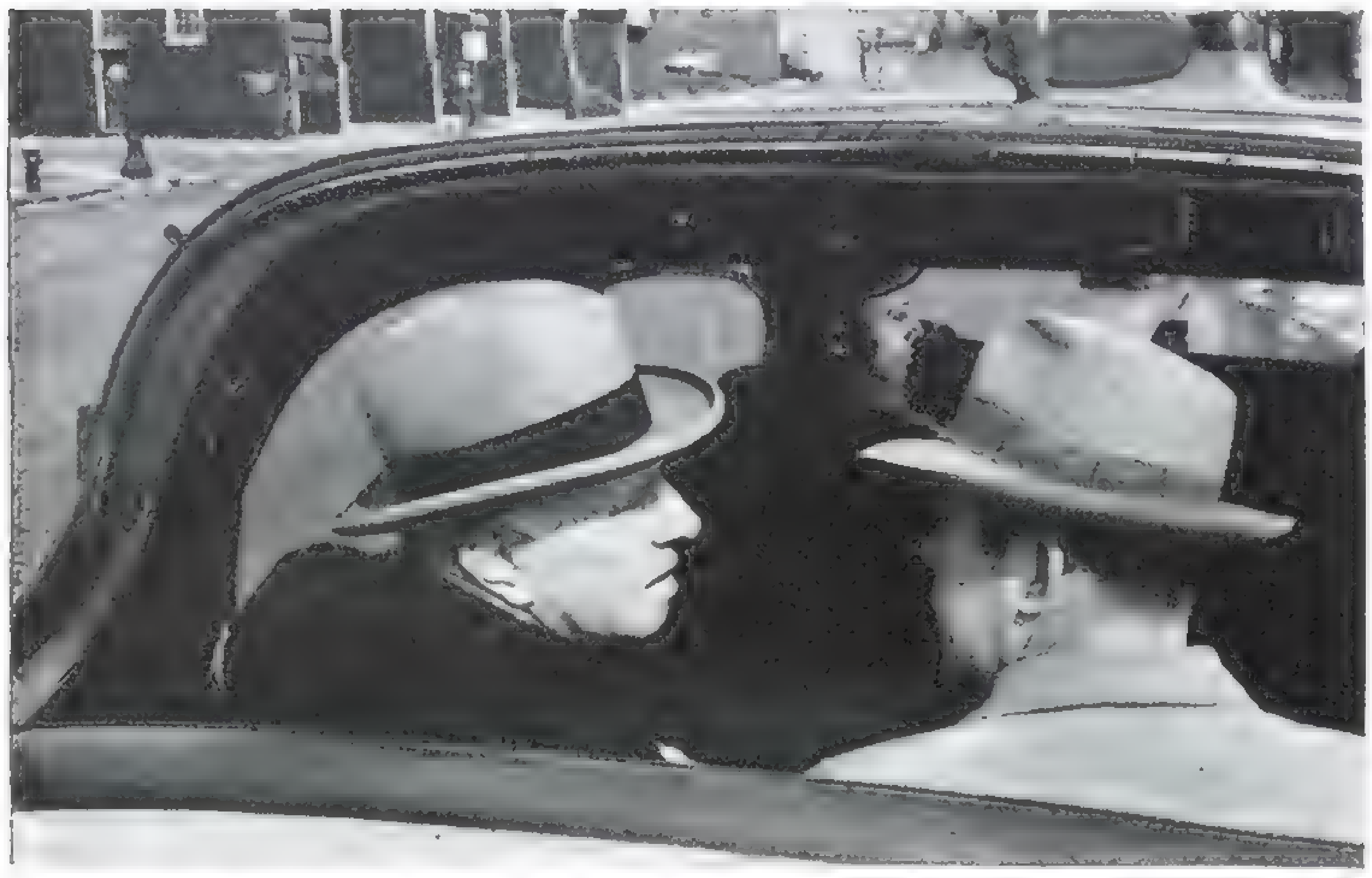
Free Catalog

STYLECRAFT JEWELRY CO.
246 Fifth Ave., Dept. AC-44 N.Y. 1, N.Y.

Idle words make busy subs!

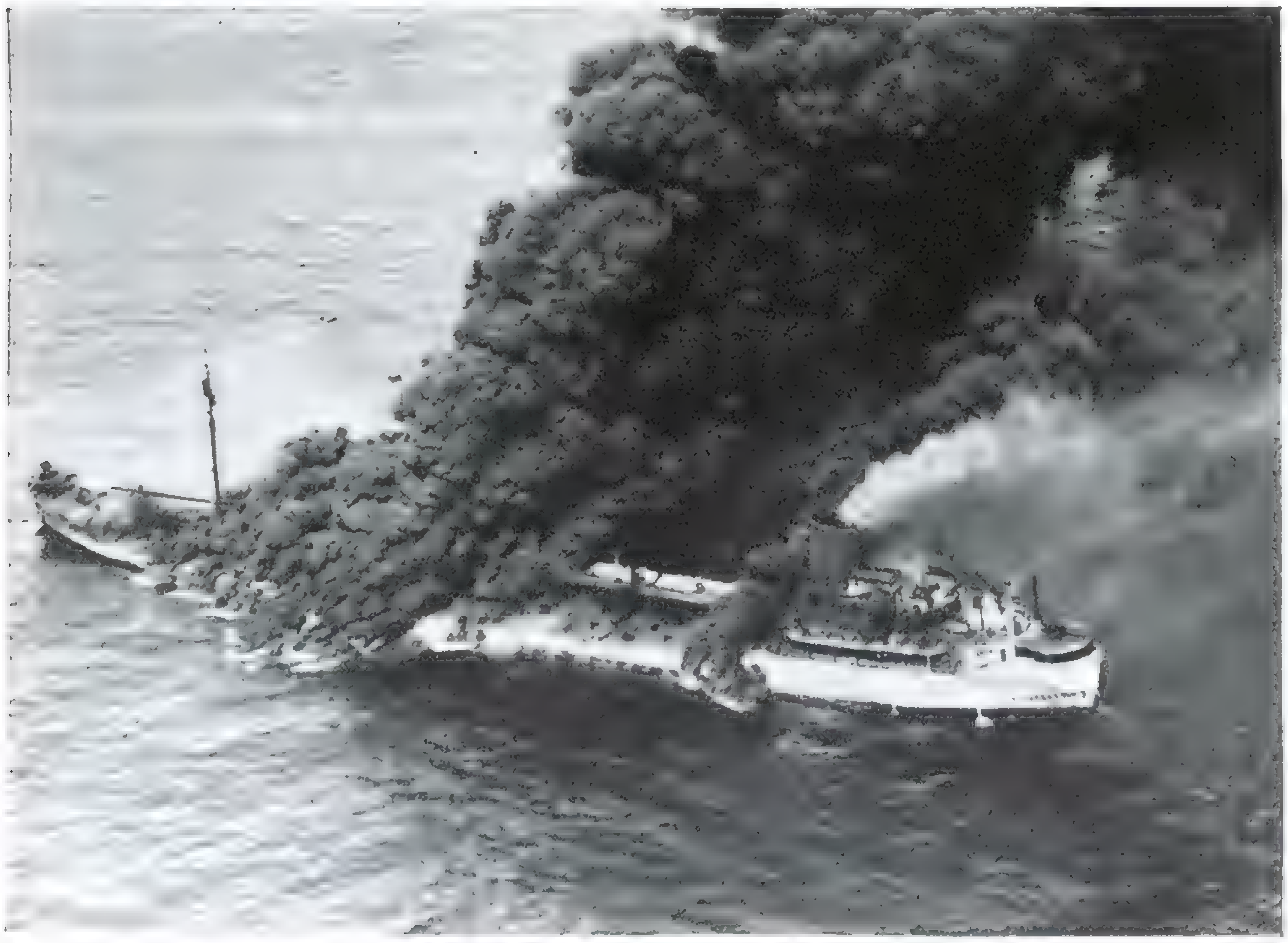
1. IN MAINE A SHIPYARD WORKER SPOKE WITHOUT THOUGHT...(THE SHIP!).

2. IN FLORIDA A WAITER OVERHEARD SOME CARELESS TALK...(THE PORT!).



3. IN NEW YORK A SAILOR'S FRIEND GOT CONFIDENTIAL...(THE DATE!).

4. IN MICHIGAN A WORKER MADE A TOO-GOOD GUESS...(THE CARGO!).



5. AND A U-BOAT CAPTAIN EARNED AN IRON CROSS.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO—I. N. P.

Remember, the enemy gathers most of its information in small quantities—little scraps of our careless talk—that can be pieced together into useful knowledge—dangerous to us. Help beat them with silence. Let our tanks do our talking.

dle Words Make Busy Subs!
Keep it under your STETSON
KEEP IT U
STETSON
STETSON HATS

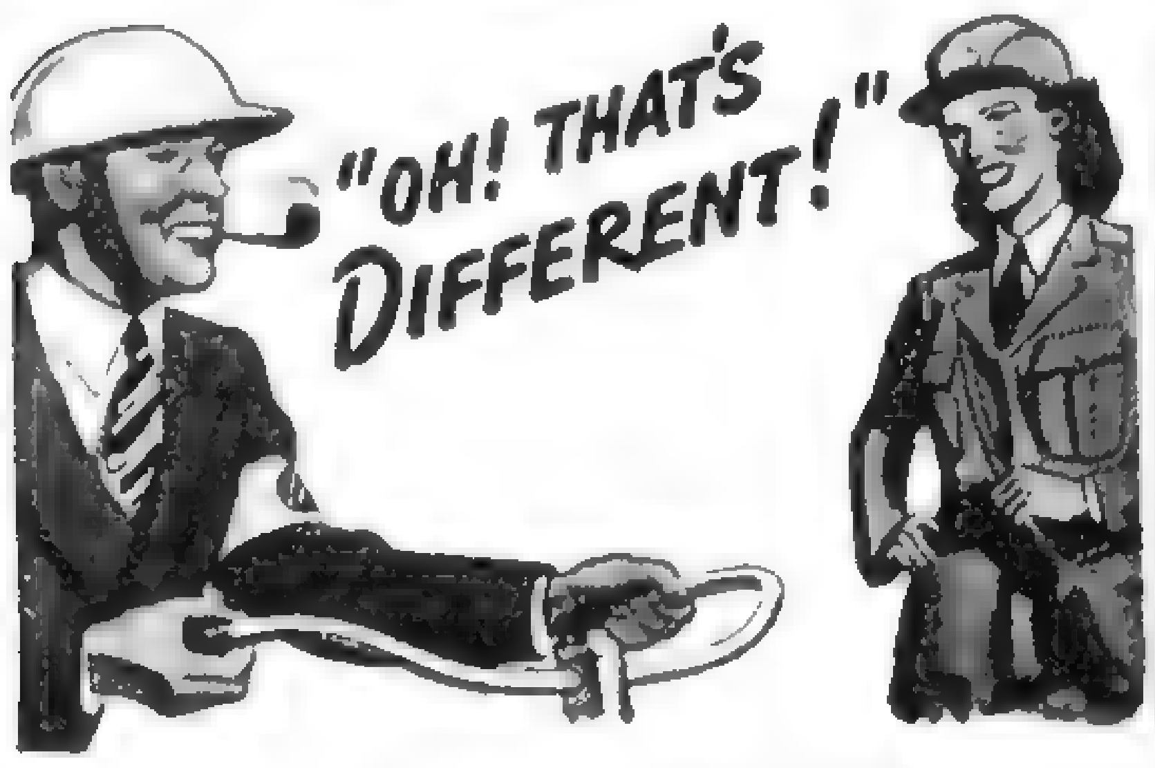
Stetson "Wings"...new style with matching pleated band and binding...tapered crown and carefully curved brim...springy and mellow because of the exclusive Stetson Vita-Felt* process...$10.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Keep it under your STETSON

"*Still* puffing that pipe, Jack?"

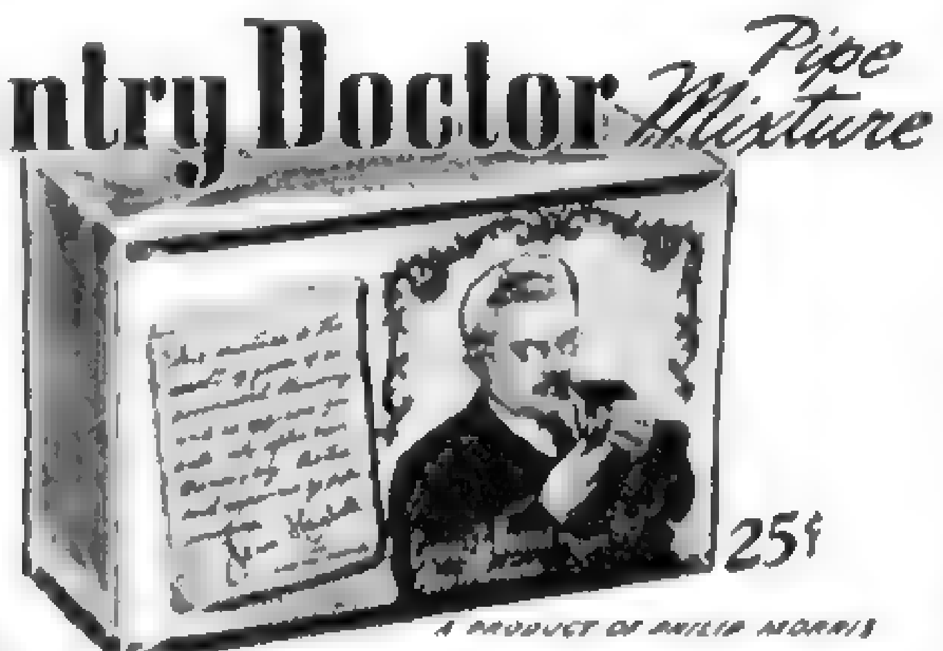
"*Sure*—it's COUNTRY DOCTOR PIPE MIXTURE"


"OH! THAT'S DIFFERENT!"

Yes, Country Doctor *IS DIFFERENT.* On duty or off, at work or play, you'll find it soothingly cool with not a bit of bite or burn. Years of careful testing and blending of eight of the world's finest tobaccos produced superbly fine Country Doctor Pipe Mixture.

COSTS ONLY A PENNY A PIPEFUL

Country Doctor Pipe Mixture



For particular Pipe Smokers

If your dealer doesn't have it, write Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Gifts ★ HUNDREDS ★ OF UNUSUAL GIFTS FROM THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

Scotland, Sweden, Switzerland, Tibet, Cape Cod, Hollywood, South America, etc.

The NEW Catalogue of Kellogg Selections is full of inspirations and surprising "Finds," all pictured and described for you. Inviting prices...the majority under $5. Each article is attractively wrapped and comes to you prepaid with our guarantee of your complete satisfaction.

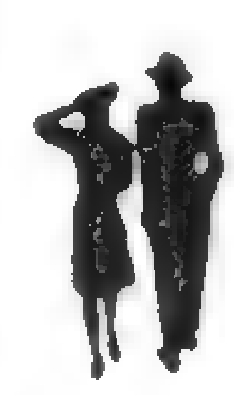
Write NOW for your FREE Copy

Robert W. Kellogg Co.
Springfield Mass
57 Hillman St.

HOW CAN "ELEVATORS" make you so much TALLER

This FREE Booklet tells all. SEND FOR IT TODAY!

$12.95 Slightly Higher West

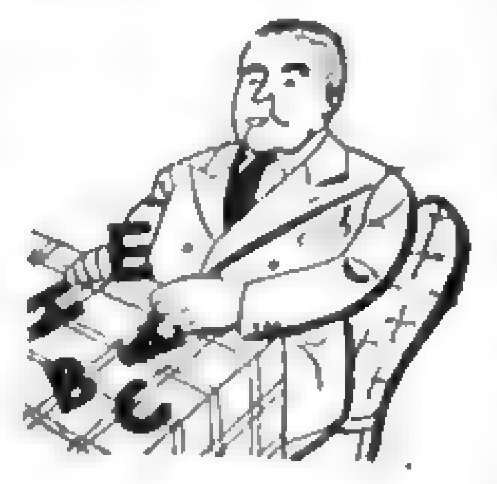


Become IMPRESSIVELY TALLER simply by changing to **"ELEVATORS"** Shoes. The cleverly concealed inner "ramp" is the secret. Outwardly **"ELEVATORS"** are like any other fine shoes. Send for the FREE BOOKLET that **explains** how you can get added height simply, **instantly**, and "confidentially."

STONE TARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. E-11
Brockton, Mass.
I Want to be TALLER. Please send me your Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer where I can purchase "ELEVATORS".
NAME..
ADDRESS....................................
CITY.......................STATE.........
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF "ELEVATORS"

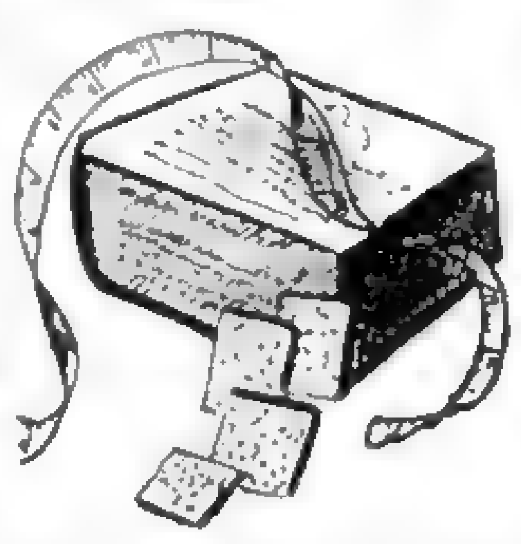
Talking Shop with Esquire

MORE ABOUT VITAMINS. No friends, vitamins are NOT in themselves FATTENING. The corpulent may have to slash at those calories, but don't cut down on your essential vitamins. Right serious business if you don't get your daily doses of those little alphabetized sparks of life that literally make the human wheels go round. Some of the girth-gazers we know are playing safe with two tiny, gleaming capsules a day, one amber, one black, containing protective potencies of *all six* of the essential vitamins together with other important B-complex vitamins and iron. In a whole 72-day supply there aren't as many calories as in that delicious cocktail you had before dinner!



VITAMIN VEGETABLE! Here's news for Victory Gardeners. Scientist Burpee has introduced a new tomato, bigger and brighter than ever. It's called Jubilee, and it's the first *big yellow* tomato to make its appearance. This bright bit of golden orange is as high in vitamins A and C as orange juice, and the juice, when pressed, *looks* like orange juice. Jubilee has a fine, distinctive flavor, slightly salty, its walls are thick under the bright yellow skin, and there are few seeds. Better look into it.

VITAMIN WAFERS. Just look behind the snow-white doors of the laboratory. Yes, work goes forward on this nifty new form for getting your vitamins and minerals. You can keep a box in your desk, carry one in your handbag, be all set when the gourmand in you rears its ugly head.

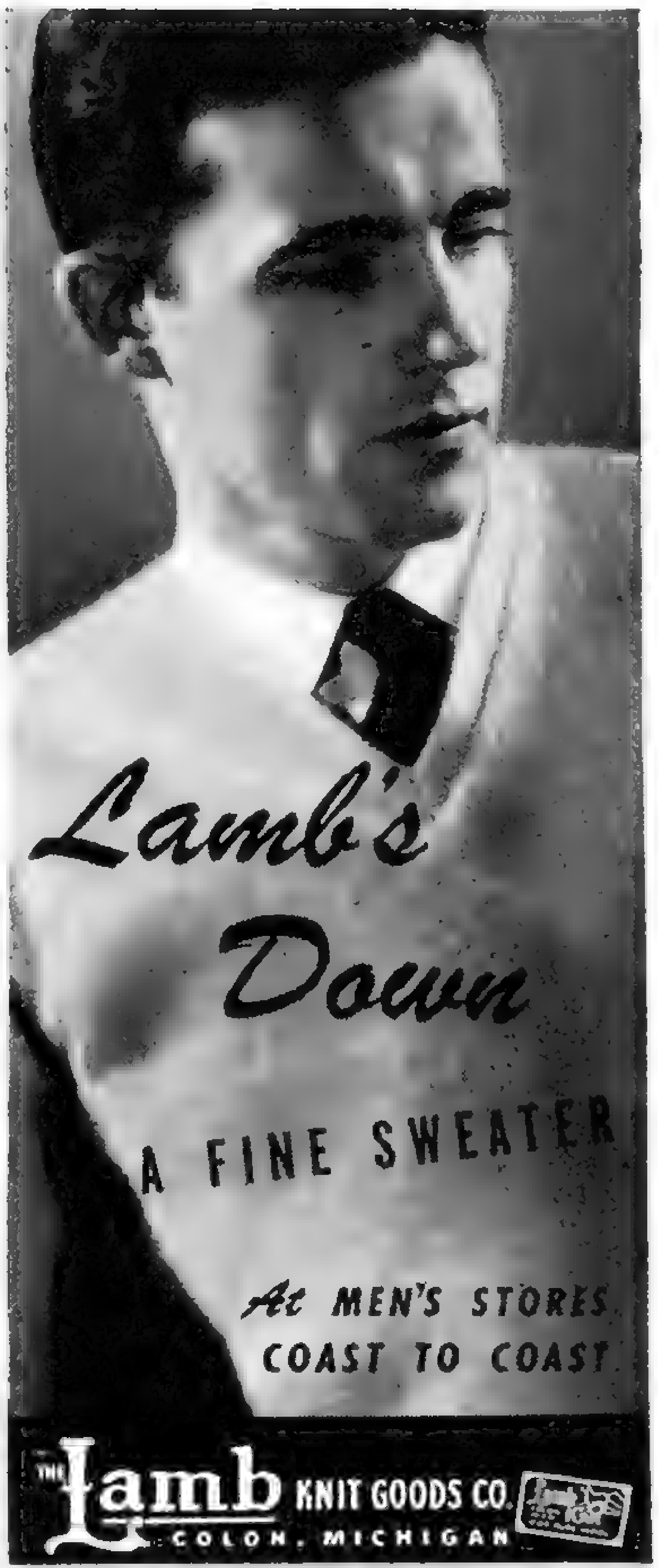


VITAMIN DRINKS. Your glass of milk gets vitaminized with a goodly slug of a chocolate syrup which is scientifically labeled the vitamin B complex syrup with yeast and iron! Also a powder made of soya bean which tastes like chocolate and is laden with vitamins A, B, D, and G. This goes in milk, aussi.

VITAMIN
VITAMIN A

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



Lamb's Down

A FINE SWEATER

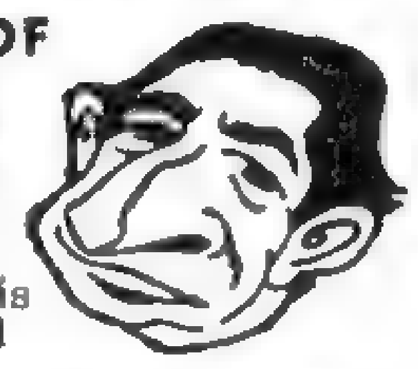
At MEN'S STORES COAST TO COAST

THE Lamb KNIT GOODS CO.
COLON, MICHIGAN

DO YOU OWN A "SCRATCHING" DOG?

If you own and are fond of a dog that is continually scratching, digging, rubbing, biting himself until his skin is raw and sore, don't just feel sorry for him. The dog can't help himself. But you may. He may be clean and flea free and just suffering an intense itching irritation that has centered in the nerve endings of his skin. Do as thousands of pleased dog owners are doing. At any good Pet Shop or Drug Store get a 25c package of Rex Hunters Dog Powders, and give them once a week. Note the quick improvement. One owner writes: "My female setter, on Sept. 29th, did not have a handful of hair on her body—all scratched and bitten off. I gave her the powders as directed. By Nov. 10th she was all haired out." Learn what they will do for your dog. Make a 25c test. Economy size box only $1.

J. Hilgers & Co., Dept. 584, Binghamton, N.Y.



WILLIE HOWARD

IN A RIOTOUS ALBUM OF COMEDY & SONG

A brass monkey with the mumps would laugh at this collection of Willie's most hilarious songs...his most devilish dissertations. Here is sophisticated entertainment you'll never tire of!

French Taught In a Hurry (2 sides); Tyrone Shapiro, The Bronx Caballero; Impressions of Moscow Art Players; Imitations of Jolson, Cantor & Jessel; & the famous "Comes The Revolution."

Three 10 in. double-faced records in album, only $2.85 (add 45c for packing and postage in U. S. A.)

"PICK THE WINNER" GALA TURF DERBY & MOTORBOAT RACE

A magic grooved record complete with Mutual Board. Exciting and absorbing . . . different finishes every time. Ideal for party fun. $1.00. Add 25c for packing and postage in U. S. A.

Write for FREE *Illustrated* PARTY RECORD LIST

RABSONS 111 WEST 52nd STREET
DEPT. 30, NEW YORK

ATTRACTIVE DECANTER

A popular gift for any man or horse lover. Made of clear glass, shaped like actual stirrup. Pint size. A pair for Scotch and Rye or Bourbon makes a welcome gift. Also attractive filled with Ivy. Price each only $1.25 postpaid—money refunded if not delighted.

WIESENFELD CO.
Dept. A-27
112 W. NORTH AVE., BALTIMORE-1, MD.

FREE ENLARGEMENT *of your Favorite Photo*

FROM FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS

Just to get acquainted we will make a beautiful 5 x 7 enlargement of any picture or negative. Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing and get our bargain offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand colored in oil and mounted in your choice of handsome frames. Please enclose 10c and your original picture or negative will be returned with the free 5 x 7 enlargement postpaid. Act now! Offer limited to U. S.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 905, Hollywood, Calif.

Greater Shoe Comfort

Your shoes will feel better and last longer when treated regularly with LEXOL, the self-penetrating leather conditioner. LEXOL prevents cracking, increases pliability, repels water and takes any polish.

Leading stores sell LEXOL or order direct.

Pt. $1. Gal. $4.

LEXOL
855 SUMMER AVENUE, NEWARK 4, N. J.

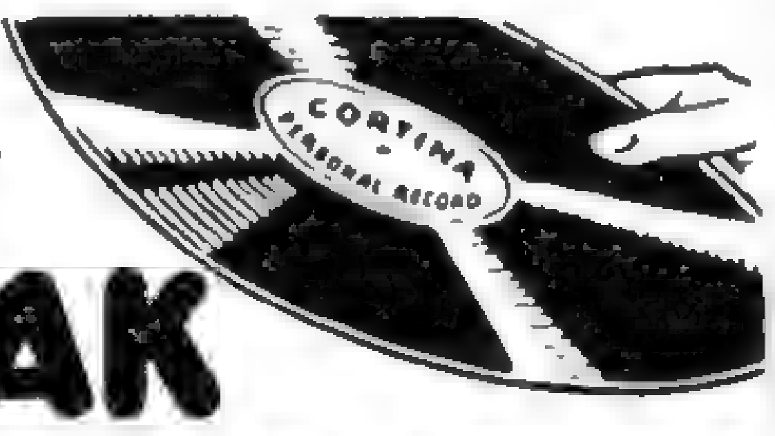
Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY

Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 284 pages. 500 illustrations. Mail 60 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $3.00 or more.

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
119 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Listen to this Record!



SPEAK SPANISH

FRENCH, GERMAN, OR ITALIAN

Big opportunities awaiting Americans who speak Spanish. Learn as easily as a child learns—"by listening" to these brand-new CORTINA recordings.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

THOUSANDS have found it the most fascinating, most satisfactory method. Here is the quick, easy way to learn Spanish for PLEASURE AND BUSINESS. INVESTIGATE!

Sent on 5 Days Approval

The "Cortina Short-Cut" tells just what you want to know. Interesting. Get it.

Write Today—*NOW!*

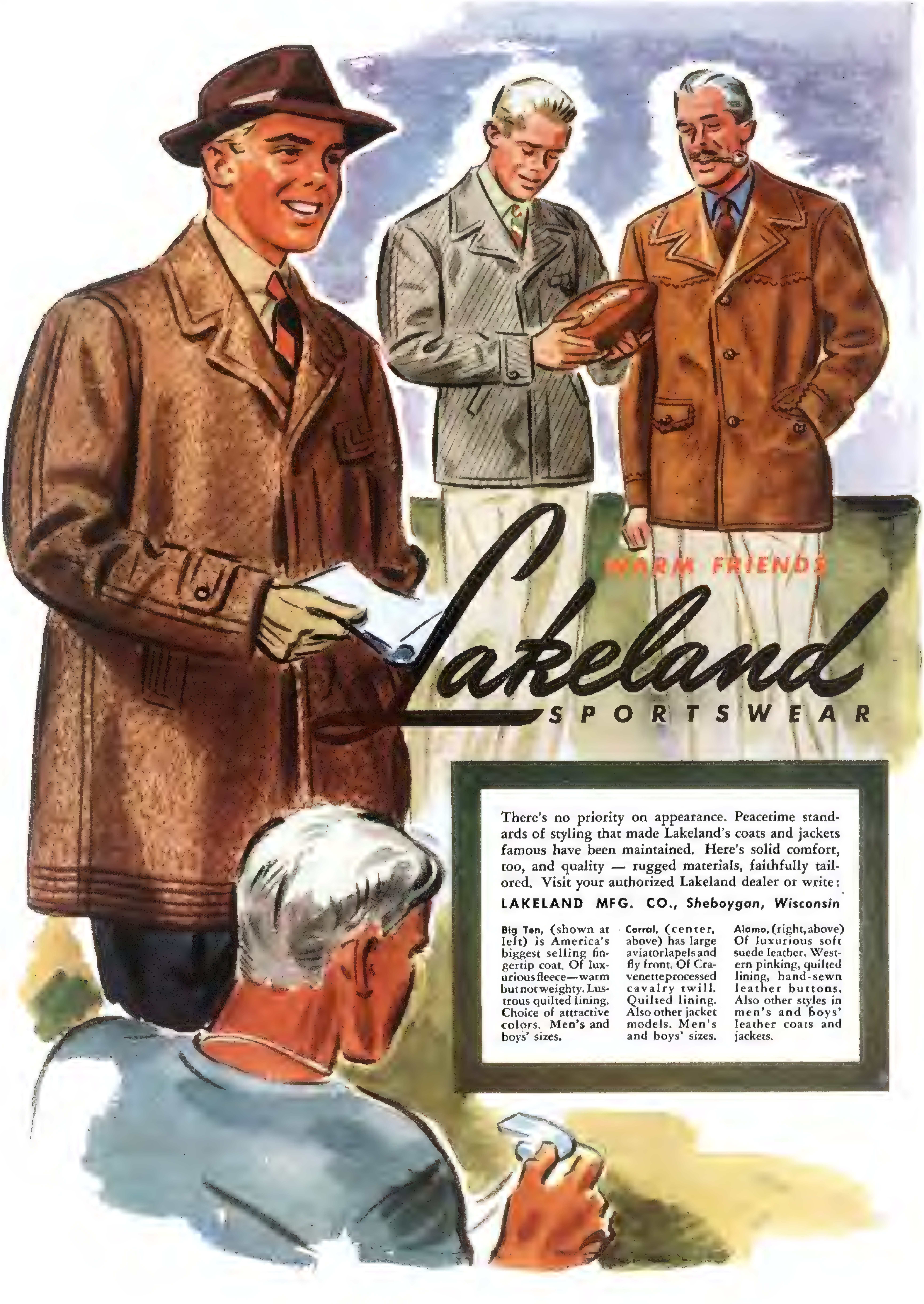
CORTINA Academy (Language Specialists for 60 yrs)
Dept. 4511, 105 West 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y.
Please send me free—without obligation—your booklet, "The Cortina Short-Cut." I am interested in:
☐ SPANISH ☐ French ☐ Italian ☐ German
Name...
Address......................................

It's a feather in your cap when you buy that Extra War Bond

V.S.R.
PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
THREE FEATHERS
VSR
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Very Special Reserve

THREE FEATHERS BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York, N. Y.

All our distilleries are concentrating 100% on the production of war alcohol



There's no priority on appearance. Peacetime standards of styling that made Lakeland's coats and jackets famous have been maintained. Here's solid comfort, too, and quality — rugged materials, faithfully tailored. Visit your authorized Lakeland dealer or write:

LAKELAND MFG. CO., ***Sheboygan, Wisconsin***

Big Ten, (shown at left) is America's biggest selling fingertip coat. Of luxurious fleece—warm but not weighty. Lustrous quilted lining. Choice of attractive colors. Men's and boys' sizes.

Corral, (center, above) has large aviator lapels and fly front. Of Cravenette processed cavalry twill. Quilted lining. Also other jacket models. Men's and boys' sizes.

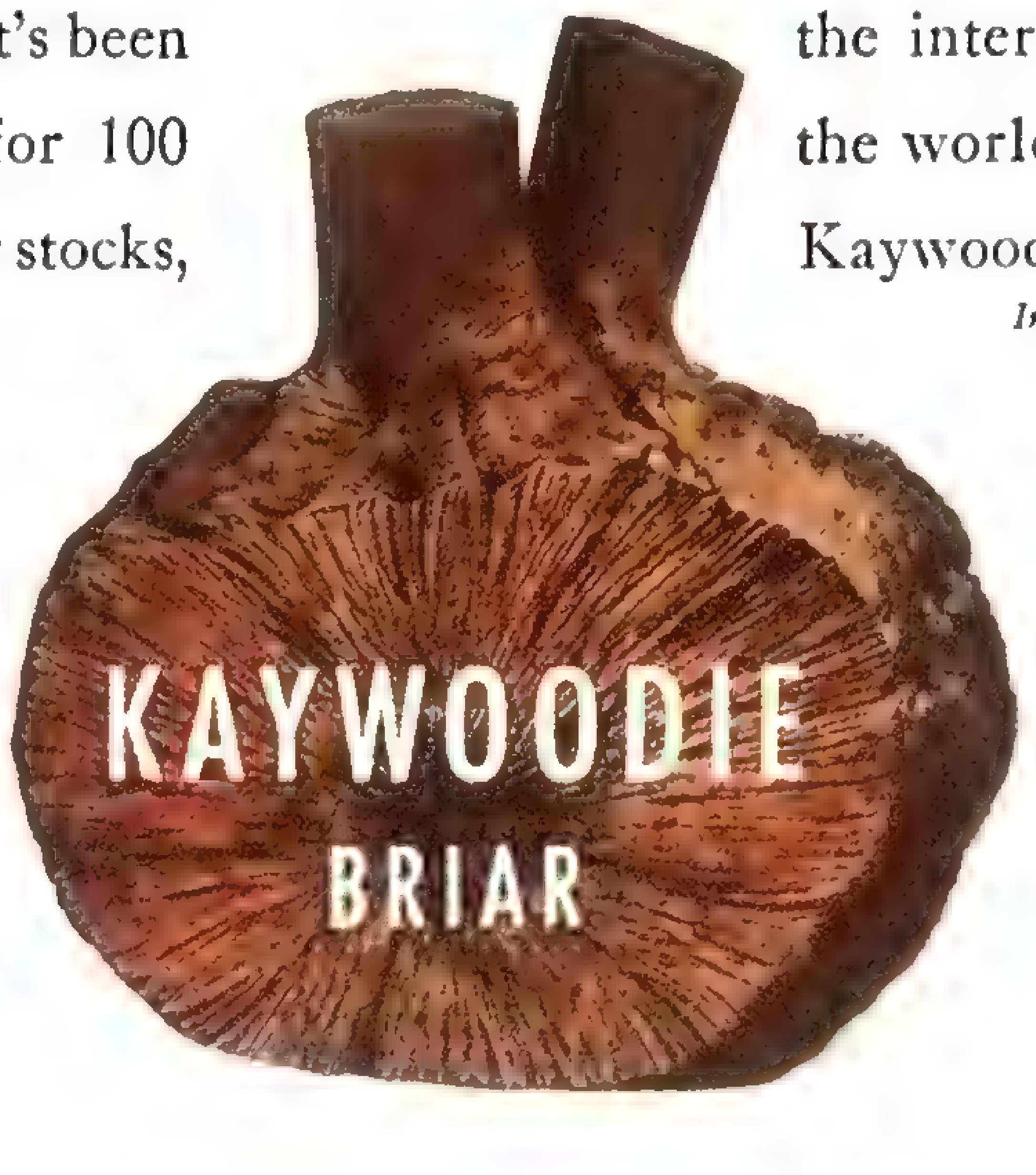
Alamo, (right, above) Of luxurious soft suede leather. Western pinking, quilted lining, hand-sewn leather buttons. Also other styles in men's and boys' leather coats and jackets.

An "Apple" Shape Kaywoodie
with Inner Bowl of Meerschaum
$12.50
[actual size]

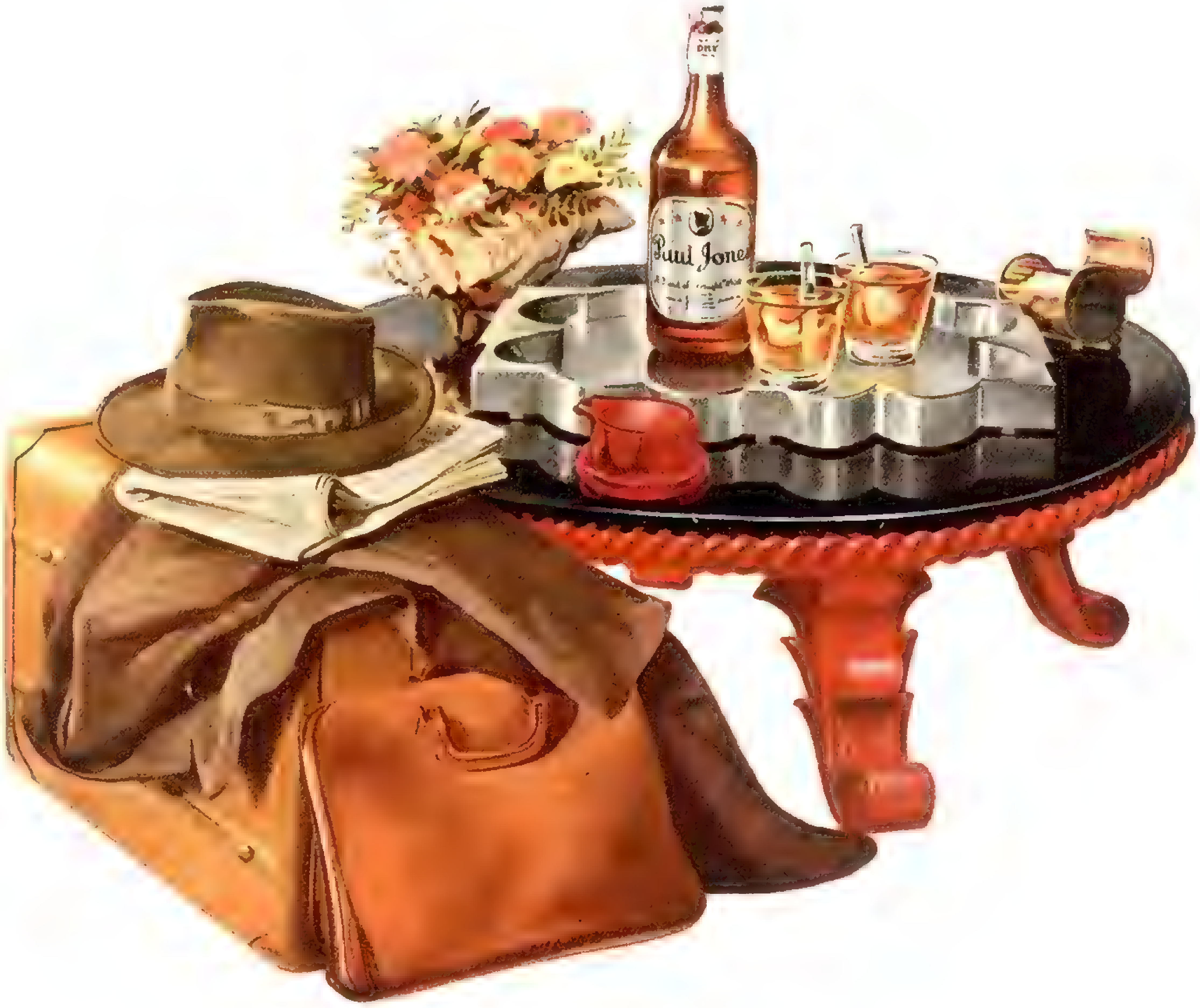
"I smoke a Kaywoodie"

I've learned about pipes. Learned from smoking them. Realized there's a difference—some pipes smoke better than others, and taste better. Kaywoodie is the pipe I've smoked for years. I could do without any of the others. The war hasn't stopped Kaywoodie from using the real Mediterranean briar-wood that's been the universal choice of pipe-makers for 100 years. Kaywoodies are cut from pre-war stocks, in the same old way . . . Try them all. You still won't find the good-tempered flavor that's characteristic of a Kaywoodie. Always pleases, never troubles. Kaywoodies yield a satisfaction all their own. Discriminating smokers know this and like it so well that Kaywoodie is the internationally recognized best. All over the world you hear "I Smoke a Kaywoodie." Kaywoodie Company, New York and London

In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



COPR. 1943



"Welcome home, Bob..."

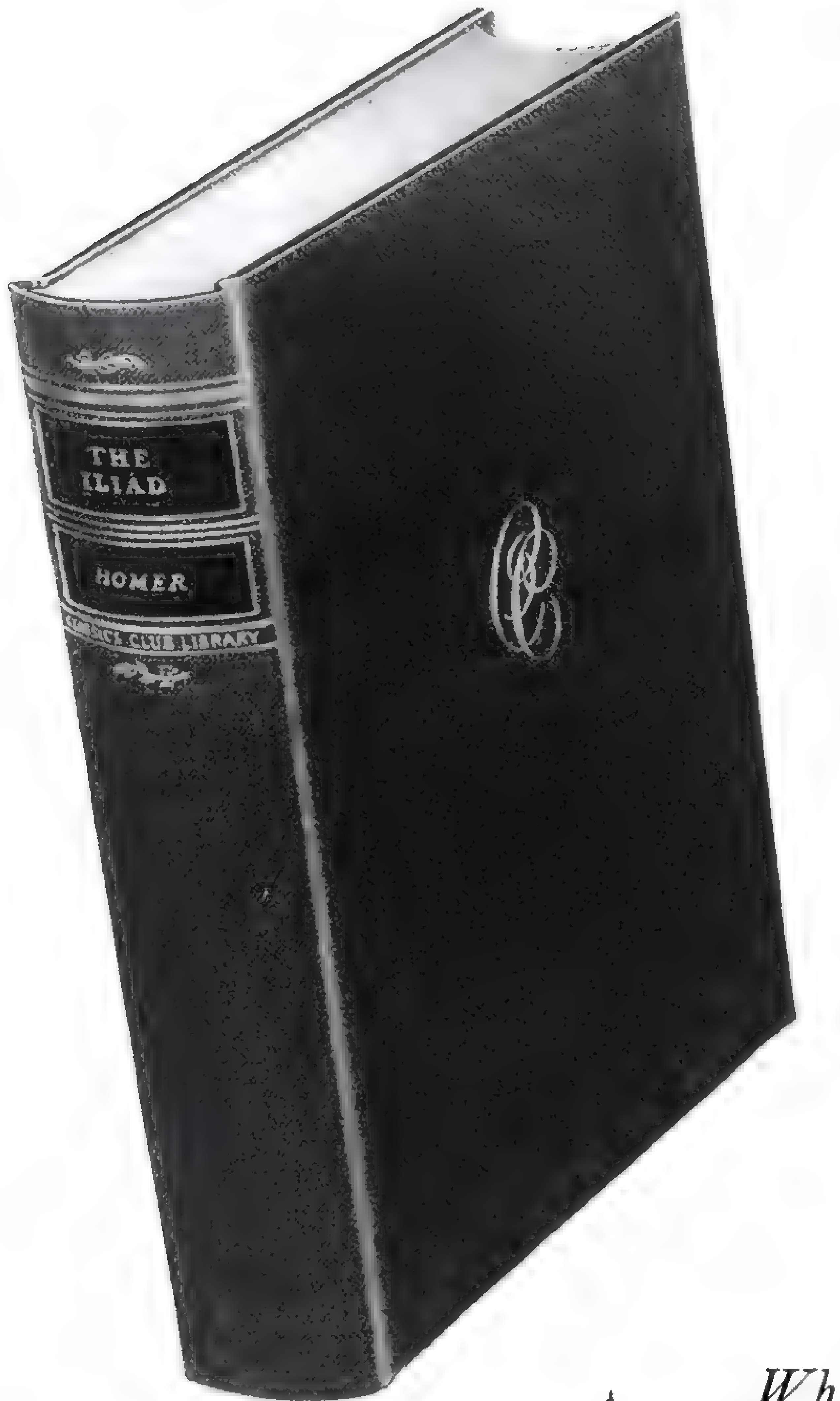
DRY Paul Jones... a gentlemen's whiskey since 1865

THE *DRYNESS* of Paul Jones Whiskey . . . like the *dryness* of champagne . . . permits you to enjoy the full flavor, the full richness and mellowness of this truly great American whiskey. Just see for yourself, the next time you try this superlative *dry* Paul Jones.

• • •

If you can't always get Dry Paul Jones . . . please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks of Paul Jones to assure you a continuing supply for the duration. Our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for rubber, explosives, and other vital war materials. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore



Free....to you

AS A TRIAL-MEMBERSHIP GIFT FROM

THE CLASSICS CLUB

This Beautifully Bound, Superbly Decorated Edition of

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

In the famous translation for modern readers,
by Samuel Butler

FOR nearly three thousand years this majestic epic has stirred all mankind. Alexander the Great carried it into battle in a jewelled casket. Now, in this handsome library edition, it is yours *free* as a gift!

Here is a gorgeous pageant of unforgettable people, mighty adventure, and profound human wisdom. You will chuckle as the gods wrangle over the fate of Paris, abductor of irresistible Helen of Troy; despair with Achilles at Agamemnon's bickering for possession of a captive girl; weep with Hecuba for her fallen sons. You'll feel the excitement of this drama as though you were *there*—through the magic of Homer, the "blind bard" whom other writers for centuries have tried to match!

The Selection Committee of the CLASSICS CLUB

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS—Long the best-loved literary figure in America, author, critic, lecturer and, for 41 years, Professor of English Literature at Yale University.

JOHN KIERAN—Well-known writer and expert of "Information Please," this connoisseur of good reading amazes millions of listeners with his inexhaustible store of knowledge.

PEARL S. BUCK—Only American woman to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature, awarded for the body of her work. She also received the Pulitzer Prize and the Howells Medal for "The Good Earth" particularly.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON—The brilliant artist and scholar who made history, art and literature fascinating to millions when he wrote "The Story of Mankind," "The Arts" and other great works.

Why the Classics Club Offers You a Free Copy of This Book

WILL you add this lovely volume to your home library now—as a membership gift from The CLASSICS CLUB? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautifully bound editions of the world's greatest masterpieces, which were chosen by the four distinguished judges shown at the left.

Suppose an expert on the world's greatest reading were to visit your home. No matter how much or how little education you may have had, you would listen enthralled as your famous guest spoke glowingly of the greatest books of all time, what warm friends you can make of them, how they can help any one attain a fuller, richer life.

At the request of The Classics Club, four authorities formed themselves into a Selection Committee to choose the masterpieces which offer the greatest enjoyment and value *to the "pressed-for-time" men and women of today.* They agreed that every book selected must receive the unanimous vote of all four members of the Committee. And the newly-formed Classics Club now presents these great books to you.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A classic is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it rivals the most thrilling modern novel. The truly great books would not have lived unless they were *read,* and would not have been read unless they were *interesting* and *easy to understand.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs in these four ways: *1.* Its sole purpose is to distribute to its own members the world's great classics at low prices. *2.* Its basic price is lower than that of any other book club. *3.* Its Charter Members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. *4.* All volumes are bound in attractive Classics Club bindings.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership in The Classics Club. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish.

As a Trial Member, you need not take any specific number of books—only the ones you want. No money need be paid in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

The Classics Club is a lastingly worthwhile book club offering an economical method of acquiring beautiful, uniformly bound masterpieces of enduring merit. These expertly chosen volumes will become a complete home library in themselves. For years to come they will provide you and your children with thousands of hours of the most pleasurable and profitable reading.

We suggest that you mail this Invitation Form to us at once. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising, and these low prices—as well as your FREE copy of THE ILIAD OF HOMER—cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.

NOTE: *The De Luxe Edition is luxuriously bound in fine buckram (the same material as used in $5.00 and $10.00 bindings), is richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre for years, and has tinted page tops. For books which you and your children will read and cherish for many years, the De Luxe Edition is most desirable.*

THE CLASSICS CLUB GA
330 West 42d Street, New York 18, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a *Trial Member* and send me, FREE, the Classics Club Edition of THE ILIAD OF HOMER, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you the correct amount checked below (89¢ for the Regular Edition or $1.39 for the De Luxe Edition) plus a few cents postage.

I prefer (plea e check) ☐ Regular Edition ☐ De Luxe Edition.

Your FREE copy of The Iliad of Homer will come in whichever edition you check.

Name..

Address..

City.................................... *State*..............................

RYE AND SCOTCH HI-BALLS
HAND PAINTED CHINA MUG

Plummer Ltd. is nationally known as one of the oldest and one of the finest China and Glass shops in the country. We carry the largest stock of fine china and crystal in New York and our customers come from every state in the Union.

1. RYE and SCOTCH HI-BALLS—exquisitely hand-cut spray of rye on one and scotch thistle on the other. State choice. Heavy base. Capacity 14 oz. Doz. $8.50.
2. Royal Crown Derby English China mug. Hand painted hunting scene in glowing colors. Height 5 inches. Each $10.00.

PLUMMER, Ltd.
Dept. E, 695 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send me free Gift Catalogue.
Name..
Address..

Est. 1865

FAT MEN'S SHOP, INC

"WE FIT ANY SIZE MAN!"

SHIRTS (Business, sports, dress & formal) to size 21; UNDERWEAR—*all styles*—to 66; PAJAMAS, to 70; SWIM SUITS, Beach & Lounging Robes, gabardine trunks. SWEATERS (all styles) LEISURE JACKETS & WINDBREAKERS to 66. Hose to 16. XLONG neckwear. 'BY MAIL' service to all points. Request illustrated booklet E-5 FAT MEN'S SHOP, Inc. (Sig Klein Established 1865) 62 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y.

TRADE MARK

CLIFTON DALE
Hand Tailored

CLIFTON DALE

for men who want good clothes

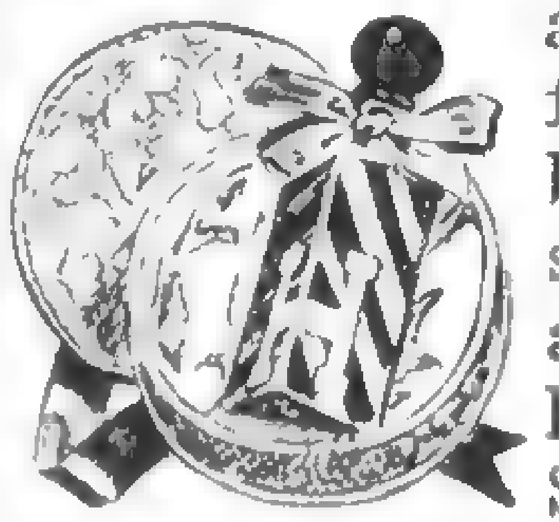
For Better Fit—for Better Styling be ahead of the trend—wear Clifton Dale Clothes

Step into a Clifton Dale and give your mirror a treat. Carefully made, meticulously tailored, Clifton Dales are quality-wise and style-smart. Easy on your pocket-book, too. All one price

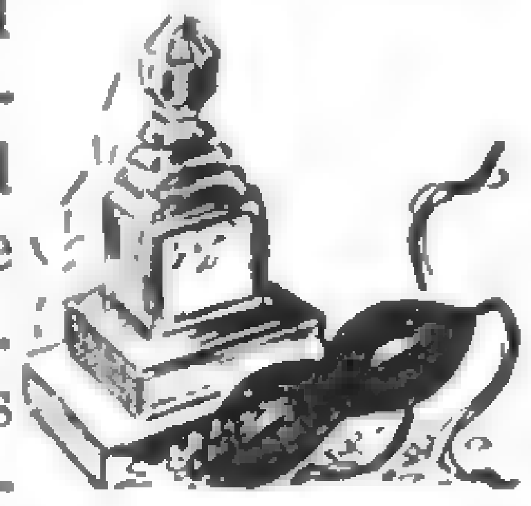
Just $39.50

Talking Shop with Esquire

SWEET OR HOT? That's the question today, whether it be swing, personality or perfumes. When it comes to the latter, most of them can be broadly divided into sweet or hot categories . . . from which you can figure out numerous nuances.



SWEET. These ladies can underscore their type with a lovely new odeur called "White Shoulders," a romantic flower fragrance put out by a famous designer to the Royal Family of England. "White Shoulders" conjures up soft lights, dreamy waltz refrains and it is handsomely packaged in a lace and satin bandbox, tied with ribbon bows. Another sweet beauty is "Je Reviens," a haunting fragrance with a disturbing undertone of meaning. Fragilly feminine, too, is "Duchess of York," nostalgic of lilacs.



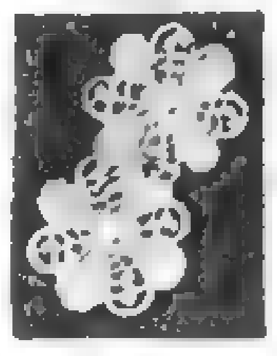
HOT. And then there are the Lamours, Lamarrs and the Sheridans. For *their* type you buy a killer diller called "Secret of Suzanne," described as "the fragrance of intrigue . . . every drop holds a masked potency," it says. Another, "Tout de Suite" is labeled: "the fragrance of lightning . . . tempestuous perfume for a vibrant moment". Another of the sultry school is "Tigress". packaged in tiger-striped velvet . . . perfume with matching bottle of sachet. Then there's "Shocking", which really *sends* a fellow with its clinging, insinuating come on. And don't overlook the ringleader in the "come and get it" department . . . "Tabu" . . . just plain witchy, and no mistake!

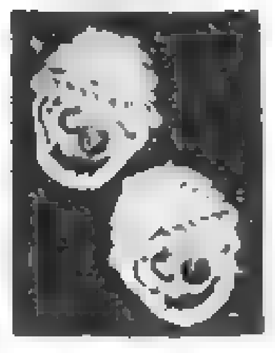
ESQUIRE'S PERFUME GUIDE. From time to time we'll give out with further information on this matter of what odeur for what girl.

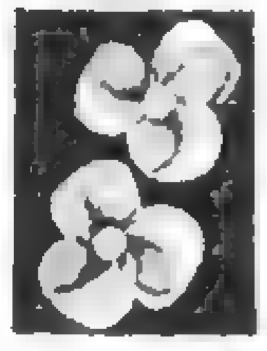
Ranger

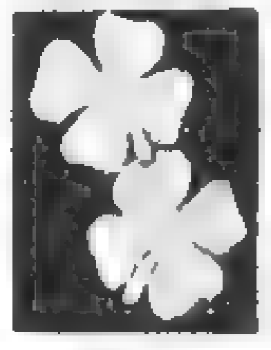
For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

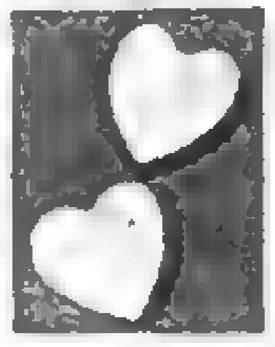
LUMINOUS EARRINGS
GLOW IN THE DARK
$1.25 pr.

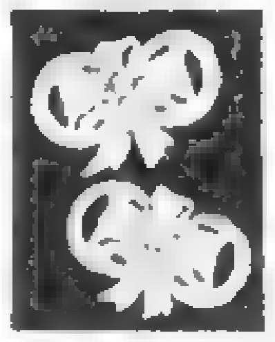
DAISY DAISY


FRUIT BASKET


LOVERS KNOT


4-LEAF CLOVER


HEARTS


BOWS


Exposed for a few seconds to an electric light these unique earrings glow beautifully in the dark for hours! Also available and luminous:-

Butterfly Pin . $2.20 ea.
Necklace . . . 2.20 ea.
Earrings to Match 2.20 pr.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED—Sorry, NO C. O. D.

HOUSE OF GIFTS
Box 4550-E3 Coral Gables, Fla.

$47 or $6.60 In the Regal Shoe advertisement on page 37, the shoe at the left is the bootmaker's original, which cost $47 a pair. The shoe at the right is the Regal Reproduction at $6.60! Please don't feel bad if you "missed"—even shoe experts have failed to choose correctly.

TOAST COASTERS

Two dozen strictly irresponsible coasters with a different pert picture and wise crack on each—like, "Here's to Chivalry—The Attitude of a Man Toward a Strange Woman." Made from deluxe, 22 ply board stock, the coasters are usable again and again. $1.00 postpaid for gift box of 24.

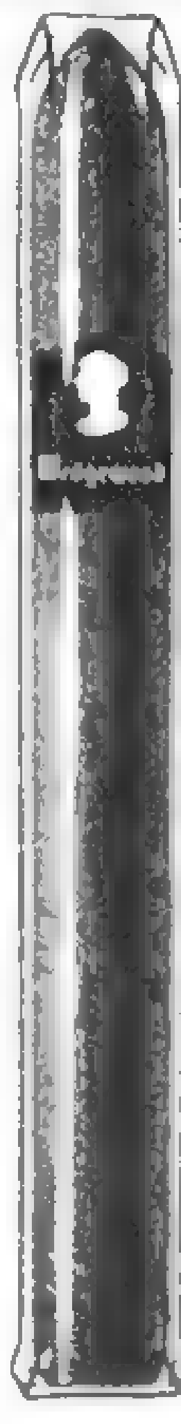
Write for Free Christmas Gift Catalog

MILES KIMBALL Co.
Bond St., Oshkosh, Wis.

A Beautiful Picture Deserves a Beautiful Frame. We give a picture to be remembered—for pictures are visible memories. Encase his or her picture in a frame worthy of the subject. A frame of unusually handsome, durable LUCITE.

5" x 7" . . $4.00 8" x 10" . . $6.00
Expressage not included

Alice H. Marks
6 East 52nd St., New York 22, PL. 3-7282



You Can't Always Buy

Wedgewood
PANETELAS

Our production is limited and we satisfy the demand of the boys in service, first.

BUT if your cigar store happens to have them . . . and if your taste runs to quality rather than size, you may find a new smoking thrill in WEDGEWOOD.

A GOOD 5c CIGAR

PENNSTATE CIGAR CORP.
ALLEGHENY AVE. & BOUDINOT ST., PHILA., PA.

THE G-STRING MURDERS

GYPSY ROSE LEE
(The most famous "Strip Tease" Artist on the stage today

takes you **behind-the-scenes** of Burlesque in telling the gaudy, gruesome, gals-and-gags, mystery story of "THE G STRING MURDERS." A thrill-packed, hilarious, peeping picture of Burlesque—its High-Stepping Girls and its rowdy Laffs—its four-a-day, gazecka boxes, chorus girl sirens, pickle persuaders, night life and hot spots, wolves and dolls, cash-register hearts—PLUS a fast-moving, blood-curling, spine chilling, three-corpse mystery! 300 pages, with illustrations of the raciest, rowdiest, most lurid and highly competent detective story—right out of Burlesque Block, 42nd St., N.Y. (Regular original price $2.00) SPECIAL EDITION only $1.00. Money back guarantee if not a treat of delight. Mail Coupon Now!

Knickerbocker Pub. Co., Dept. E-11
120 Greenwich St., New York 6, N.Y.
Send me a copy of THE G STRING MURDERS!
( ) I enclose $1.00 ( ) Send C.O.D. plus postage
Name..
Address..
City & State..

Land or Water
"DUCKS" Know Their Way!

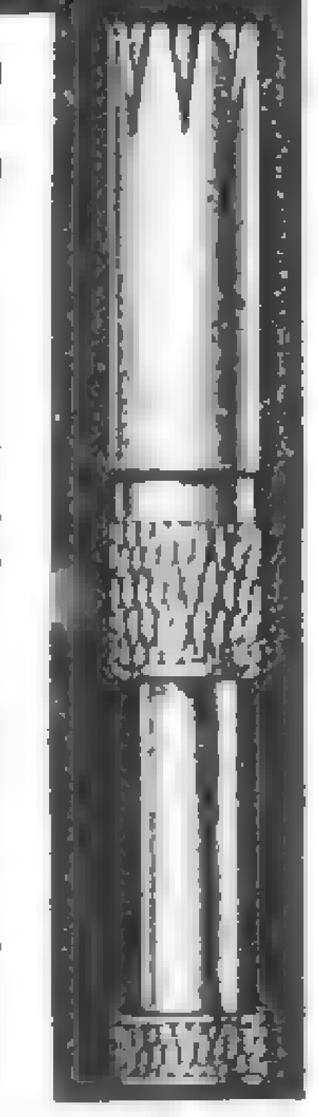
At beach-heads in strange lands our soldiers must know directions. HULL STREAMLINE COMPASSES are used on most military vehicles, taking the entire production of the Hull plant. The engineering necessary will provide a more accurate and serviceable compass for civilian autos after the war.

HULL MFG. CO., P. O. Box 246-G11, Warren, Ohio

HAVE THE
Shine
OF YOUR
Life!

THE Whittemore name has been a guarantee of finest quality for 102 years. Today, while huge quantities of Whittemore shoe dressings are going to the armed forces, we are also making the largest possible amount of polishes and dressings for civilian use. And now, as always, Whittemore's highest quality standards are being rigidly maintained.

WHITTEMORE SHOE DRESSINGS
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE
May Cause Fatal Infection

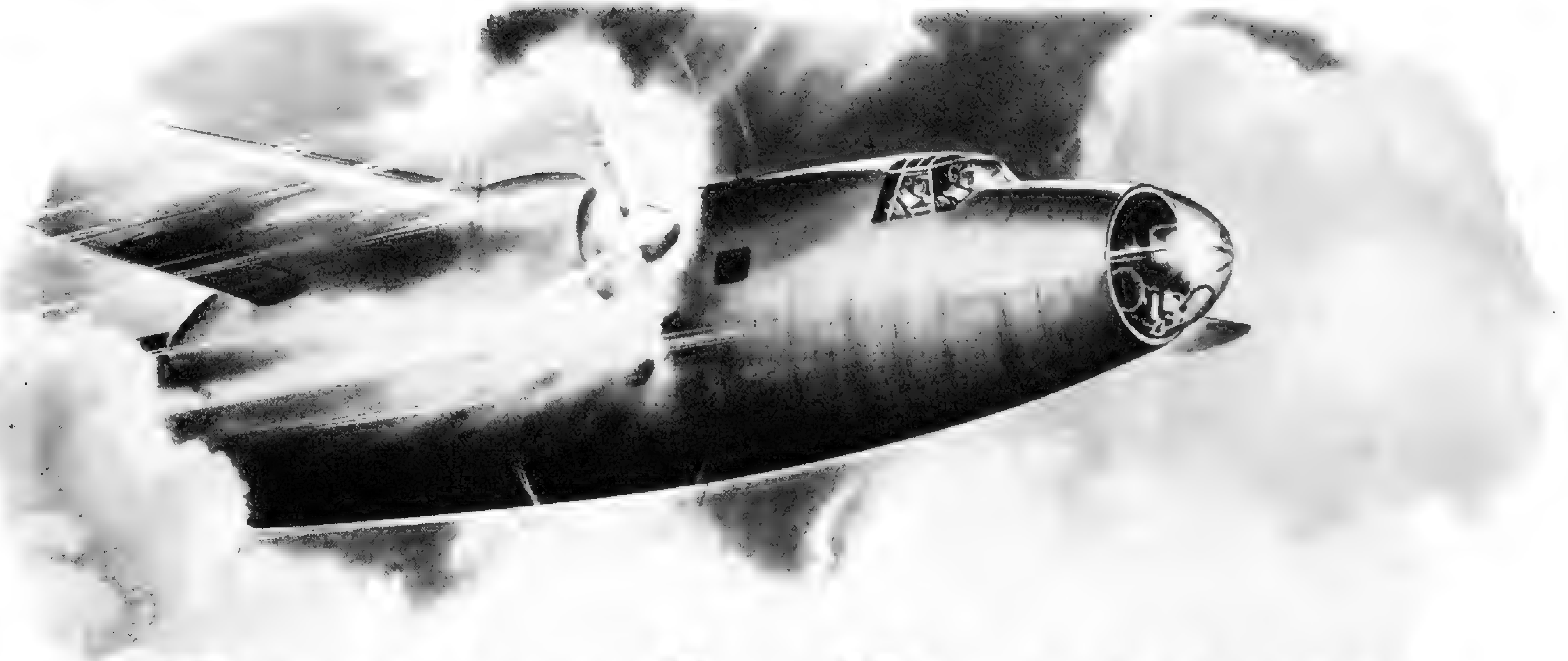
Use KLIPETTE
NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick skin.

SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back $1 Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

HOLLIS CO., 11 Commerce St., Newark, N. J., Dept. 307
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.
Name________________
Address________________



"BODIES" *for* BOMBERS

On October 25, 1940—more than a year before Pearl Harbor—U. S. Army Air Corps officials notified us of the urgent need for a vastly increased aircraft production program, and invited us to participate.

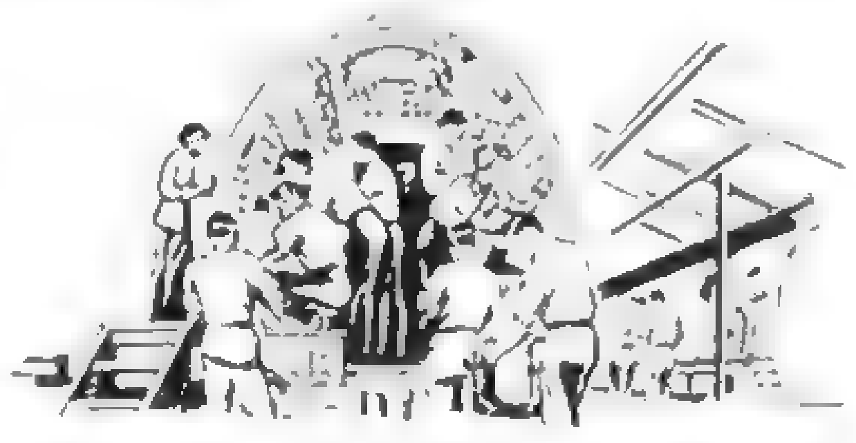
Already we were making Army trucks in great number, completing a huge tank arsenal, building field ranges and tent heaters, and making our first studies of anti-aircraft gun manufacture.

Here was another urgent job that had to be tackled at once.

Without waiting to learn what aircraft job would be assigned to us, we provided 600,000 sq. ft. of additional plant space and, from our own personnel, began to select engineering, metallurgical and manufacturing specialists for this new work.

It was just three months after our first meeting with Air Corps officials that we were officially notified our job was to build the complete nose and center fuselage sections for medium bombers including installation of complete mechanical and control systems.

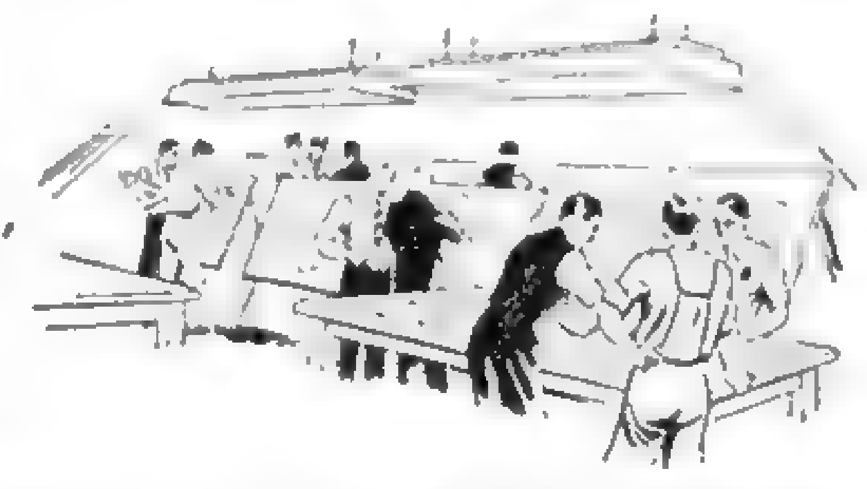
We immediately sent forty of our technicians to a producing aircraft plant where these men did regular production work and observed, at first hand, the production methods then in use. Our long background in building automobiles and trucks, plus the experience these men gained working with an aircraft manufacturer, enabled us quickly to get under way with the necessary tools and equipment to turn out "bodies" for bombers by quantity production methods.



NOSES AND BODIES FOR BOMBERS (INSIDE AND OUT)

To help acquaint us in advance with the many kinds of material and operations involved, the Army Air Corps sent us a bomber nose section. Our engineers and master mechanics made intensive analyses of aircraft blueprints covering more than fourteen thousand structural parts.

The materials to be used included aluminum, steel, brass, bronze, plastics, plywood and fabrics.



OVER 14,000 PARTS TO BE FORGED, CAST, STAMPED, MACHINED AND PRECISION-FITTED

Many of the metal parts presented entirely new working characteristics. They required elaborate heat treating processes for the extreme stresses demanded of them. They also presented new problems in the design and use of the dies required to shape them.

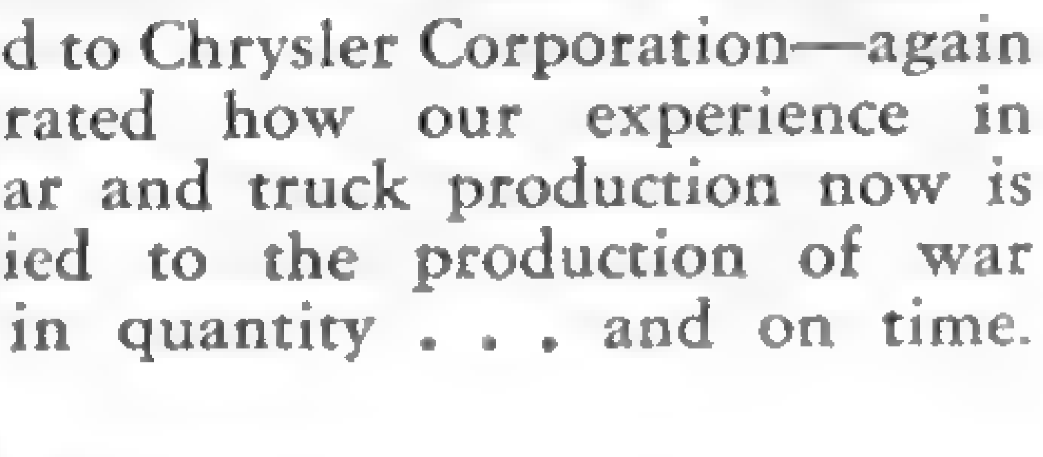
Our production and purchasing specialists determined which parts we could subcontract to other companies. As the work progressed, orders were given to 2,255 subcontractors in 309 towns, in 29 states.

Aluminum forgings would be needed in large numbers by us and other manufacturers participating in the expanded aircraft production program. Therefore, we were given the job of building an aluminum forge plant to take care of these requirements. We also prepared at our foundry to produce aluminum castings required for plane manufacture.

Thousands of men and women had to be trained for this new type of work. Women were employed in large numbers and carefully taught drilling, riveting, machining and assembling of aircraft parts. Automobile sheet metal workers, body builders and trimmers were shown how to apply their skill and experience to the production of bomber parts.

The big nose of the bomber houses the Bombardier, Pilot, Co-Pilot, Navigator and Radio Operator. Nearly all the mechanical and electrical controls are here, while the center section is the bomb carrying space.

If you could look within these sections as the work of assembly goes on, you would see a bewildering network of wires and tubing as well as the structural skeleton of the ship. Every one of these 1,963 separate wires and over 1,000 feet of tubes—to say nothing of all the control mechanisms—must operate faultlessly.



IF YOU COULD LOOK WITHIN

In the production of "bodies" for bombers—a new field to Chrysler Corporation—again is demonstrated how our experience in peacetime car and truck production now is being applied to the production of war equipment in quantity . . . and on time.

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tanks • Tank Engines • Anti-Aircraft Guns • Bomber Fuselage Sections • Bomber Wings • Aircraft Engines • Wide Variety of Ammunition • Anti-Tank Vehicles • Command Reconnaissance Cars • Cantonment Furnaces • Troop Motor Transports • Ambulances • Marine Tractors • Weapon Carriers • Marine and Industrial Engines • Gyro-Compasses • Air Raid Sirens and Fire Fighting Equipment • Powdered Metal Parts • Navy Pontoons • Harbor Tugs • Field Kitchens • Bomb Racks • Bomb Shackles • Tent Heaters • Refrigeration Compressors • Aircraft Landing Gears • and Other Important War Equipment.

In the production of this war equipment Chrysler Corporation is assisted by over 9,800 subcontractors in 956 towns in 39 states

Tune in Major Bowes every Thursday, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH ☆ DODGE ☆ DE SOTO ☆ CHRYSLER

[BACK THE ATTACK . . . WITH WAR BONDS]

The worlds finest
DRY GIN

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M.KING GEORGE VI

BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
Imported Dry Gin

PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · 86 PROOF
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
LONDON
PARK & TILFORD

For the Connoisseur

RONRICO
Best RUM bar none

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (E) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof.

*Trade Marks of Ronrico Corporation
WHITE LABEL
RONRICO
Finest Dry
Distilled
PUERTO RICAN RUM

Painting the Town with Esquire

EVEN if the leaves of Fifth Avenue's Rockefeller Forest hadn't turned, we could tell it was Autumn because batoneer Guy Lombardo, his swooning saxophones, and his vocal brother Carmen, are back on their home plateau in the Grill of the Hotel Roosevelt, set for their we-don't-know-how-many-eth season. As harried headwaiter Victor sees it, the passion for "music little short of celestial" is insatiable.

THOUGH we have always been skeptical of rumorists who would have us believe that a certain Danbury Connecticuter named Harry Davega leapt up in his sleep one night singing "I'm dreaming of a white turkey," we are prepared to admit that the famous White Turkey Inn of that region somehow did get started by the said Harry Davega, and that it hatched two offspring in Manhattan – at 1 University Place and at 220 Madison Avenue–which Harry and spouse Dorothy conjointly conduct as dispensaries of sophisticatedly rural eats such as one-man chicken pie, supreme-sauced breast of chicken on ham, cranberry-clad roast young gobbler, and so on. Frankly, of all the farms on Father Knickerbocker's Isle, we know of none where vittles run tastier. Not to mention a swell selection of Inglenook Wines which our interior readily finds nooks for.

FURLOUGHERS, mooded to step early as well as late, are boosting the Pour Hour dance boom. Their social intelligence department tips them to the good places – particularly the Savoy-Plaza's Café Lounge, where, from five o'clock, braided and barred stalwarts are to be seen piloting their heart interests to the music of two able orchestras: straight American and Latin-American marimba. Continuous till night-cap . . . "Food?" chuckles Billy the Oysterman (10 West 47th) deep-bassly. "I've got oceans."

LICORICE-burner Benny Goodman, who blows sweeter as the years go by, is rapturing fond hearts on the hoof at the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room and heating up the ice revue. As a special concession, he now suffers his numbers to be arranged so that even simple-eared guys like us can recognize the tunes. (Jolly decent of you, Benny old bean!)

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

A·1
SAUCE

TRY, TRY AGAIN

If A·1 flavor is missing from your meals have patience, please. We're shipping as much A·1 Sauce as possible in view of the demand for vital ingredients by the armed forces.

Keep asking for it—at your grocers, and at eating places. It'll be along from time to time, to perk up your wartime meals.

Send for free recipe booklet.
G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

FIX THOSE MORNING AFTER JITTERS

WITH SOME

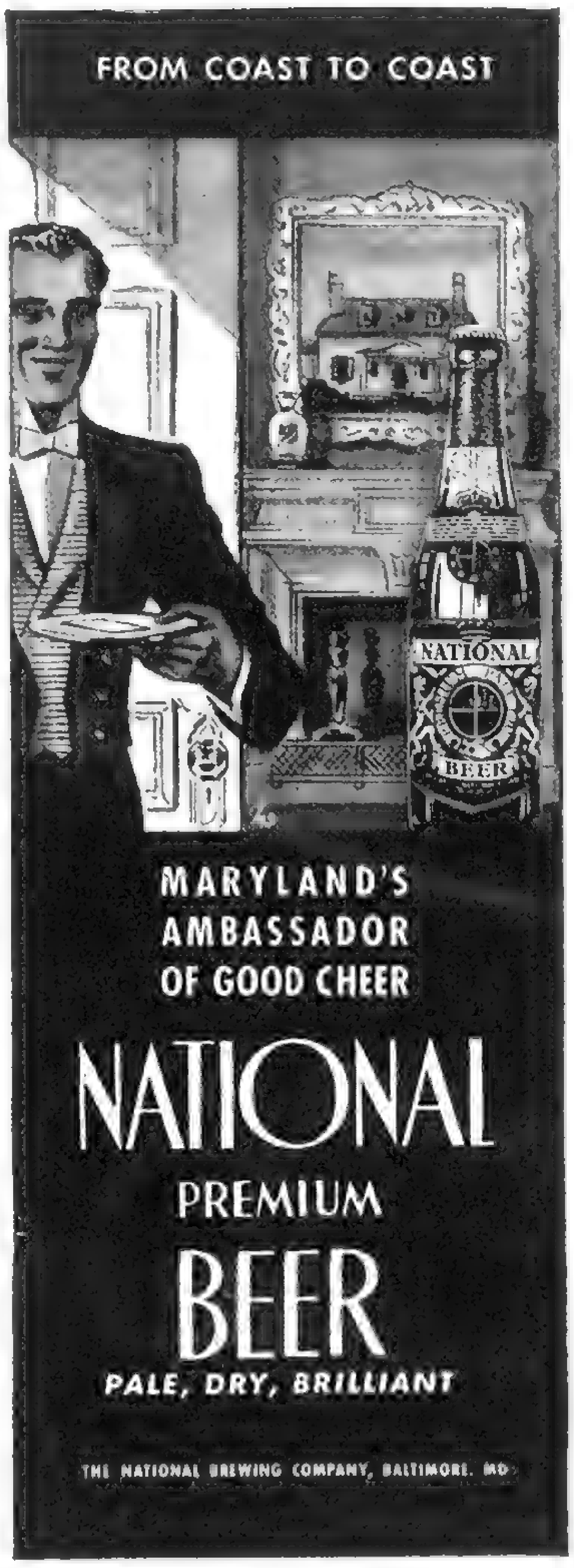
ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS

A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"

Directions: Take 1 to 4 tablespoonfuls in half a glass of water, hot or cold.

REVUE 9-12 2:15 a.m.
OPEN SUNDAYS NO COVER
DINNER $1.50
The Montmartre of New York
Jimmy Kelly's
181 SULLIVAN ST. — AL.4-1414

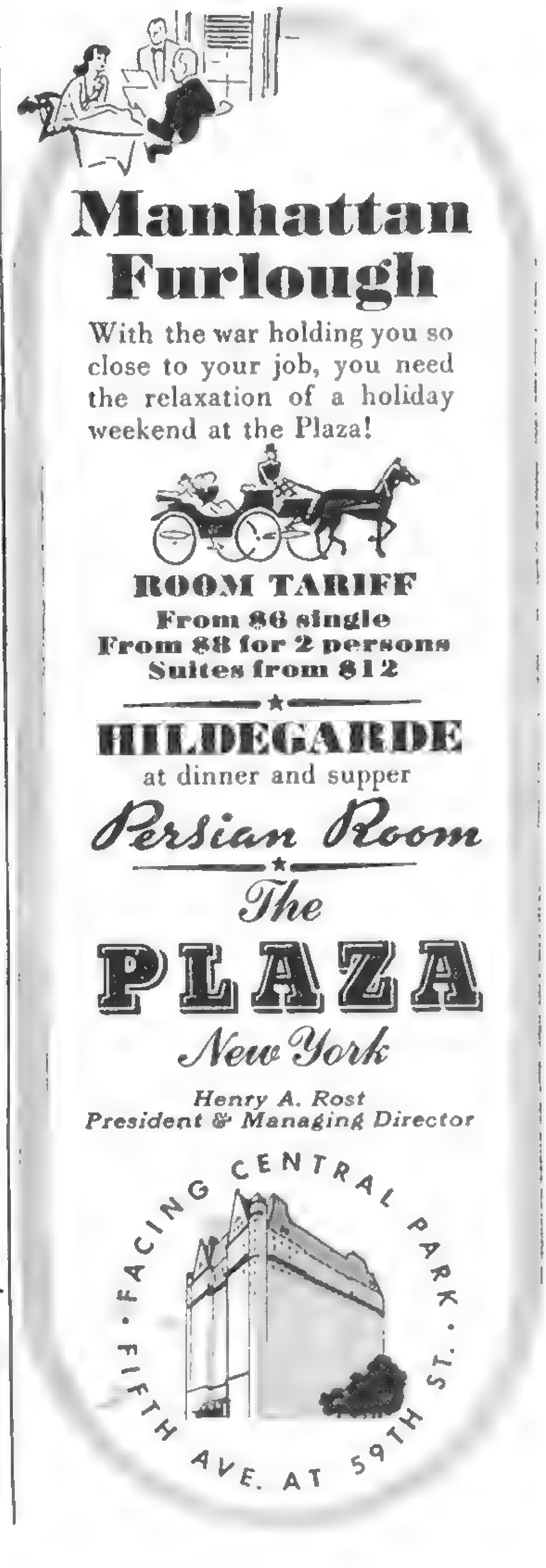
BUY WAR BONDS


FROM COAST TO COAST

MARYLAND'S
AMBASSADOR
OF GOOD CHEER

NATIONAL
PREMIUM
BEER
PALE, DRY, BRILLIANT

THE NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.


Manhattan Furlough

With the war holding you so close to your job, you need the relaxation of a holiday weekend at the Plaza!

ROOM TARIFF
From $6 single
From $8 for 2 persons
Suites from $12

HILDEGARDE
at dinner and supper
Persian Room

The
PLAZA
New York

Henry A. Rost
President & Managing Director

FACING CENTRAL PARK · FIFTH AVE. AT 59TH ST.

YOU'VE HAD TO CHANGE YOUR MARTINIS!

..BUT OURS ARE JUST THE SAME!

We know what you're up against—it's almost impossible for you to get the Gin and Dry Vermouth you always bought—and your Martinis may not be what they used to be.

But ours are! Our Dry Martinis are made, as always, with scarce and precious Milshire Gin and the world's finest Dry Vermouth.

You can still get a good dry Martini! Just ask your liquor store for HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS—*Dry Martinis.* You'll thank us for the tip!

Six kinds to choose from:

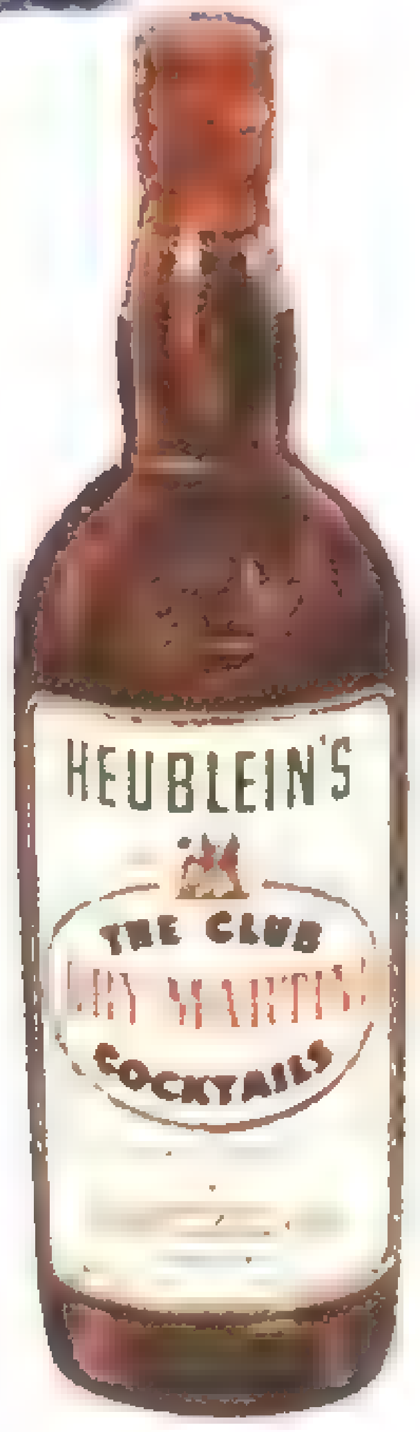
Manhattan (*65 Proof*) • Side Car (*60 Proof*) • Old Fashioned (*80 Proof*)
Dry Martini (*71 Proof*) • Martini, med. sweet (*60 Proof*) • Daiquiri (*70 Proof*)

★*BUY BONDS FOR VICTORY*

Mm-m-m Milshire!
...Milshire—the Pot Still Gin—is used exclusively in these cocktails.

Mm-m-m Marvelous!
...The Vermouth in 'em is really *dry.*

Mm-m-m Magnificent!
...No messing. No guessing. *What a blessing!*



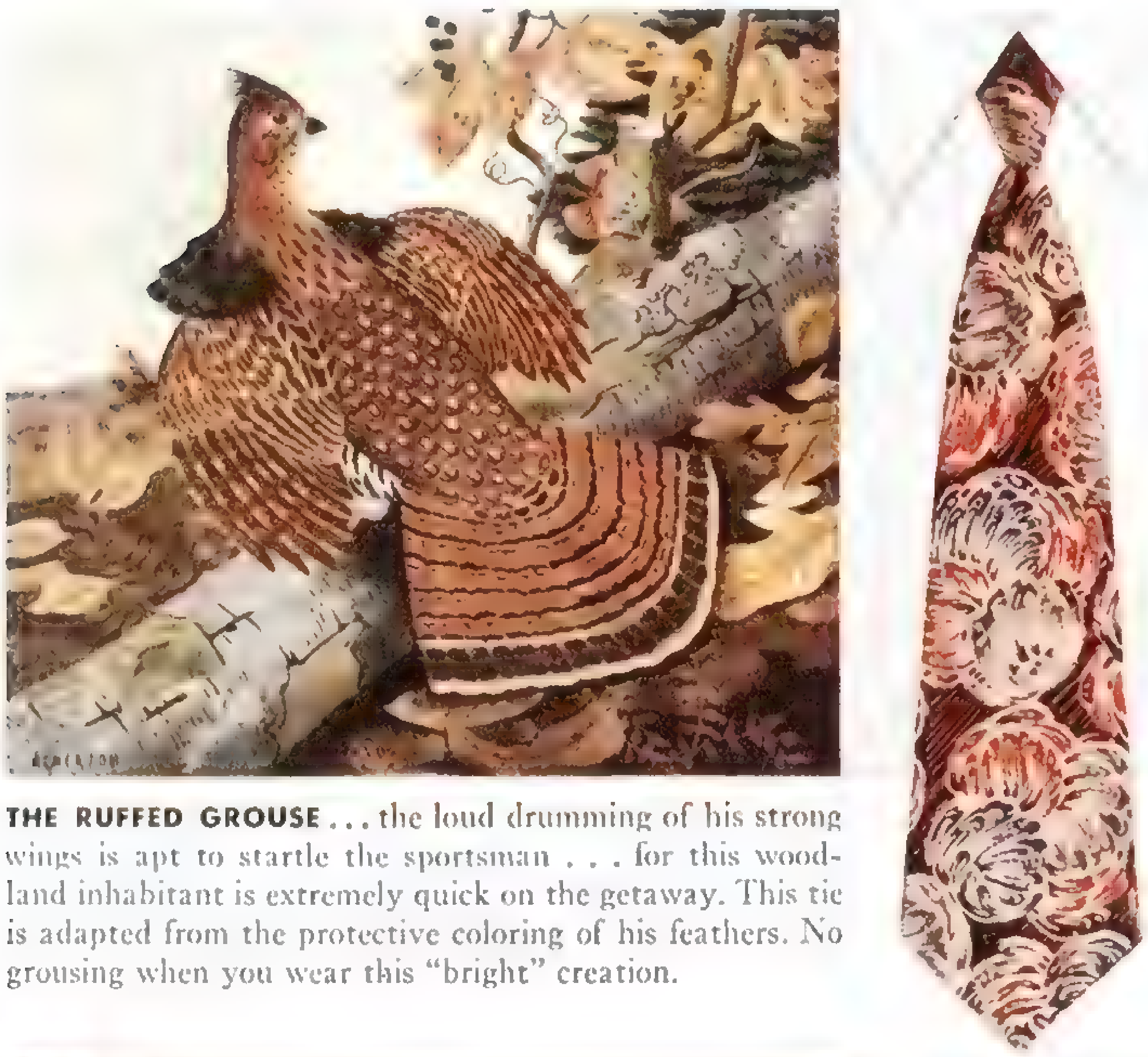
HEUBLEIN'S
Club COCKTAILS

Milshire Distilled Dry Gin used is 90 proof, 100% grain neutral spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford 1, Conn.

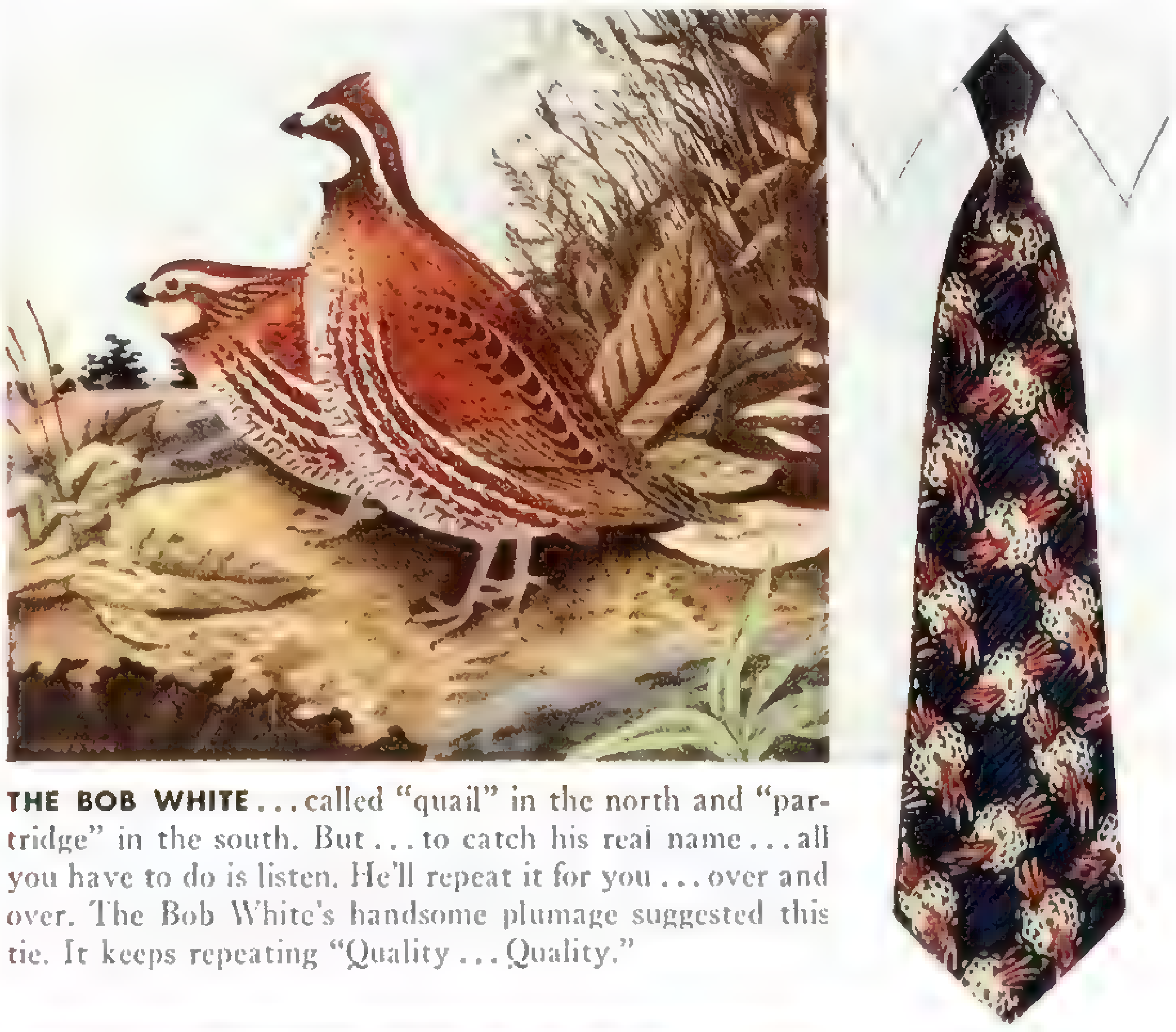
HUNTING FOR TIES?

American Game Birds

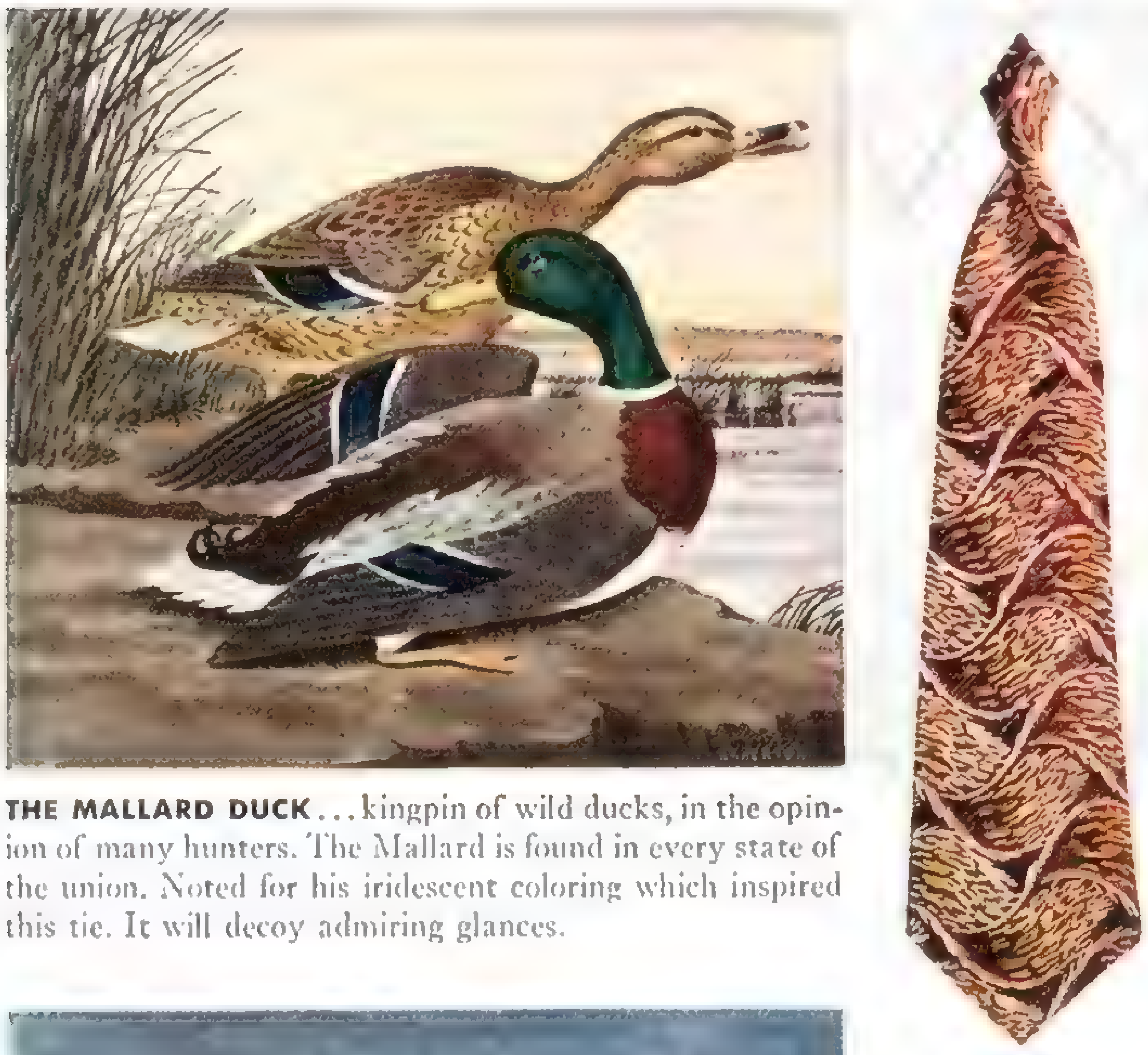
Here's a *brand new* edition of the ever popular American Game Birds. Now made in both printed and woven designs . . . as well as plain colors. Train your sights on these luxurious new fabrics and distinctive patterns . . . in bird plumage colorings. Handsomer than ever. Only $1.50 each. Bag a supply for yourself . . . and get a few as gifts. At better retail stores.



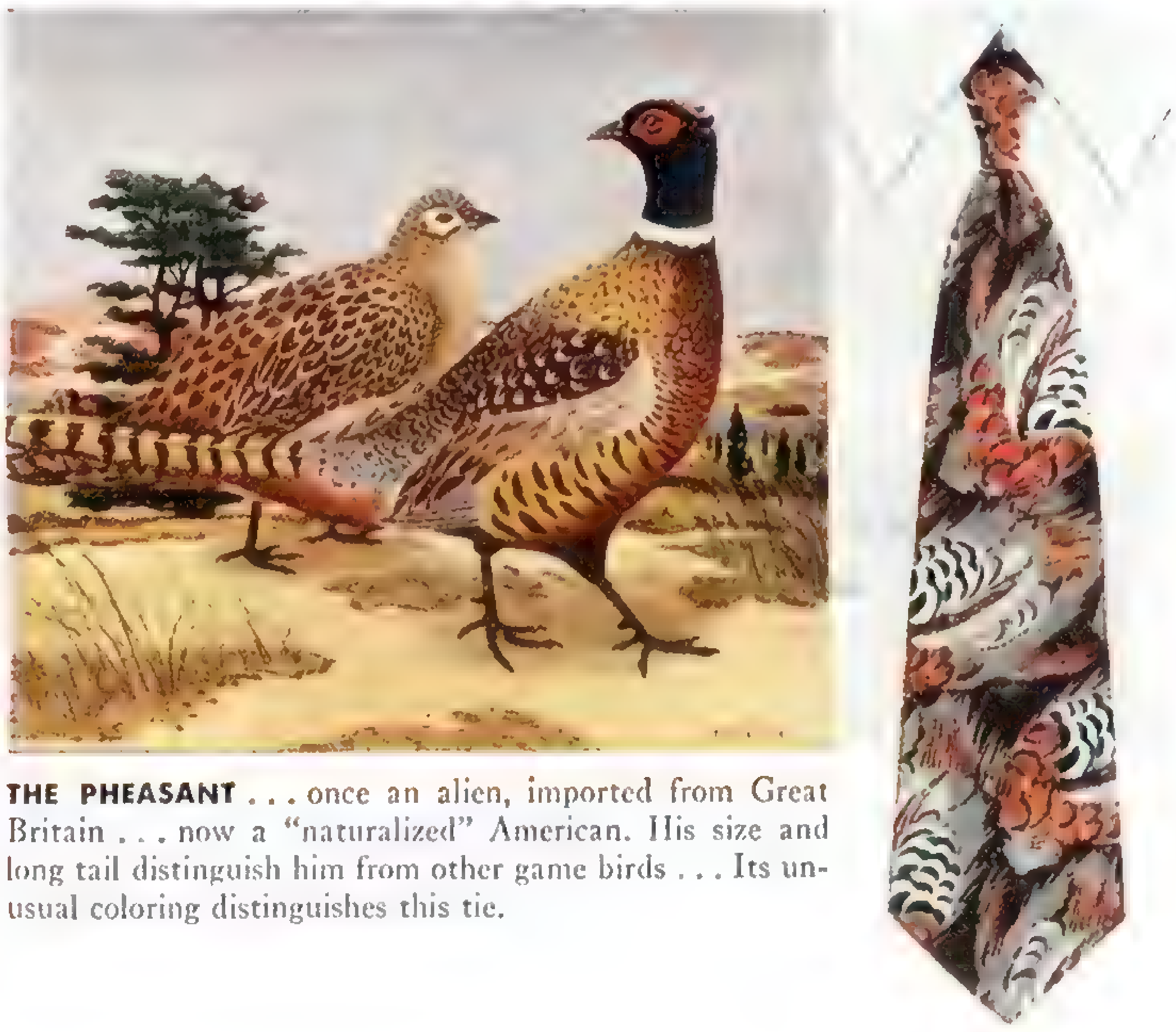
THE RUFFED GROUSE . . . the loud drumming of his strong wings is apt to startle the sportsman . . . for this woodland inhabitant is extremely quick on the getaway. This tie is adapted from the protective coloring of his feathers. No grousing when you wear this "bright" creation.



THE BOB WHITE . . . called "quail" in the north and "partridge" in the south. But . . . to catch his real name . . . all you have to do is listen. He'll repeat it for you . . . over and over. The Bob White's handsome plumage suggested this tie. It keeps repeating "Quality . . . Quality."

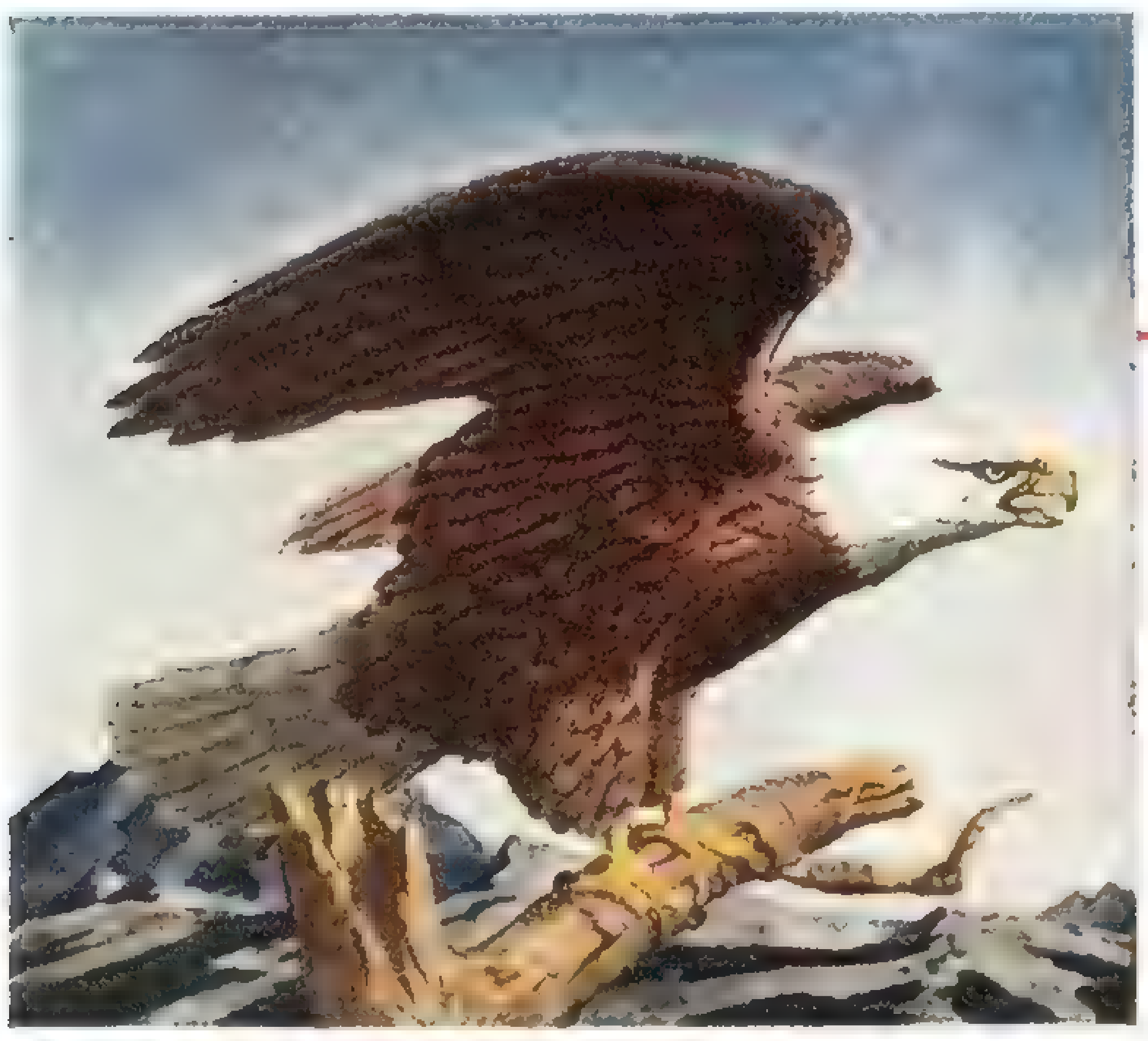


THE MALLARD DUCK . . . kingpin of wild ducks, in the opinion of many hunters. The Mallard is found in every state of the union. Noted for his iridescent coloring which inspired this tie. It will decoy admiring glances.



THE PHEASANT . . . once an alien, imported from Great Britain . . . now a "naturalized" American. His size and long tail distinguish him from other game birds . . . Its unusual coloring distinguishes this tie.

Also many superb designs inspired by the plumage of the Snowy Egret and Canada Goose.



WHAT'S HE DOING HERE? The American Eagle . . . proud and majestic . . . is not a game bird. Yet he's the gamest bird of all. This sharp-taloned guardian of freedom is here to remind us all that we can't buy too many War Bonds.

To keep *him* flying . . . and clawing . . . take your change in War Stamps.

LOOK FOR THE NAME

CHENEY CRAVATS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Styles for All Occasions • Tie Well • Wear Well

"NONSENSE, FROTHINGHAM, THERE IS NO SUCH CONTRIVANCE!"

Every schoolboy knows that great changes are in the air . . . not to mention on land and under sea. Nor are they by any means confined to things mechanical. Our friends here would be dumbfounded, for example, at Timely's Balanced Tailoring . . . a new, modern approach to clothes-making that results in better appearance at no greater cost. With the skill and precision of engineers, Timely combines costly hand-work with sturdy machine sewing, each where it serves best, to the end that the easy grace and flattering lines of a Timely Suit or a Timely Coat will last throughout its life. The collar will always fit snugly, the lapels will always roll softly—the whole garment will always drape with its original unbroken smartness. That, gentlemen, is one of the great virtues of expensive clothing. Now it's yours in Timely Clothes, at Timely's modest prices . . . about $35 to $65 at better stores everywhere. But if you don't find them as plentiful as usual, please remember that Uncle Sam has first call on our facilities.

Timely Clothes, Rochester, New York

TIMELY

REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.

CLOTHES

There is nothing better in the market
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
BROWN-FORMAN · KENTUCKY

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

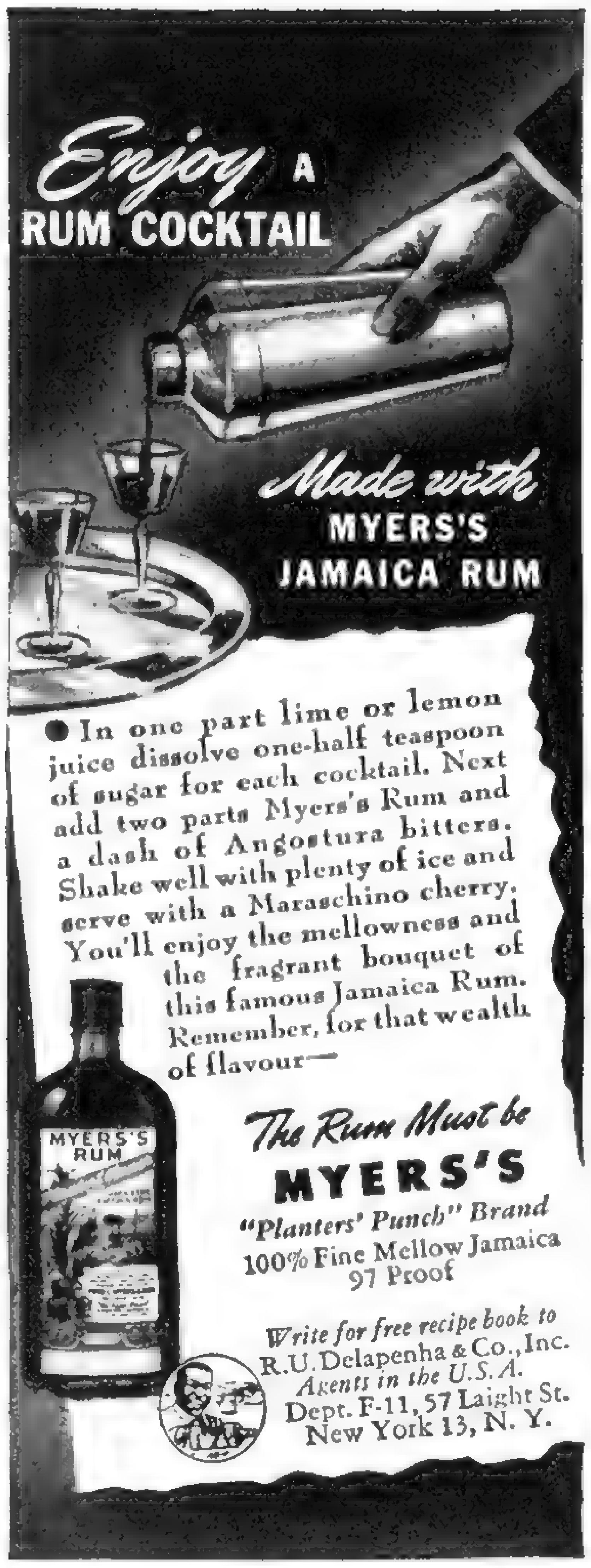
escape
Mary Dunhill

Escape

is magic, white magic that lifts and releases. It unlocks the heart, and rides swiftly away from the tower that imprisons desire.

The unfettered, ecstatic fragrance of Escape is precious and rare. It will cling to his imagination as it clings to your pale shimmering garments. From $6.00 to $32.50—Plus Federal Tax.

A NEW PERFUME BY Mary Dunhill
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



● In one part lime or lemon juice dissolve one-half teaspoon of sugar for each cocktail. Next add two parts Myers's Rum and a dash of Angostura bitters. Shake well with plenty of ice and serve with a Maraschino cherry. You'll enjoy the mellowness and the fragrant bouquet of this famous Jamaica Rum. Remember, for that wealth of flavour—

The Rum Must be
MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% Fine Mellow Jamaica
97 Proof

Write for free recipe book to
R.U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Agents in the U.S.A.
Dept. F-11, 57 Laight St.
New York 13, N. Y.

Painting the Town with Esquire

THE Hotel St. Regis, prize item of Captain Vincent Astor's terra firma interests, is pursuing its social-tone-colorful course, proving that elegance didn't disappear with the departure of starch from the male bosom. Iridium Room rites, presided over by maître John Kroll, are graciously epicurean without overstepping point restrictions, and the cellar still holds out as a treasury of bouquets. For preliminary assembling, the cocktail lounge, newly redone in chartreuse, etc., has its charms and drams.

ONE of hot music's most revered founding fathers, toppered Ted "When My Baby Smiles at Me" Lewis, whose too long absence from the Manhattan scene has been bemoaned by many, will hit Broadway between the eyes and ears October 28th at Dave Wolper's Hurricane (cornered at 49th) which Duke Ellington and Hal McIntyre have warmed up for him.

CRONIES clicking dominoes on the marble-topped café tables of the history-steeped Lafayette (University Place at 9th St.) never have to ask, "What was there about old-time Paris that chummed with the cockles of one's heart, besides nestling within one's belt so comfortingly?" They've got the answer right there, and they hang onto it from generation to generation, classic French dishes and all. Many of these traditional specialties made their American débuts under the hostship of the late Raymond Orteig, Lafayette fame builder, whose three sons carry on in a way which shows that Orteig chow sagacity runs clan-deep.

SO tempting, the captured Jap flag, rugged on the floor at Joe Madden's, 16 West 56th, gift of a far-away rememberer of Joe's steaks, chops, and gas-house grammared gusto. But this is a refined place and gentlemen will refrain from expectorating.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

Southern Comfort
100 PROOF
What's in a Name?

Plenty—when the name is Southern Comfort! Ask for and be sure you get *genuine* Southern Comfort, the grand old Drink of the South. Flavor-rich, full-bodied, may be served as liquor or liqueur... as an excellent base for long or short mixed drinks. Measured discreetly, it can also be served straight.

Try making your favorite Old Fashioned, Manhattan or Hi-Ball with Southern Comfort. You will be pleasantly surprised.

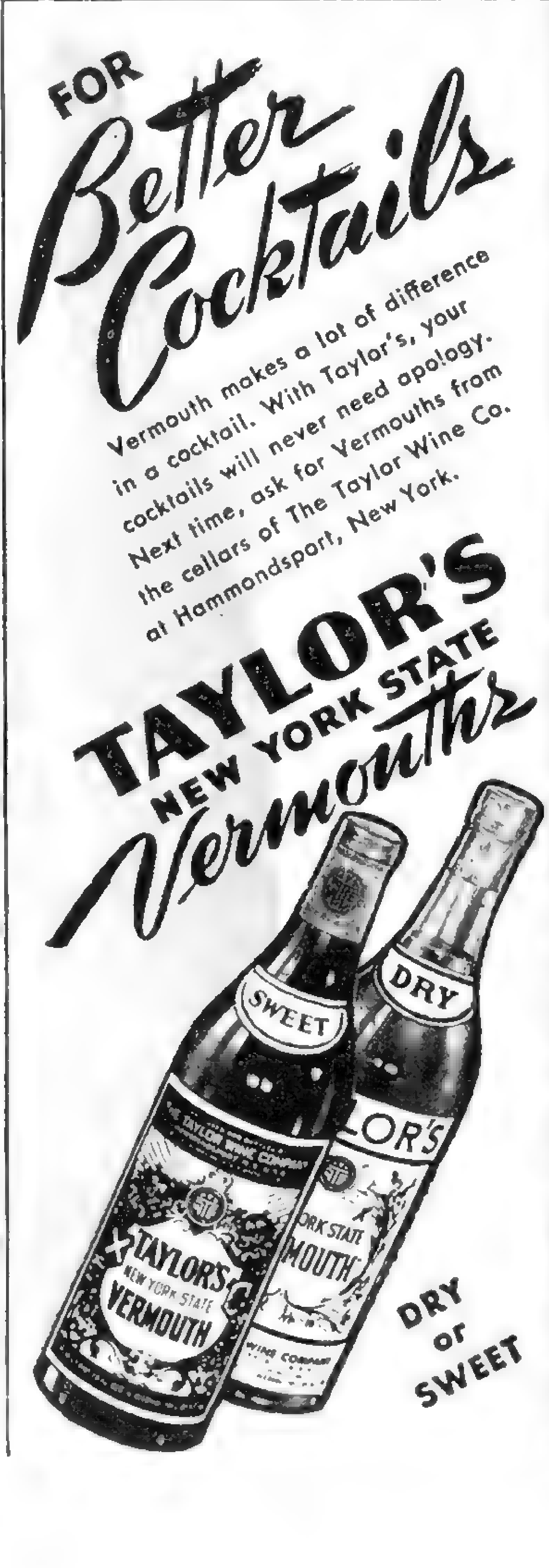
FULL 100 PROOF
Combining the robust body of mellow whiskey, the smoothness of rare brandy.

Free Colorfully illustrated new 32 page book, telling highly interesting story of historic drinking vessels. Write us for free copy.
SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, SAINT LOUIS, MO.

Sold at
Better Bars, Hotels
and Package Stores

Always a Pleasure
COOK'S
COOK'S Imperial

AMERICAN WINE CO ★ ST·LOUIS·MO·



FOR Better Cocktails

Vermouth makes a lot of difference in a cocktail. With Taylor's, your cocktails will never need apology. Next time, ask for Vermouths from the cellars of The Taylor Wine Co. at Hammondsport, New York.

TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE Vermouths

DRY or SWEET

THE DIFFERENCE IS Abbott's

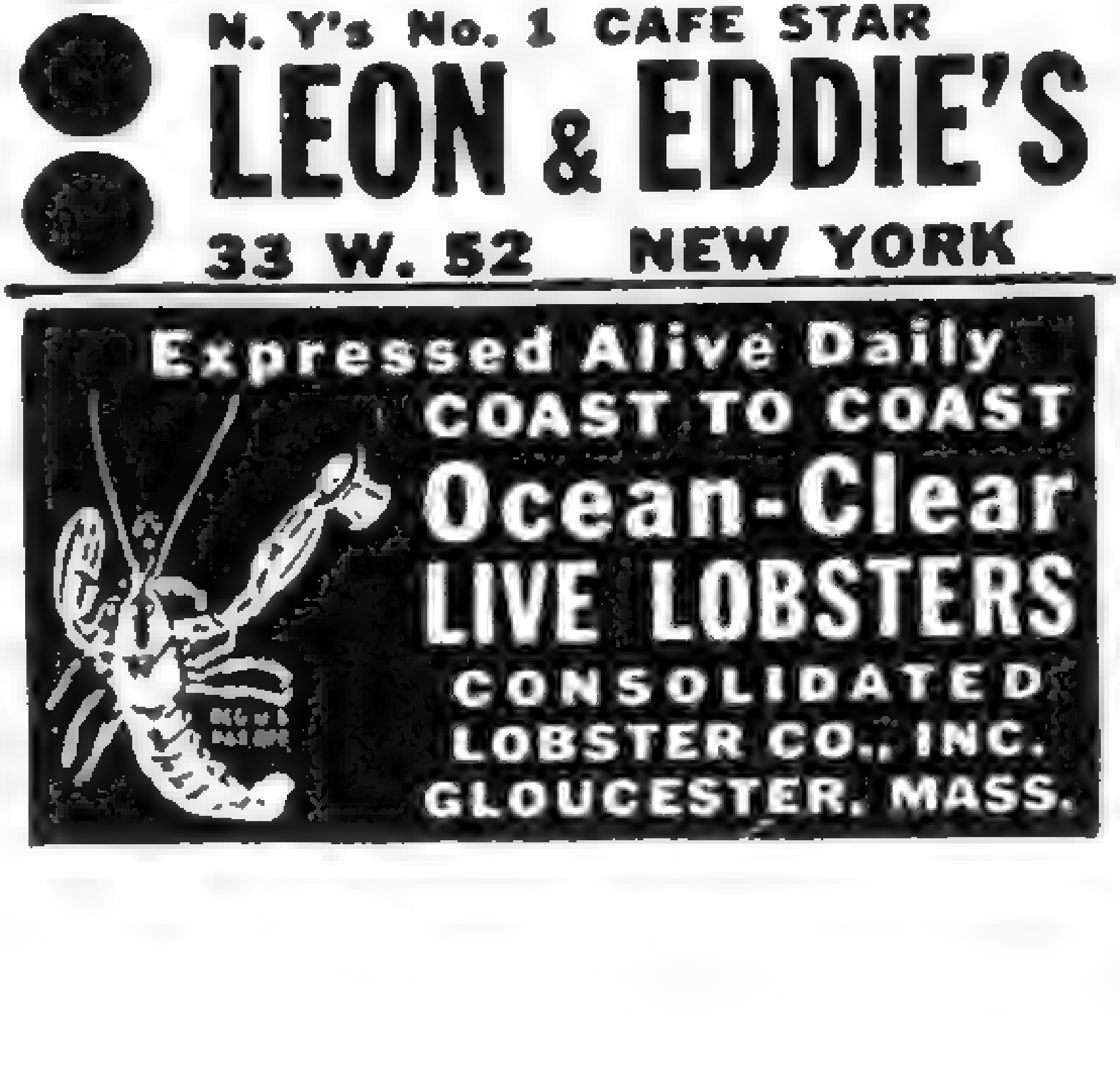
Abbott's AGED BITTERS

Add zest to your whiskey, wine, gin, and rum drinks. Add a dash of Abbott's.

Abbott's BITTERS SINCE 1872

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

DON'T MISS
EDDIE DAVIS
N. Y.'s No. 1 CAFE STAR
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 W. 52 NEW YORK


Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED
LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

THANKS COLONEL... I'LL GO WITH THE LONDON DOCK TOBACCO!
London Dock
SMOKING MIXTURE
Aromatic

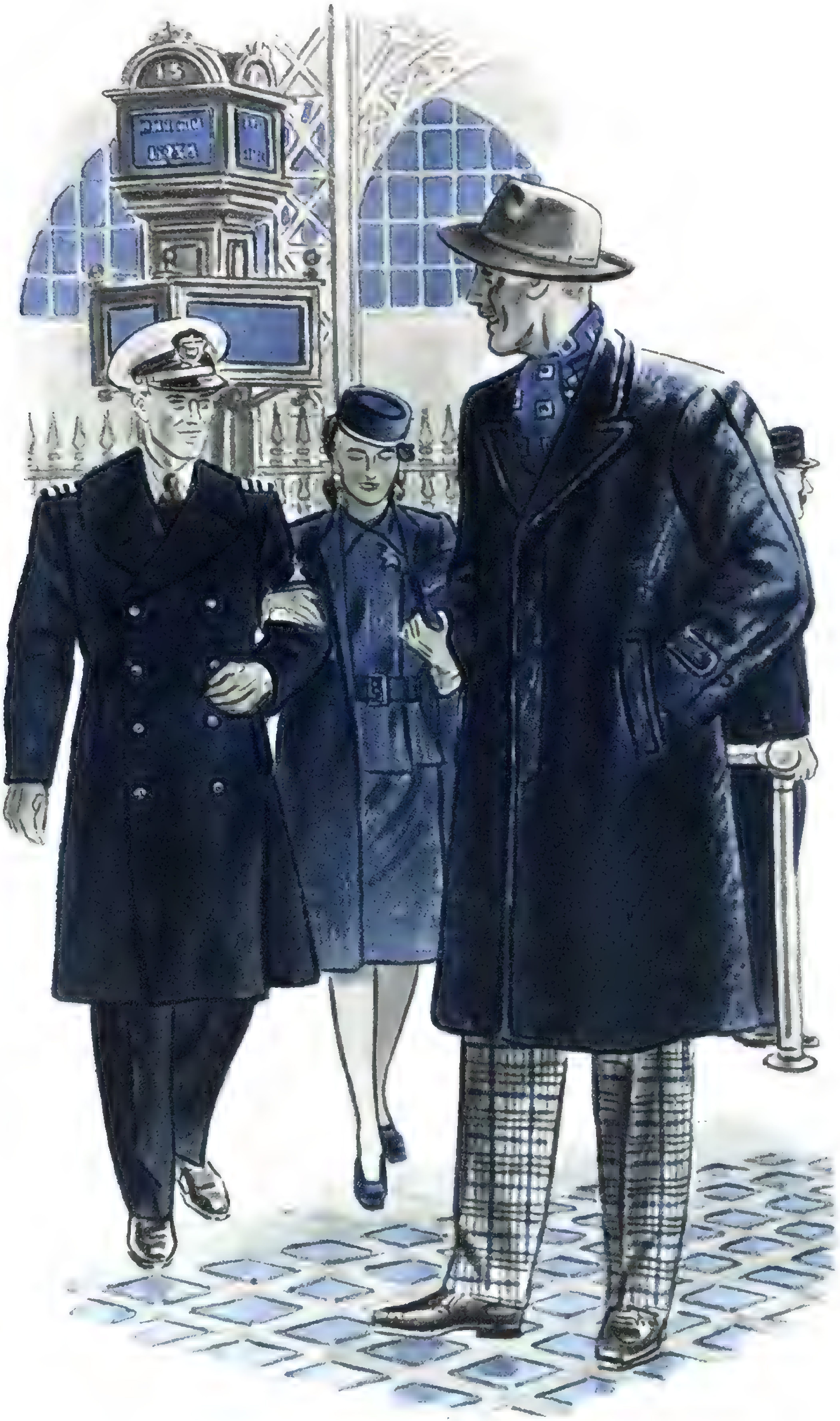
AMERICA'S FINEST AROMATIC

2 Ounce Package 40¢
$300 per lb.
Sample 10c
Send 10c to
London Dock Div.
128 Delmar Blvd.
St. Louis, Mo.

Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

WHEN YOU MUST BUY LESS • INVEST IN THE BEST

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX



Eye, eye, sir!

We mean the landlubber in the foreground, if you please . . . not the gorgeous little eyeful or the nautical gentleman. Our job is to cover the home front and we'd like to point out, with unbecoming modesty, that we're doing a pretty good job of it. As evidence we ask you to witness exhibit A for Fall . . . the handsome civilian coat in the sketch. What doesn't meet the eye about this coat, though, is the fact that although warm enough to resist the stiffest gale, it rests as lightly on your shoulders as the little coat that wasn't there. For a slip-on, and such commercial details as price, et cetera, drop in at the store that sells Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes.

NOW, MORE THAN EVER,
A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR,
A BIG THING TO FIND

BUY WAR BONDS... $185 BUYS A LIFEBOAT FOR 10 PEOPLE

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Chuck Duval

Chuck Duval played football at the University of Chicago, and later with the Chicago Bears while earning his spurs as a reporter on the Chicago *American*. He launched into publicity during the Chicago World's Fair, and has been in that field ever since. His work brings him in contact with billiard stars like Charles C. Peterson, whom he describes on Page 80.

•

William Cabe, the boatswain who wrote *Survivors from a Burning Sea*, has been twice torpedoed but, at forty-eight, he has no idea of quitting the Merchant Marine. Neither frightened nor aggressively heroic, he takes his job in his stride. He swears by the NMU, whose safety drills he credits with saving many lives.

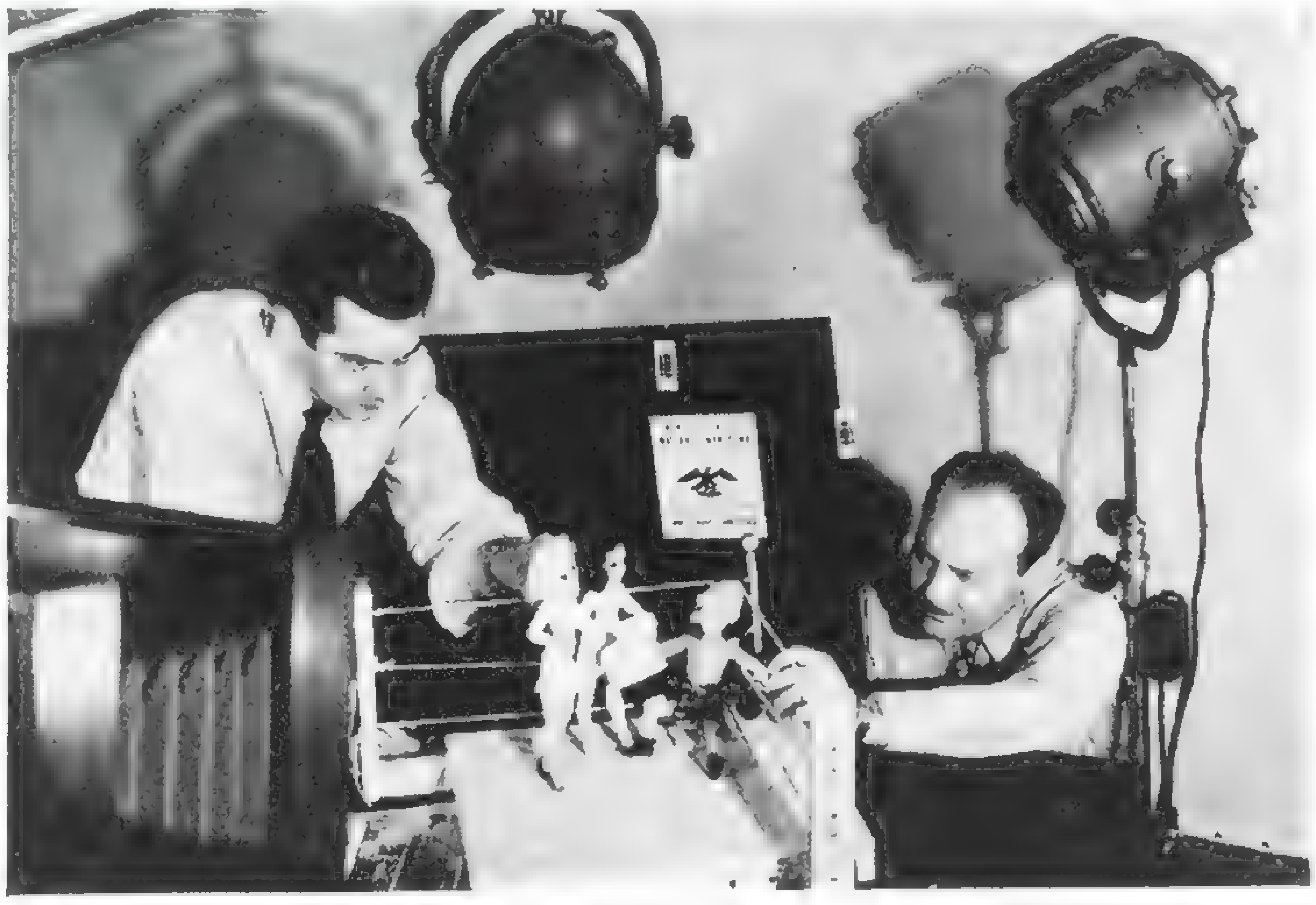
•

Peter Helmers is an Austrian-born artist, actor and writer. He says: "I travelled all over Europe, trying to peddle all sorts of merchandise; what I finally sold were short stories and drawings to magazines in Vienna and Berlin. Via two exquisitely shaped legs belonging to a chorus girl, I became interested in the theatre; wrote, acted in and directed plays. I was editor of a Vienna magazine for awhile, then editor of the *Scherl Magazin* and an illustrated paper in Berlin till Hitler arrived. I came to the U.S. in '35 and am today very proud to be a useful citizen."

Peter Helmers

•

The story of Esquire's cover illustrations is no simple legend of Pygmalion and Galatea, but a narrative of double toil and trouble. First, gags are submitted by Beep to the publisher, who okays the final idea. Sometimes, as in the case of September's cover, the publisher himself submits the idea and Beep reciprocates. The gag goes over the post road to L. Soderstrom, a sculptor formerly with Disney Studios, who makes the figures and supplies the props. The figures are cast in plaster over a wire armature. When the brittle company has made the hazardous trip from Los Angeles to Chicago and are okayed by the publisher, the background for the setup is constructed by Arnold Ryan, a staff artist. This setup is then placed before a large studio plate camera, carefully lighted under the supervision of Arnold Ryan (shown at left) and Jules Friedlander, expert in graphic arts (shown at right). Direct color separation plates are shot for the engraver's four color plates, one for each color: red, yellow, blue and black. This process is not to be confused with one-shot Kodachrome. The picture next appears as an engraver's full color proof. After hearty exchanges of invective between Gus Berkes, Production Manager, and the printer, Esky and his mates emerge in all their four-color, four-dimensional glory.



Inside the Cover

•

Lloyd Maddock left St. Mary's college in 1923 to pitch for Seattle; he was fired the first year, given a second trial and bounced again. He could take a hint. He now writes sports for *The Post-Enquirer*. He says: "While writing *Oakland, Home of the Squirrels*, I tangled with a train and came off with a broken leg, so I missed a couple of screwballs. One is Lou Nova. As a publicity gag, Ray Carlen, his manager, had Nova take Yogi lessons from an ex-carnival man who called himself Oom, the Omnipotent. Lou went for the Yogi business hook, line and sinker. The night of his fight with Baer, Carlen walked into Nova's dressing room to find his heavyweight standing on his head . . . Then there's Cliff Wixson, at whose gym Sam Langford, Jack Johnson and Jack Dempsey trained. Cliff once owned a grocery store. When he sold out, his customers owed him a little over $40,000. Instead of passing on the bills to a collector, he made a merry bonfire out of them. Ever hear of anything like that in Brooklyn?"

•

Bert Popowski was reared in northeastern North Dakota and one of his boyhood delights was to watch the endless skeins of migratory water-fowl moving northward. He attended South Dakota State College, coached football in Indiana for awhile, but "A South Dakota gal and the ringneck pheasant combined to lure me back to the Sunshine State." He contributes to all the major outdoor magazines.

•

James Vale Downie says: "When I was nine, my Covenanter grandmother read me *Pilgrim's Progress*, in a lonely farmhouse, in winter. When she finished the battle of Christian and Apollyon I resolved to write literature . . . I never quite made it, but I published a book of verse, had stories in the old *Harper's*, *Red Book*, *Ainslie's*, recent pieces in *Adventure*, *Detective Story*, and *Shadow*."

•

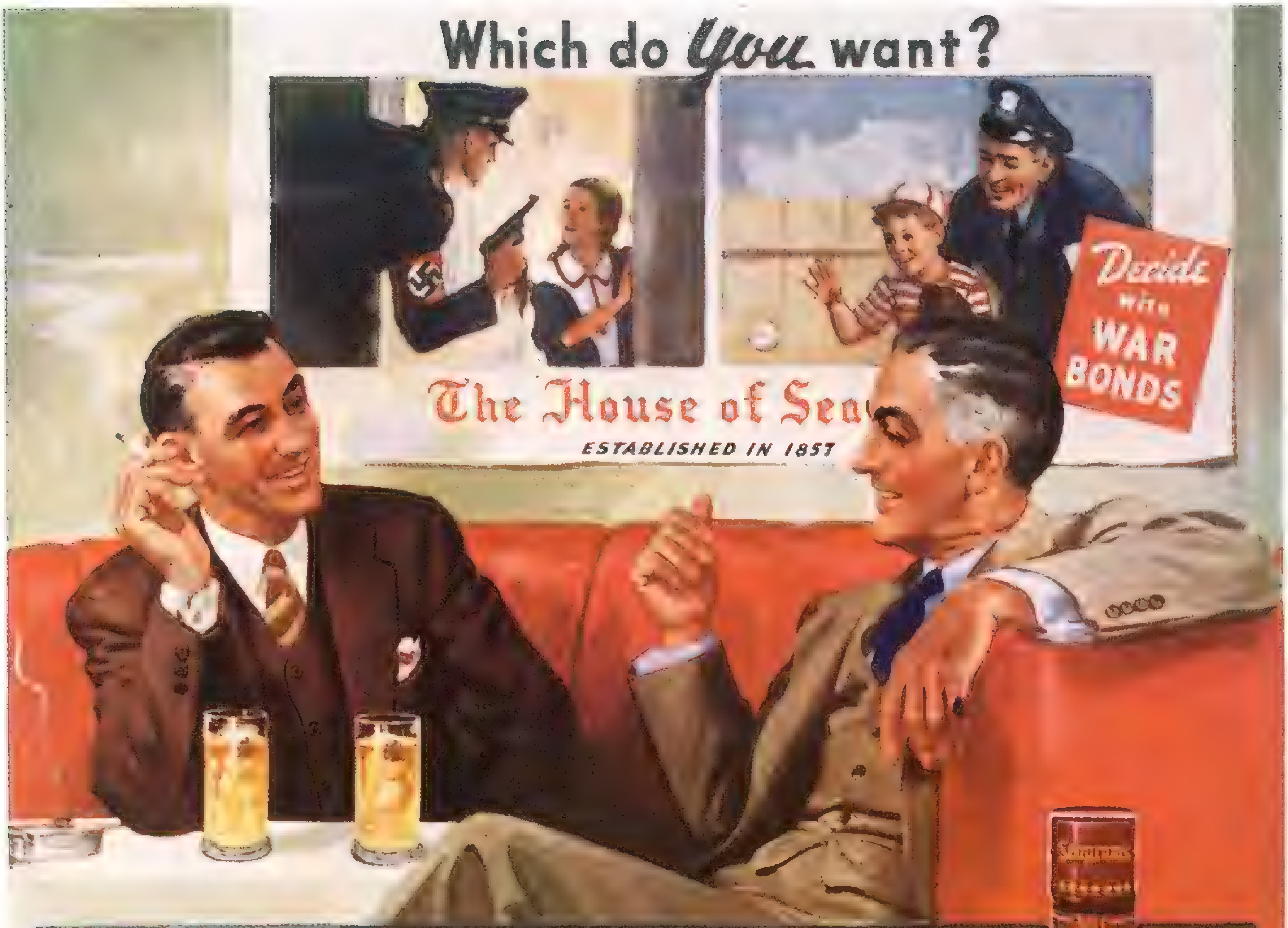
Russian Is So Easy to Learn resulted from Capt. Jacob Chaitkin's experience teaching Russian to military and civil personnel in the Pentagon Building. He was born on the shore of the Baltic Sea; came to this country at nine, and a year later returned to the Baltic province of Kurland to attend a scientific school. There he became completely bi-lingual, speaking Russian and German with equal ease. Knowing no English he returned to this country after six years, went to a Pittsburgh high school, then to the University of Pittsburgh where he took his college and law degrees. He was a private in the U.S. Army during the last war, and for some years practiced law in New York City. He specialized in suits against German corporate debtors and established many precedents for the non-recognition of Hitler decrees in American courts. Last June he was promoted to the rank of captain in the Army.

Capt. Jacob Chaitkin

•

Harry O. Hoyt is in the Signal Corps, preparing instructional films for training the new Army. He has made pictures in North Africa, Malaya, Java and other battlefronts and originated the radio program, *History in the Making*. He began his career as a lawyer but soon switched to writing motion pictures—hence to directing and producing. The best known picture made under his direction is probably *The Lost World*. ⧺

Harry O. Hoyt


Which do *you* want?
Decide with WAR BONDS
The House of Sea
ESTABLISHED IN 1857

SHARES IN FREEDOM!

Jack is cagey on finances,
  but that night at Harry Lamb's
He informed me—"Bill, I'm bullish
  on those Bonds of Uncle Sam's . . .
If they didn't pay a nickel
  I'd be keen about them still,
For they're guaranteeing freedom—
  and there's nothing else that will!"

We debated other "issues"
  that are rated pretty high,
But those Bonds stood out above them
  like a Fortress in the sky—
For if independence matters,
  as it always has, to Yanks,
We had better turn our dollars
  into ships and guns and tanks

Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY

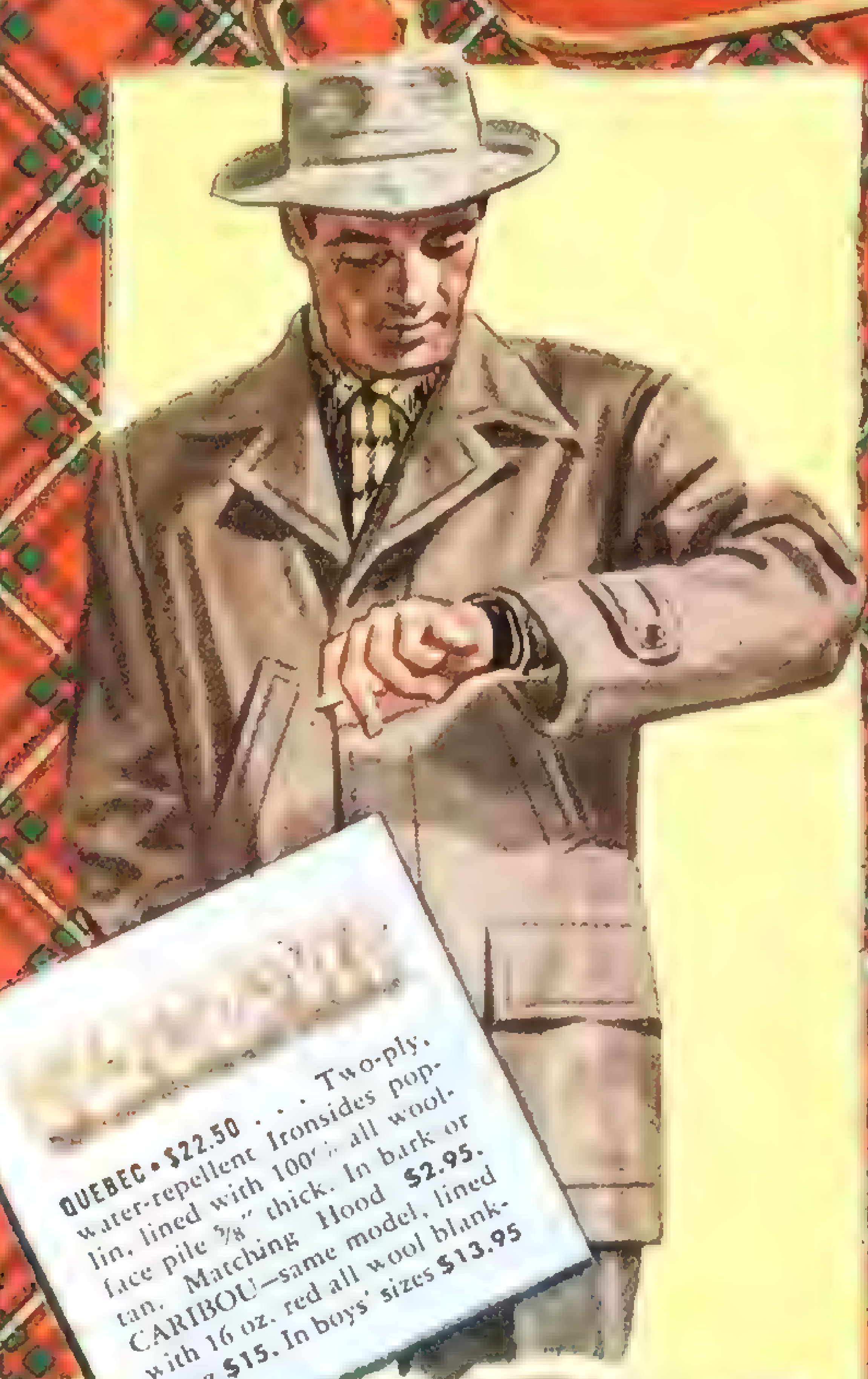
MOST PLEASING *to the Palate* . . . . LEAST TAXING *to the Taste*

Seagram's 7 Crown

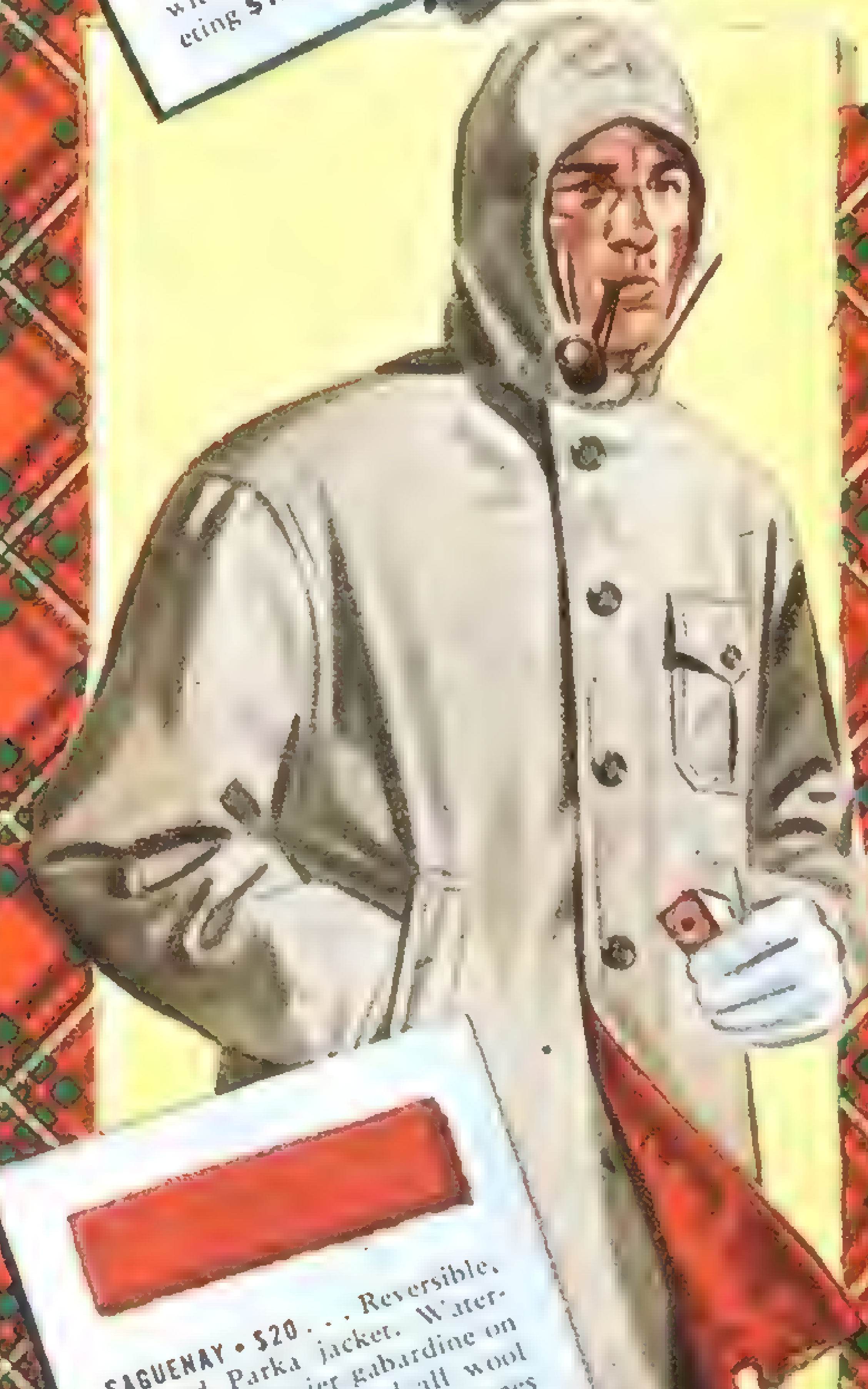
Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

INSPIRATION FROM THE ARCTIC

McGREGOR



QUEBEC • $22.50 . . . Two-ply, water-repellent Ironsides poplin, lined with 100% all wool-face pile 5/8" thick. In bark or tan. Matching Hood **$2.95.** CARIBOU—same model, lined with 16 oz. red all wool blanketing **$15.** In boys' sizes **$13.95**



SAGUENAY • $20 . . . Reversible, hooded Parka jacket. Water-repellent Glacier gabardine on one side; 16 oz. red all wool blanketing on other. Comes complete with hood. Also in boys' sizes . **$18**

Canadian-Inspired

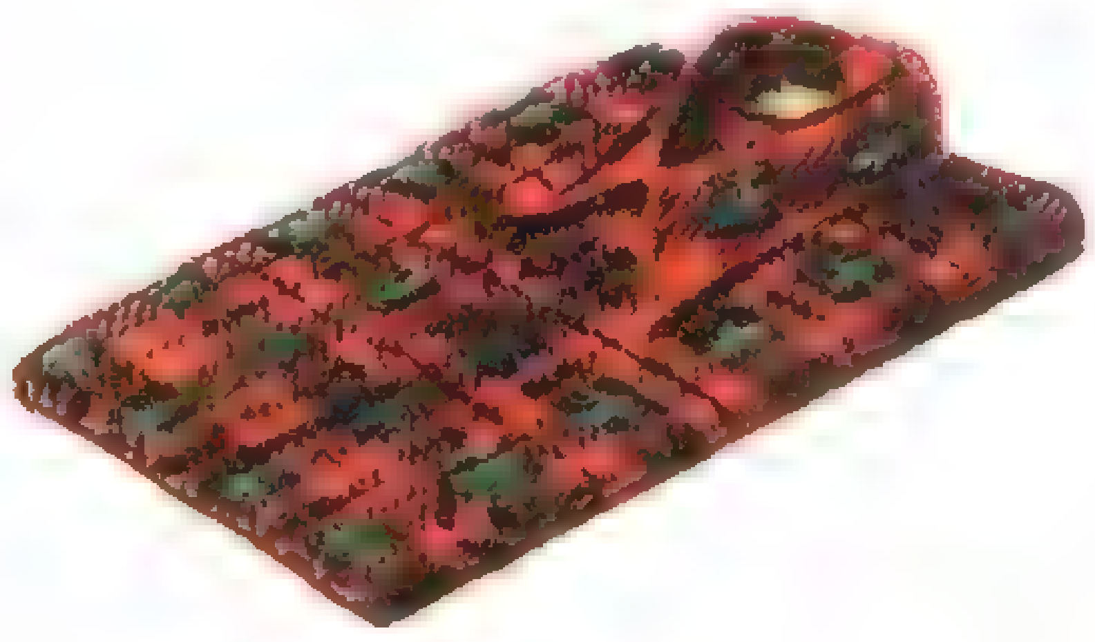
WARM-UP COATS

In Hudson's Bay, the thermometer hits 67 below. In Saskatchewan, icy winds freeze a man's marrow. Even the wolves howl from the cold! *But the Canadians know how to keep warm!* So McGregor went straight to Canada, for first-hand information on the art of keeping warm. And the results are these McGREGOR WARM-UP COATS — the husky, *lined coats* that wind, water and cold can't penetrate!

Wear them for sports and work, and you'll never feel the cold. Because the Canadian approach to warmth is thoroughly embodied in every inch of their soul-satisfying warmth! But be sure to look for the McGregor label — America's guarantee of fine sportswear.

OTHER WARM-UP COATS $10 to $50

Slightly Higher West of the Rockies

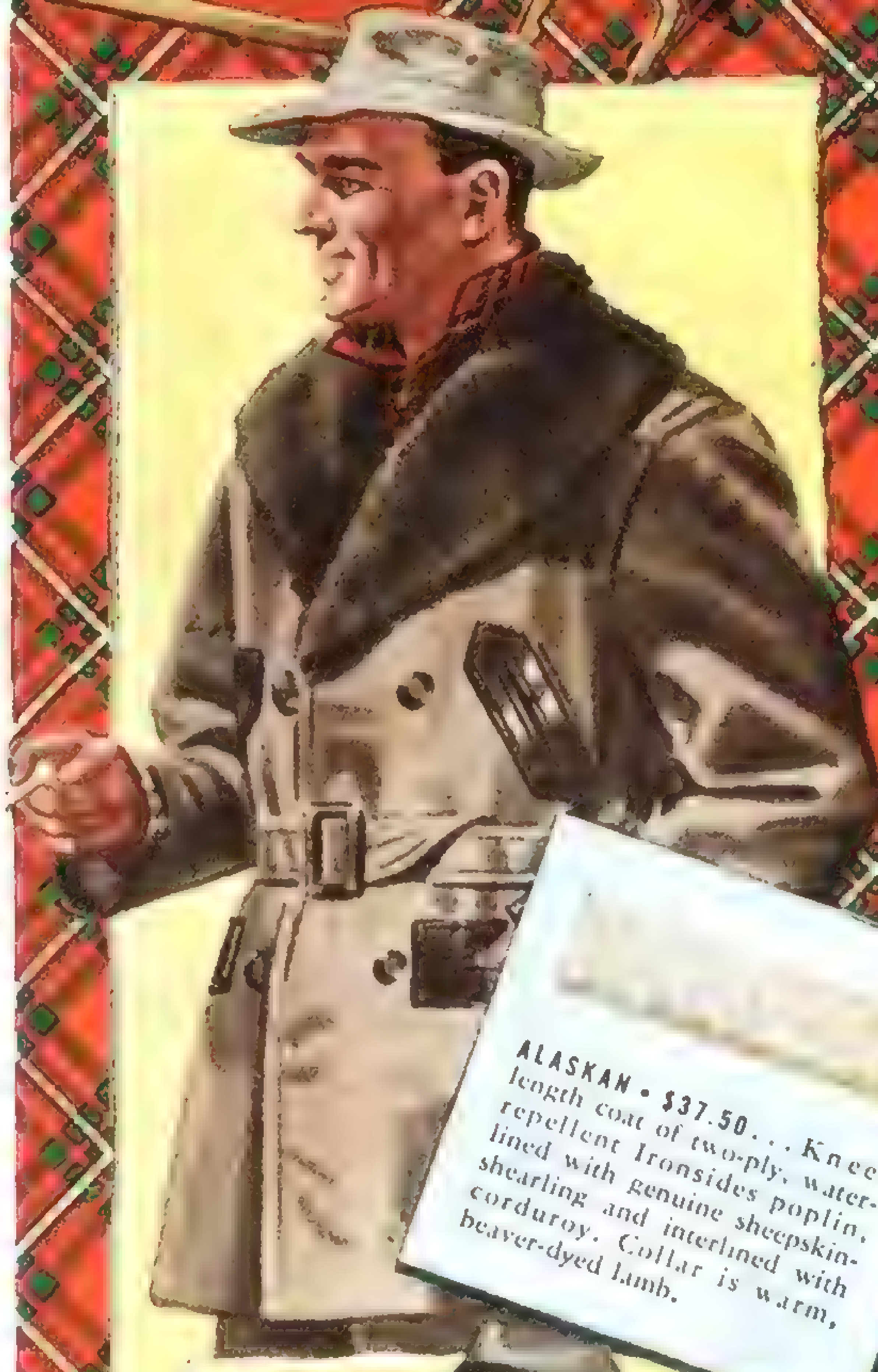


If you like these coats, you're the man for McGregor's famous Tartan Plaid Wool Shirts of genuine Seymour Flannel, the finest wool shirts made. **$7.50**

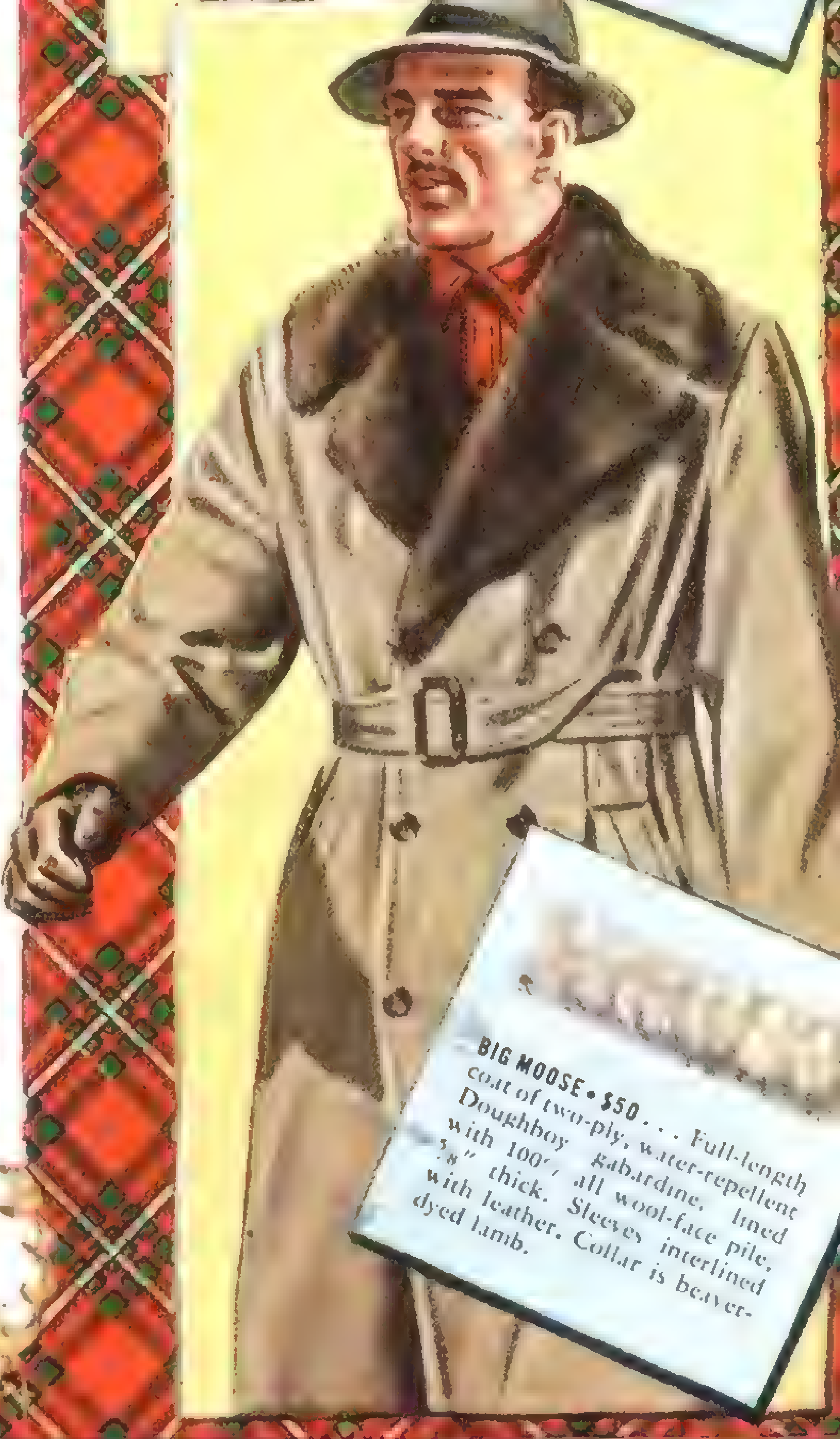
McGREGOR

America's Name for Sportswear for Men and Boys

Makers of quality sweaters, shirts, leather jackets, leisure coats, ensembles and other sportswear.



ALASKAN • $37.50 . . . Knee-length coat of two-ply, water-repellent Ironsides poplin, lined with genuine sheepskin-shearling and interlined with corduroy. Collar is warm, beaver-dyed lamb.



BIG MOOSE • $50 . . . Full-length coat of two-ply, water-repellent Doughboy gabardine, lined with 100% all wool-face pile 5/8" thick. Sleeves interlined with leather. Collar is beaver-dyed lamb.

at better men's and department stores, or send check to **DAVID D. DONIGER & CO., INC., 303 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.**

Unretouched color photograph. One shoe above is an Oliver Moore original; the other is a Regal Reproduction – Style 4574.

Aristocrats

Leather by a venerable Glasgow tannery world-famous for generations . . . styling by a noted Manhattan custom bootmaker . . . workmanship by skilled inheritors of New England's fine old traditions.

Result: This Regal Reproduction.

Regal long has been a leading customer of the Martin family's tannery in Scotland. That's why we have been able to obtain limited amounts of genuine imported Martin's Scotch Grain when this aristocrat of leathers is as scarce, almost, as early editions of Bobby Burns.

Distinction in style was obtained by asking New York's Oliver Moore for his interpretation of a brown semi-brogue shoe . . . smart . . . sturdy . . . exclusive. Then we reproduced it over the same last in our New England factories, stitch for stitch and leather for leather.

Above you see the $47 Oliver Moore handmade original and the $6.60 Regal Reproduction—aristocrats both. If you fail to tell which is which, remember that even some shoe experts have failed — and no wonder!

Volume production and sales direct to you make possible the modest Regal price of $6.60, coast to coast. *"Prescription Fitting"* measures both your feet at the same time in sitting, standing, stepping positions . . . and assures correct fit. *Prove* Regal quality and comfort for yourself at the nearest Regal store.

All styles, all sizes, one price — $6.60.

P. S. *See page 24 to learn "which is which" in the actual photo.*

REGAL SHOES

SOLD ONLY IN 80 COMPANY-OWNED RETAIL STORES—PRINCIPAL CITIES—COAST TO COAST

• Stores in Atlanta; Baltimore; Birmingham; **Boston (3)**; **Brooklyn (8)**; Buffalo; **Chicago (2)**; Cincinnati; Cleveland; **Detroit (7)**; Hartford; Hollywood; Houston; **Jersey City (2)**; Kansas City; **Los Angeles (2)**; Milwaukee; Newark; New Haven; **New York (29 stores in Greater New York)**; Norfolk; Oakland; Paterson, New Jersey; **Philadelphia (4)**; Pittsburgh; Portland, Oregon; Providence; Richmond; Rochester; St. Louis; **San Francisco (2)**; Seattle· Springfield, Massachusetts; Syracuse; Tacoma; **Washington (2)**; Worcester.

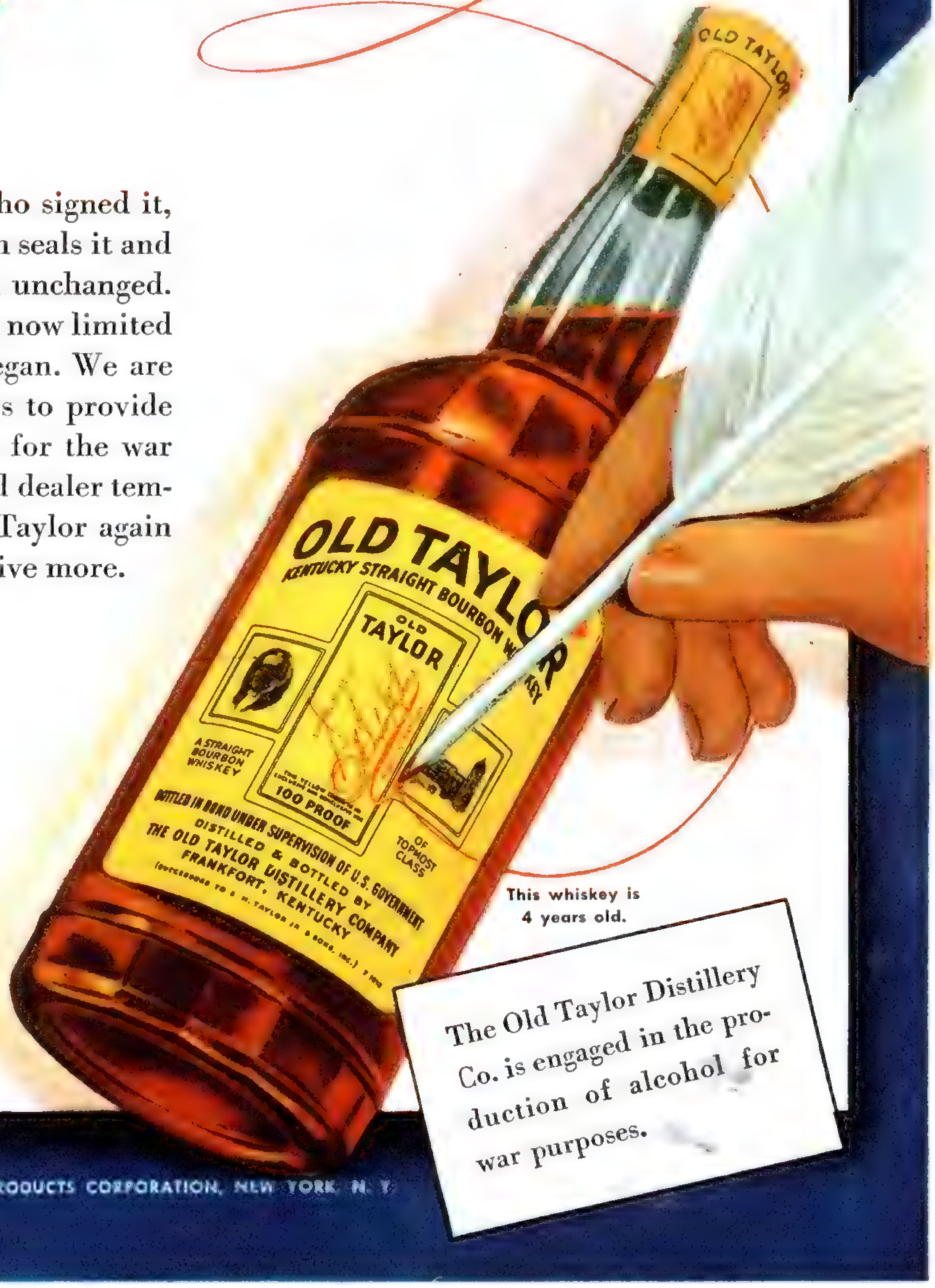
Factories and Mail Order Department at Whitman, Mass. • ***Write for free illustrated Style Folder "E-3."***

N. W. AYER & SON

SIGNED, SEALED

AND *Delicious*

THE signature of the man who signed it, the government stamp which seals it and the delicious flavor in it are all unchanged. But the supply of Old Taylor is now limited to stocks laid by before war began. We are trying to distribute these stocks to provide a continuous if limited supply for the war period. If you find your licensed dealer temporarily sold out, ask for Old Taylor again when he's had a chance to receive more.


OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

This whiskey is 4 years old.

The Old Taylor Distillery Co. is engaged in the production of alcohol for war purposes.

COPYRIGHT 1943, NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Flight of the Nazis

What will happen to Hitler, Himmler. Goering, Quisling and the others if they follow the usual custom of rats?

by CURT RIESS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

In good old pre-Anschluss Vienna the haven of the little man was the café, and the things which comforted his soul were the one cup of coffee he spent two hours in drinking and the twenty or thirty newspapers which hung on the rack near his table. And then, of course, there was talk. . . .

In 1936 the subject of the talk was often Hitler. This was before der Fuehrer had pushed into Austria and the assumption was that the Germans would soon sicken of him and chase him out of the country, probably to Vienna. One day a group of coffee drinkers were discussing what punishment should be given him, when that time came.

"I'll tell you what we'll do to him," said one. "Sooner or later he will come to this café. He will sit down, order his cup of coffee, and he'll want to read some newspapers. He'll wait patiently for awhile and then he'll come over to my table and pointing to a paper I have already read, he'll ask: 'Do you mind if I borrow this?'

"Then comes the punishment. I will look at him coldly, and say, 'Yes, I mind very much.'"

The people of occupied Europe would be happy indeed if Hitler had done so little wrong that this coffeehouse punishment was all he deserved. But there aren't many who haven't met Naziism head-on, and suffered from it, and they have some pretty specific ideas of what should be done with Hitler and the 50,000 or so top Nazis who put him in power and kept him there. For the past ten years it looked as if the Nazis might live happily all their lives and die peacefully in their stolen antique French beds. But today they are marked for extinction. How will they act when that hour comes?

It may sound ridiculous to say that they will have any choice, for *we* will be giving the orders. But no matter how swift and overwhelming the Allied victory, there will be a few avenues of escape—narrow and risky, to be sure, but still open to the few who can squeak through. Some men will try to convince us that they have been pretty good fellows all along. Some will try to bed and board in neutral countries. And many will make the only escape which is bound to succeed—they will commit suicide.

These are my personal predictions, of course, but they are based on years of close fist-to-fist experience with the Nazis. Just before Hitler's Europe collapses, watch for these 11th hour developments.

* * *

I am convinced that Hitler himself will commit suicide. He is not the sort of man to run away. He has high personal courage. Furthermore, he has dramatized himself to such a high degree that he could not live under humiliation. People who know him personally are unanimous in their belief that he will go on fighting even when German resistance is crumbling, that he and perhaps a few of his most loyal men will finally flee to his famous Eagle's Nest on the Kehlstein, near Berchtesgaden. The Eagle's Nest is so constructed that it can hold off besiegers for a long time. And then Hitler will blow up the whole thing, and that will be the last we'll hear of him for a long, long time, until the legend arises that he is not really dead, but living in a secret chamber inside the Kehlstein. . . .

When Hitler comes to the end of his rope, Heinrich Himmler will probably be holding on right beside him. The chief of the Gestapo and the ss in arms has too many enemies both inside and outside Germany to be able to find sanctuary anywhere. He is even hated by a large part of the Nazi Party. Himmler is actually Hitler's most loyal follower; he will probably emulate him even in death.

Another Nazi who will probably end in suicide is Alfred Rosenberg, editor of the *Voelkischer Beobachter* and Hitler's pet "philosopher." This man believes in Naziism with the intensity of a mystic. To him it is a *Weltanschauung*, and when it collapses, there will be no reason for him to live.

Still another suicide victim will be Dr. Goebbels. Most experts disagree with me on this count, because, they say Goebbels is a coward whose only genuine interest is in preserving his own skin. But I believe Goebbels is, above all, a cynic. This frustrated intellectual who failed as a newspaper editor, as a playwright, and as an author, has for ten years dictated to all Germany (and during the last three years, to all Europe) what to write, what to play, what to say on the radio. Furthermore he has had a whopping good time, what with his direct avenues of approach to actresses and movie stars who had to seek the little doctor's genii touch, or give up their careers.

What is there left for Goebbels? I see him acting the cynic to the end—and that could be nothing but suicide.

* * *

The Prussian generals won't run away, either, simply because Prussian officers don't do that sort of thing. Furthermore they believe they will not be molested. Allied generals (they believe), though they are enemies, also breathe the military tradition of stereotyped gallantry which attaches itself to the Old School of every army in the world. Allied generals will respect other generals, and simply bow and hand them back their swords. They will then be free to repeat their action after the last war—live in peace and secretly resurrect the German army. This is the hope of the heel-clicking Prussians.

Many early members of the Nazi Party, especially those whose enthusiasm for the New Order started souring when the Germans began to lose, will also try to crawfish out of retribution into a peaceful old age.

They will undoubtedly destroy the tell-tale Party files containing their names and deeds. Reports from the anti-Nazi underground reveal that such small-time Nazis are now treating the so-called conquered people, and even Jews, comparatively leniently in order to build up an alibi for the future. In a number of cases Nazis have asked Jews en route to Poland to sign statements that at least *they*, the particular Nazis, had treated them decently. At five minutes before the zero hour, many such statements will be squeezed out of the oppressed peoples of Europe.

Many second-rate Himmlers and Goerings and Schachts, the Nazi mayors, the Gauleiters, the Obergruppenfuehrers, have accumulated sizable bank accounts from their various jobs, but they had no opportunity to ship their money abroad. So they will simply have to stay and try to talk their way out of it.

The Party rank and file, who joined only after Hitler came to power, will try hard to get off the band wagon before it breaks down. In order to demonstrate their good will, they will arrest a few higher-ups, or perhaps rescue a few inmates of concentration camps and prisons; later they will

Continued on page 150

"Is that so—and how did you find out that sailors are all alike?"

Do Women Act Crazier Over Men...

Knowing no pleasure but the so-called game of love, women play it with the earnestness of the Black Widow Spider

by HIM

• ARTICLE •

If you want final proof that women make fools of themselves over men, just put the question to any girl you know.

"Why, darling," she will say, rolling up her eyelashes like Venetian blinds, "I don't think men make fools of themselves over women, and I know women act *so* foolish over men." And she'll expect you to swallow it.

Not your mother, of course, who will simply give you that aged-in-the-kitchen look and comment, "Well, look at your father." Nor your wife, who has lived with you so long she has learned never to give an inch, unless to retire to a more strategic position.

Of course the girl above—or just any girl—doesn't mean *she* makes a fool of herself, and is sure to raise her voice above a coo if you lowered your question from the abstract to the personal. By "women" she means other women. But I don't think women are foolish because they admit it, but because they think they are so clever to admit it.

It's all part of the system by which women "handle men." They've been talking about it for centuries. The game is as old as the low-necked dress and its goal is identical. Mothers teach the rules to their daughters about the time they tell them not to turn their heads when someone whistles.

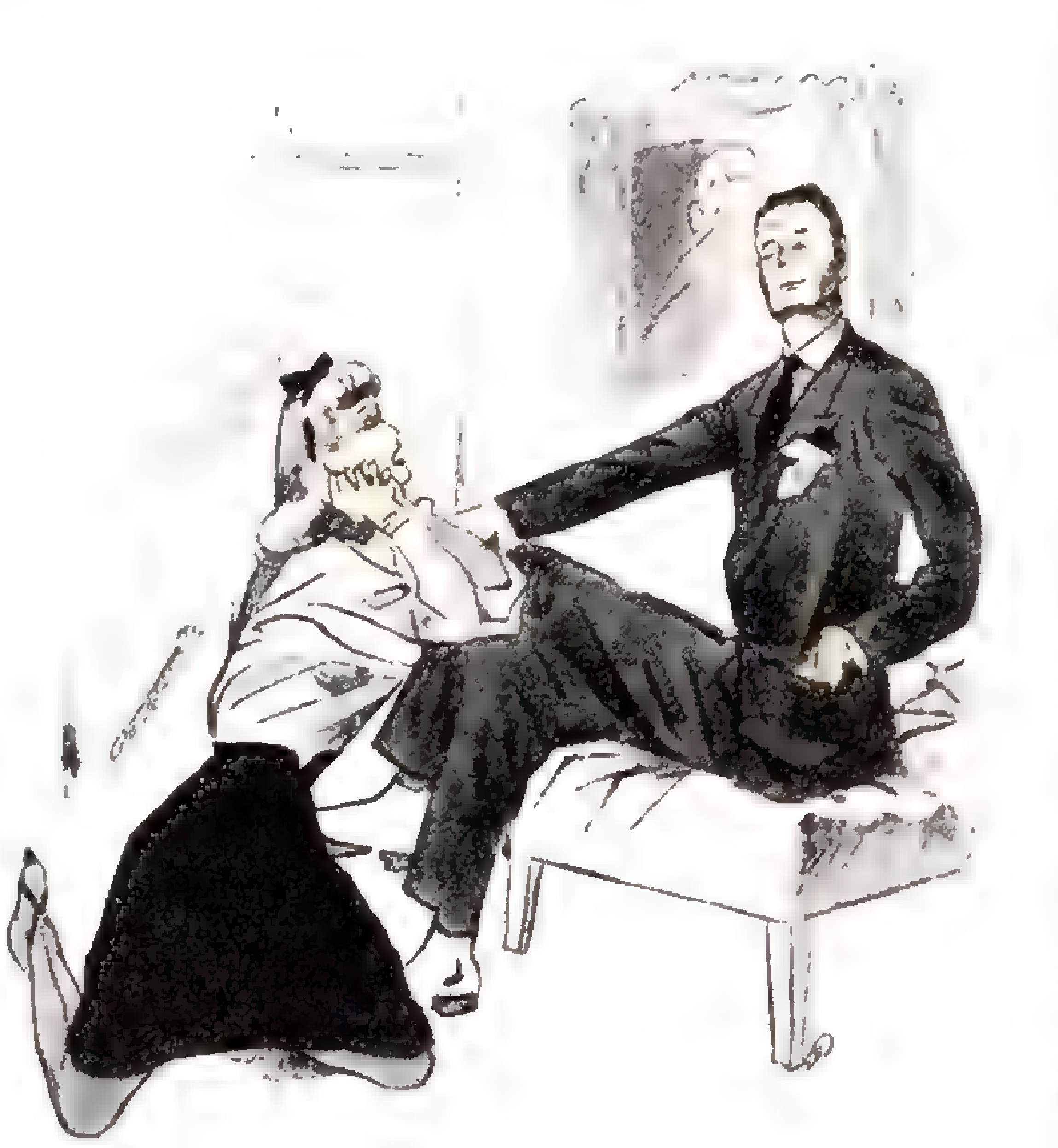
First, let men talk about themselves. Second, flatter them. And third, let them think they're big brutes.

Maybe the system works, I don't know. All I know is that I can hear it coming from the next county, and a tired voice inside me groans, "This girl doesn't give a damn about you. She's just practicing." But do I protest? No. I sit back and let her tell me how wonderful I am, because she thinks she's so wonderful for doing it. Sometimes she's part right. I'm not such a bad guy. But she's not the girl for me, because anyone who thinks I'm that good must be pretty stupid. Women take you at your word, when the word is "Gorgeous."

And did you ever try dealing such a girl a hand from her own deck? Let her talk about herself, flatter her, let her think she's devastating? She'll go for it, hook, line, and villainous snicker.

They will admit their own limitations, yes, but only because they think they have something to gain by doing it. They don't really believe they are a little too so-and-so or slightly such-and-such, but they are so used to getting inside the gates by waving a white flag that it's the only way they know how to fight. On the other hand, men know where their actual prowess leaves off and the polysyllables begin. Though some of them look cute doing it, women make fools of themselves because they don't.

When a man chooses a woman, he has some personal reason for his choice and it usually makes sense. If he marries her, it's because he loves her or she has a million dollars or she's the type of person who might look awkward in a bonnet but will make him a nice home for the next ninety years. If he dates her, it's because she's good to talk with or drink with or she looks right in a ballroom or a boudoir. Whatever his reasons, they are his own; no other man can tell him a thing.



But a woman chooses her men according to what other women think of them. No man is dearer than the one she took away from somebody else. Of course once she's got him she may realize that he isn't first prize in a nationwide contest, but by that time she's thrown down her hand and another trick of feminine illogic begins: That of assuming that her lover's critics hover on the fine fringe of insanity. How often she will say: "*You* might think so-and-so but of course *you* couldn't possibly know George as *I* do . . ."

It was women who first drove scientists to observe that human beings are the only animals who kill for the fun of killing and not because they are hungry. A woman has a belt-notching instinct a million years old. She will seek the adoration of men without any thought about what she'll do once she gets it. Ask any woman you know how many proposals of marriage she's received—she'll be able to tell you to the fifth decimal. College girls compare their statistics with other college girls, and married women brag when they are mad at their husbands.

It's foolish because when a woman is simply out to pick up a scalp, she doesn't look closely to see what shape it's in. She may stack up admirers two deep, but among them will be the bandy-legged, the stupid, and the boorish; remittance men, two-quart-a-day men, men who will beat her regularly like a gong. Eventually she will get stuck with one of them, and then her proud victory simmers away in a long, dull, exceedingly tiresome armistice.

But where women really make fools of themselves in five-color neon is through jealousy. Or I should say possessiveness, for jealousy stems from a desire to hold onto something you want, possessiveness from a desire to hold onto something you've got, whether you want that something or not.

A woman rates herself among other women, and either outclasses or envies them, in terms of her material possessions, and one of these, deep among the Wedgwood and sterling silver and original from Mme. Whampf, is The Man. Whether she sees him every morning over orange juice or every evening over cocktails, once the preliminaries are over he is Hers, and don't you forget it. She used to say, "Oh, *you* decide darling," but now she feels capable of making all your decisions, from the way you're to handle the Larsen case to the color of your shorts. And if Another Woman approaches, even to give you your hat check, she bristles visibly. Two thousand years ago she would have clubbed you, and you have the feeling (as do the people watching) that she'd do the same thing now if she had the weapon. Such a brass-knuckled attitude is foolish because it makes women unattractive. It is even sillier when displayed over men they don't particularly care about, but simply want to score up as Theirs.

I'll admit I don't understand women, anymore than I understand why everything is made of atoms or why the George Washington Bridge stays up instead of sagging in the middle. But there's one feminine quality which drives me even deeper into dilemma, for it makes the women I love and the ones I don't love (at present) look so foolish.

Is there a woman who hasn't said, and often, that she doesn't like other women as well as she does men, and that in many ways she is "more like a man" than she is like a woman?

Most any woman will tell you that she doesn't trust other women; that women are trickier than men; that with men, "at least you know what they're thinking." As perennial polls on the subject always show, women would rather work for men than for other women, although you'd think a woman would best understand their problems.

Isn't it foolish to call men irresponsible, unfaithful, spendthrift, childlike, and at the same time say you prefer them to women?

I'm writing from such a lofty peak of objectivity that rotten tomatoes can't hit me, so I'll throw my last dart and then wrap myself up in a cloud. *I* think women will *always* make bigger fools of themselves over men than men will over women because men mean more to them than anything else. They spend so much time on them they have ample time to make fools of themselves. This is not true of men. If they lose ground in the lady department they have equally important matters to worry them—their business, their income tax, their golf score. Men can't do without women, but the fact doesn't throw them. But men are a woman's life. Everything else is a side line, of small or large proportions depending on how successful with men she may be. This leaves women defenseless.

Or does it? #

...than the Men Act Over Women?

Many an Oedipus passes up his best bets for happiness as he seeks "a girl just like the girl who married dear old Dad"

by HER

ARTICLE

"AND *that*," said St. Peter, pointing with the tip of the harp he was taking to the repair shop, "is Don Juan. Not the real Don Juan, of course. This is the lady killer from around the corner. The one who had long curly lashes when he was ten and his mother's friends said, 'He'll be a heart-breaker some day'."

There, ankle deep in cumulus, was a tall, good-looking man, writing on a blackboard with a stick of fog, and wearing the tallest dunce cap I had ever seen. Over and over, in a handwriting cramped by fatigue, he scribbled: "I do not understand women."

"He has to write that thirteen more times than there are coke bottles on Jones Beach," said St. Peter, severely.

"But why does he wear that dunce cap?" I asked.

St. Peter's eyebrows shot upwards with surprise. "Is there a man who doesn't?" he asked.

It is years since I talked with St. Peter, but I have long since known how right he was. All men wear dunce caps, figuratively speaking.

Only in affairs of the heart. In business or art or crap shooting, men are magnificent. But face to face with women they are overtaken by confusion as sudden and as utter as an Aleutian fog.

St. Peter spotted the basic trouble. Wind-blown and rain-soaked as the expression is, men "don't understand women." They admit it. No matter how undismayed in the boudoir, any local Don Juan will weep the same story into his beer. If men understood women, they would want them less and get them more. But they don't. So they make fools of themselves.

First, because they are logical. Their minds work on love as if it were a big engineering problem or a six months sales campaign. They still believe that two and two make four. But of course women function on no such hypothesis-to-conclusion basis. Two and two can make four, or six, or ten, or any damn thing, my dear. There are no set logical patterns of female behavior and trying to chart a woman's course by logic is like measuring a tidal wave with a yardstick. Men laugh at women's "inconsistency"—just before they fall flat on their faces.

Second, because they talk and act bromides. A man's love may be so eternal it makes the woman's inconsequential, but it will be expressed in phrases a high school sophomore learns at the movies. Men make bigger fools of themselves in this way because to them women are a second-thought proposition—somewhat less important than that contract with the St. Louis firm and somewhat more so than a good cigar. So when they move into the field of love they are caught on the speaker's platform without notes.

And yet it's men who, from junior high school corridors to the steam room of the club, boast about their "technique." The trouble with technique is that it doesn't come from the heart. It's the head telling you what buttons to push. It almost always fails, though that's not the part men talk about. The man who makes love by technique would be no more foolish if he went into the automat wearing a blindfold.

A dunce cap gives some men the air of childlike helplessness which brings women running with open arms. But to others, the cap is about as becoming as an inverted coal hod and not nearly so practical.

Our least favorite fool-over-women is the man who makes love a kind of quick-footed fencing match. He is convinced that the girl is trying to outsmart him and he wastes away the romance by constantly proving that *she* can't put anything over on *him*. The girl's first genuine interest eventually sours, for her every word and deed is dissected, analyzed, and finally misinterpreted. This Don Juan who thinks he is parrying blows is actually hoisting himself on his own petard.

A runner-up is the "my-girl-is-different" type. Such an attitude usually is a product of masculine pride. Of course she's "different" —but not in the deep, fundamental ways in which all people (even himself) are both good and bad. According to his story, she has practically seceded from the human race. Often this fellow makes a fool of himself twice over: first, by idolizing the girl too much, and later, if the glitter fades, by condemning her too quickly. The trouble is that he doesn't know reality well enough to realize how good it is.

He believes in the myth of the super-human—for everyone else. He is in love almost all the time, and all the girls are "different." Susie led a "protected life;" Joanne liked to cook and "make a home" instead of gadding around . . . He married Ellen and tells all his friends that she's "not the jealous type." She's a "good sport" . . . If he got what he deserved, he would find his unjealous wife waiting some night with a 12-gauge shotgun at her shoulder. But he never does because women will always try to hold the pose he expects of them.

But there is one man who makes the word "fool" a thing of beauty. He is the fellow who falls in love once in his life. Perhaps it was because he knew too many women, and held them too lightly; or because he knew too few, and didn't hold them at all. But in either case his eyes open suddenly, and wide. He is all those things which are foolish and heart-twisting about a lover. Tradition has him writing poetry but of course he doesn't, though even bad poetry would be more coherent than he usually manages to be.

Very often he worships the girl with such boundlessness that she becomes heady with power and mistreats him. But whether she does or not, every other girl believes that *she* would "understand him better . . ."

There's the fellow who takes out both a girl and her roommate, and wonders why there's no secrecy about his advances in either sector. There's the man whose highest aspiration is seduction, who gives a blow-by-blow description of each one as if he had improved on the centuries . . . There's the I Want to Get Married type . . . He proposes around the fifth date, depending on the latitude. Every time he meets a New Girl, and she enters hard on the heels of the Last Girl, he looks at her with a bright "Maybe *this* is the One" gleam in his eye. He seeks comfort in patterns, and the only one he knows is the one of his home—marriage, fireside, and heavy insurance premiums. Either he never leaves this sphere or he is forced through business or school to leave it just long enough to be frightened. He has a pattern for his life as well as for the girl he will marry. The chances are that her qualities are pretty close to those of his mother.

His foolishness does not lie in the fact that he seeks a strait-jacket kind of security, but that his urge for it is so much stronger than his discrimination. If he is lucky, he will marry the girl next door. She is a gentle and attractive copy of the same picture and the two of them will draw the commonplace around them like a shroud. But he will more likely marry the first girl who is calculating enough to put on a good show for the money. He will possess the outward and material signs of the "security" for which he longs—the big suburban home, the circle of friends, a good business, "fine children," and as many ten-dollar ties as he can wear. But he will be dyspeptic by forty and be taking rumba lessons he doesn't want by fifty . . . He is a fool because the only sensitive or intelligent girls he ever knew were the ones he turned down because they "wouldn't fit" . . .

* * *

"You seem pretty positive," said St. Peter, smoothing a wrinkle in his toga. "What, then, can be done about it?"

I laughed, in spite of the high altitude. "Only a man would be so foolish as to think anything can be done about it," I said, and St. Peter smiled, though he wasn't sure why. #

The Man Who Didn't Shoot

Captain Joe Foss played a brave game of poker over Guadalcanal with odds five to one in favor of the Japanese

by PAUL GALLICO

• ARTICLE •

CAPTAIN JOE FOSS of the United States Marines, ranking American Ace with a score of 26 Japanese planes shot down over Guadalcanal, was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor by President Roosevelt in the White House for outstanding heroism, bravery in the face of the enemy and achievement far above the line of duty.

His score of 26 enemy planes ties the record of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, made in World War I.

Joe Foss's place in the Esquire Hall of Heroes, the John Falter paintings of the twelve outstanding American fighting men of the year, is awarded him for the twenty-seventh Zero that he did not shoot down to break Rick's record, and for the twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth, that would have sent him far into the lead, and made him the ace of aces.

He had them in the crook of his trigger finger, those three Japs. Time and time again he had them trapped in the cross-hairs of his gunsight. He squinted at them over the stump of dead cigar clenched in his mouth, his lips drawn back a little from his teeth. Dead ducks! And yet he held his fire and let them go. There was a different kind of game on that day, and Joe Foss was playing it to the hilt—for his team.

It was a kind of football, with eight Marine Grumman Wildcats led by Joe Foss, playing the line and four Army Lockheed Lightnings poised upstairs for the backfield. In football, the backfield carries the ball and gets the credit. The line just plugs along and opens the holes.

And then it was a kind of poker game too, a game at which tough Joe, the Dakota farm boy turned flier, was a master down on the ground where the gang killed time between raids. It was a gigantic poker game of pure bluff where you held a fist full of nothing against your chest and grinned and fiddled and talked big and raised, and fiddled some more and then faked an impudent confident smile and looking the guy who had drawn one card and filled, smack in the eye, raised again until you could see the other fellow begin to entertain doubts as to the potency of his pasteboards, and then you laughed right into his kisser and moved in another stack and made the other guy lose his nerve and chuck in his hand.

It was Joe's last week on Guadalcanal. The Japs came over holding a full house, ace high. There were forty Zeros in the formation, screening a huge flight of bombers, more than thirty of them. The Zeros were there to blast the American fighters from the sky. Then the bombers would smash Henderson Field and its vital installations once and for all.

Joe Foss took his hand upstairs to play out the game. It was ace high to nothing. Only the ace was himself.

Football and poker, two American games that belong to Americans. The Japs keep on trying, but they will never learn either of them.

Foss lined up his eight Grummans in formation and posted the backfield of four P-38's up above. The stakes were down. The chips were the lives of hundreds of men on the field below, the field itself, and with it Guadalcanal.

Foss and his line waited and circled. The bombers waited in the background for the Zeros to clean the tiny force out of their path.

The Japs threw out bait, expendables, who were itching to join their ancestors. They wanted the little flight of Grummans to break formation and dog-fight. Then the superior numbers of the enemy would wipe them out. Zeros edged out of the big flight and presented themselves in inviting attitudes dear to the hearts of the American fliers; sure set-ups for a dive and a burst. Foss wouldn't even look at them. The fifty caliber slugs in the web belts were being saved up for the big boys hanging back with their load of destruction and defeat in their bellies.

The Zeros grew more daring. One of them with a passionate desire to perish for his myopic God-Emperor, practically slid down Joe Foss's gun barrel, asking for it. Foss flipped his ship aside. The temptation to become that super-ace must have been enormous. One burst at that instant would have broken Rick's record. But the backfield was carrying the ball in that game. The little yellow man got his wish anyway. One of the Lightnings screamed down from above and made him another name on the family scroll of the honorable and useless dead. The P-38 went back upstairs where he came from and the game went on.

Three more times the Japs tried to see if Foss were bluffing and three more Japs were shot down by the backfield Lockheeds.

Now was the time for the men with the full house to move in all the chips and attack in full strength. The odds were five to one in their favor. Foss kept his tight formation and circled a little closer. He was smiling his impudent smile behind the chewed cigar butt. He was raising. The Jap held off and had another look at his cards.

"It was a swell feeling," Joe explained later. "Time was a-wastin'." So was Japanese gasoline.

Joe Foss and all of the pilots up there with him that steaming January afternoon were dead men if the Jap chose to call the hand and throw in his entire force, and they knew it. Their nerves must have screamed to shoot it out. Foss held them in and held them together. The bluff was beginning to work. The Jap was beginning to wonder whether he *did* hold the winning hand. Precious gasoline was burning away in his cylinder heads. The big bombers waiting on the fringe were lapping it up. They all had a long way to go home.

Slant eyes looked at the tight American formation with their silent guns. Slant eyes looked at gasoline tank indicators. Suddenly that full house didn't look any better than two pair, sixes up. And the Jap threw in his hand. He turned around and flew home, bombers and fighters, without dropping a bomb, or scoring a single hit on an American ship.

Joe Foss and his little team dropped down out of the sky onto Henderson Field and climbed out of their ships. Foss still had his twenty-six Zeros and a tie with Eddie Rickenbacker. But he was a bigger hero than he had ever been before, or perhaps will be again.

For he had been true to himself, his men, and above all, the things that he had come to know and learn in the brief twenty-eight years of his life as an American boy who grows up free and uninhibited, a little wild, a little screwy, from farm, to high school, to college, doing all the crazy things a kid does while he is learning to become a man.

But somewhere in the process of being born and maturing in this blessed land there is inculcated in the average boy the spirit of team play, the sacrifice of personal glory for the winning of the game. The temptations are many, and not all survive them. Headlines are sweet, and fame is rich and heady wine. For our boys are human too. Joe Foss might have been forgiven one little Zero that afternoon, the easy one that came begging for it. But that day he wasn't having any of the individual stuff. He was just a plain American guy with a sense of responsibility to the rest of the gang, who was in there not for personal glory, but the winning of the game.

His guns remained cold and silent, but spirit was flaming and the sound of his deed has reached the hearts of all of us. #

PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE *by John Falte*

The Mystery of Hutter's Cave

Probably the chamber held interesting discoveries for men of science, yet Ned insisted that John go first, as always

by SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

• FICTION •

IT TOOK them almost four hours to get to the small open space. For the last eighty yards they had to crawl as the rock ceiling sloped lower and lower. Here, where they could stand up, the light of their electric lanterns glittered on calcite-glazed rock walls and on the underground stream that ran swiftly, black and smooth beside the ledge. At the end the roof dipped down again and a fringe of tumbling white bubbles rode the dark water as it plunged below the rocks. This spot had always been the end of explorations in Hutter's cave.

The two men crouched on the damp stone shelf. After a while John Bishop flicked his cigarette butt into the pool. It floated fast to the fringe of bubbles, danced a second and disappeared.

"Well, there's no use stalling," he said.

Ned St. George forced a smile; it came hard and didn't last long.

"Can't do any more than kill a fellow," John Bishop said. He took his long-handled pick and wedged the handle deep into a crack. He reached for a coil of rope that he had dragged after him and fastened one end to the pick handle.

Bishop's mind was concentrated on the chance that lay ahead of him. Aside from the special type of insanity that causes some men to work their way underground to discover caverns, there was here a possibility of making a scientific discovery of great importance. The start of it was a broken flint point and a small figurine of baked clay, glazed by cavern droppings, that had been found by farmers cleaning the sand from the spring at the base of the mountain. John and Ned had spent weeks studying the Hutter's cave in the mountainside above. They had put fluorescein powder into the cane stream, causing the spring below to boil forth a brilliant green. A candle John dropped in the water was found in the spring, broken to bits but held together by the wick.

John Bishop had decided that if the water-filled tunnel ahead were a siphon that could be forced—if a chamber opened up beyond and not too far—so that a man could live to reach it; that chamber might be a discovery that would add greatly to the reputation of a scientific man.

There was danger. Force of the water in the tunnel might drag a man in so that he couldn't be pulled back. He might be jammed in a tight place. He might be carried down to a subterranean lake.

Bishop meant to be generous. He was thinking only of how he would jump at such an offer when he said, "You may go in, Ned, if you want to."

"Oh, no, John," said Ned. "You first. You first always."

He said it with an air of indifference, but that was Ned. He would back out of a chance and then accuse the man who took the chance of being lucky. John had always been as kind as possible to Ned and tried to help him. Ned was only an instructor and he kept that position because John stood up for him. Ned always insinuated that John was lucky and a politician. But Ned hung around—best friend of the family and all that—even after Kate broke her engagement with Ned to marry John. Kate was sorry for Ned too and tried to do all she could for him. The three were spending their summer vacation together in this region that promised material for study.

Bishop was tying the rope around his waist and fastening the waterproof pouch to his belt. "Go ahead, John," said Ned. "You get the glory. It's all yours." His voice was flat from a dry throat.

Gripping the rope, with a coil over his arm, Bishop lowered his legs into the water. It was cold and the bottom was slick. He kept his feet in the current only by the anchor of the rope. The moment was tense, take it casually as one might.

"I guess we're all set," John said. "I'll try to keep a steady pull on the rope. Keep your hand on it. If I find an air pocket I'll give two quick jerks. If I get through I'll signal with three jerks. But if a full minute goes by without any jerks you'd better haul in. The thing I'm depending on is knowing that you are outside here and ready to do your part."

He looked up at Ned's face and saw how wide his eyes were, and how his lips were apart showing his teeth. "Don't be scared, Ned. You look as if I were dead already."

"All right, John." Ned's voice was husky.

Bishop began walking backward, letting the rope slip through his hands.

"John."

Bishop crouched with the lowering ceiling. Only his head was above the water. "Yes."

"Goodbye, John."

"Nuts to you." Bishop ducked under.

The tunnel was full to the roof and the speed of the flow dragged him into it. Luckily the bottom dipped but little. He edged along crab-wise, letting the rope slip from knot to knot through his right hand, paying off the coil on his arm and feeling ahead and above at the convolutions of the slick rock with his left. In the blackness the water drummed at his ears. He was almost at the end of his power to hold his breath when his left hand came up out of the water and he stood up. Gas or no gas he had to empty his lungs and draw in a tremendous deep breath.

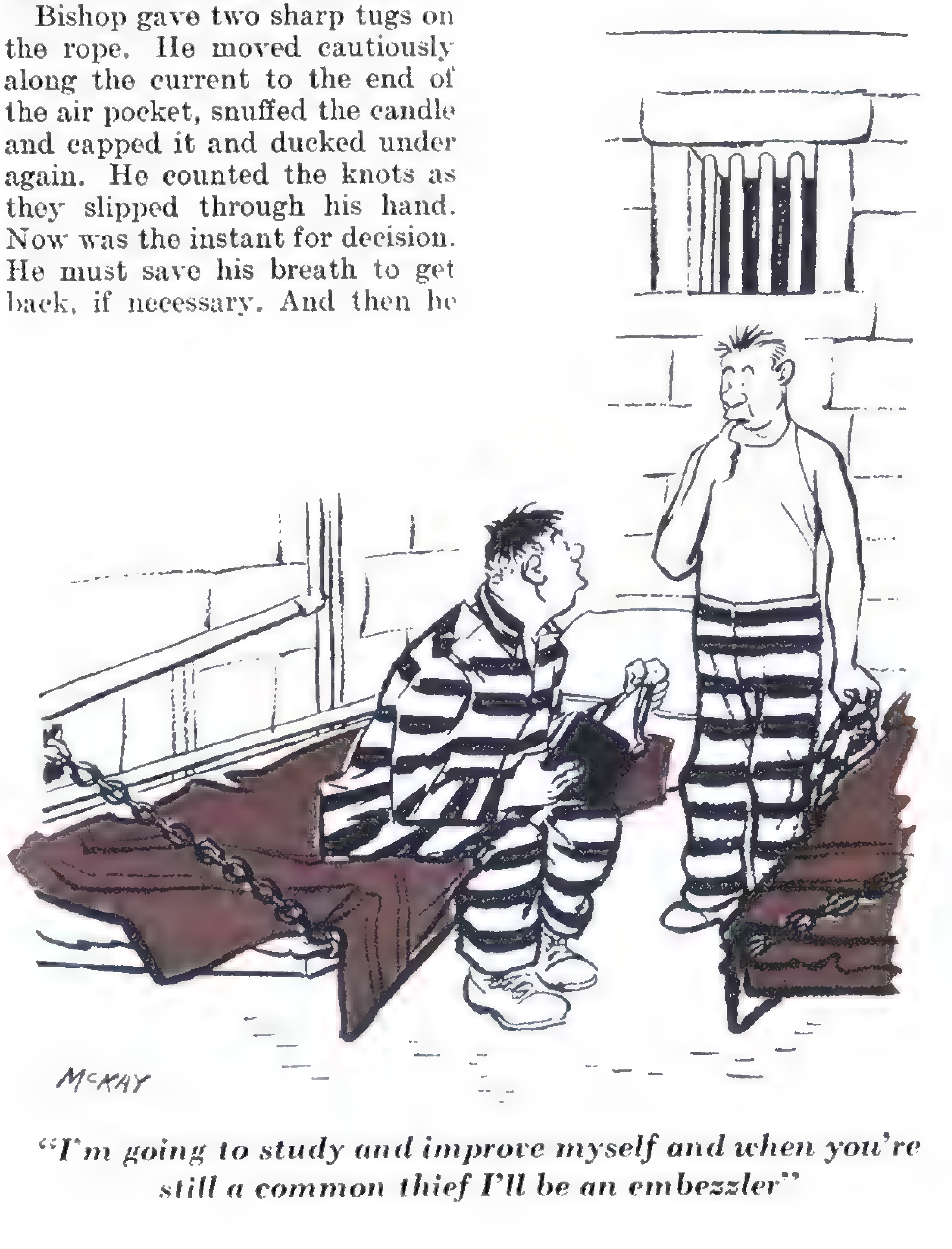
With the slack of the rope wrapped around his right arm he braced himself against the flow, took the rubber hood from his candle and lighted a match on the inside of the waterproof case. The flame burned clear. A few feet farther on the tunnel roof dipped again into the rushing water.

Bishop gave two sharp tugs on the rope. He moved cautiously along the current to the end of the air pocket, snuffed the candle and capped it and ducked under again. He counted the knots as they slipped through his hand. Now was the instant for decision. He must save his breath to get back, if necessary. And then he came to another pocket of air. There was barely room here to get his face out between the water and the stone ceiling. He gave another double jerk on the rope to give assurance to Ned.

The third plunge was a shorter one. When his head cleared and he had the candle going he saw that this was no air pocket. It was a cavern. He jerked three times on the rope and climbed up slippery ledges to a dry level. The candle light went only a little distance. The size and majesty of the place awed him. Success! He could hardly realize his fortune. He put the candle on the top of a broken stalagmite, tied the rope to its base and got out his electric lamp. Under his thick woolen underclothes his body got back its heat and his excitement made him forget the cold water.

Here were formations of every shape, great pillars, stalagmites and stalactites, exquisite clusters

Continued on page 156



"I'm going to study and improve myself and when you're still a common thief I'll be an embezzler"

Flying Begins on the Ground

Think twice about your answers to the questions below for they concern one of our air force's toughest problems

by CAPT. JOHN R. GILLINGHAM

▪ARTICLE▪

EDITOR'S NOTE: *No fair reading this article till you have taken the quiz opposite. The power of our air offensive depends on how well we maintain it in the war theater. And how much you know of this vital aspect of the air war will be revealed by your answers to these questions. Each correct answer counts one. Seven is par for the course; anything higher makes you a rare bird. Five or less is a flunk, but don't worry, you'll have lots of company.*

FLYING QUIZ

1. *One of these methods of transportation always moves in completely unstable equilibrium:*
a. Ox cart b. Airplane c. Pogo stick d. Automobile

2. *The largest single component of the U. S. Army Air Forces is:*
a. Flying Training Command b. First Air Force
c. Air Service Command d. Bomber Command

3. *At cruising speed, a four-engine bomber's gasoline consumption per hour will be about:*
a. 80 gallons b. 175 gallons c. 300 gallons d. 450 gallons

4. *One of the following is not an attribute of the military airplane:*
a. Striking power b. Freedom from ground limitations
c. Long range d. Flexibility

5. *Spare parts are especially necessary in* U. S. *aircraft because:*
a. We do not have access to such fine metals as the Axis has. b. American aviation design has not yet reached the simplicity attained by other nations. c. The necessity of building aircraft so rapidly has lowered the quality of the individual parts. d. Moving parts are as small and light as possible.

6. *The trend of Air Service in the present war is:*
a. It is becoming easier due to recent victories. b. It is losing its importance because our new aircraft need almost no maintenance. c. It is becoming ever more important as aircraft and plans are becoming more complicated. d. It is still being provided, but it is not necessary until everything else has been prepared for an air offensive.

7. *In distributing air supplies, the following is true:*
a. It has been found to be a strictly military operation. b. It corresponds closely to the distribution system of private business. c. The problems are so different from anything in the past that civilian supply and transportation techniques are useless. d. The present method of distribution cannot be adapted to sudden emergencies.

8. *Generally speaking, the development of aircraft has followed along these lines in the present war:*
a. They have been designed to operate for extended periods of time, spare parts and maintenance. b. There has been a suitable compromise effected between the desire for performance and trouble-free operation. c. Performance is the one big goal of combat aircraft design. d. The emphasis has been on vast quantities instead of quality.

9. *One of the following statements is true regarding maintenance of a tactical airplane for the first 1,000 hours:*
a. It will have required in maintenance operations alone more man-hours than were necessary to build it in the first place. b. It should require maintenance work only if it has defects. c. On a new ship, the only maintenance should be because of battle damage. d. It will require attention for routine check-ups but not for the installation of new parts.

10. *If you had a combat airplane which you had flown in action for six months without needing to have so much as a single screw replaced, should you:*
a. Attribute it to your careful flying? b. Regard your airplane as well designed? c. Regard your airplane as badly designed? d. Be thankful you have a good mechanic?

Answers on page 163

UNTIL someone devises a plane which can refuel on ants and mosquitoes and land on the branches of trees, the airplane will remain one of the most earth-bound means of transportation there is.

Of course it has virtues of its own, virtues whose fellow travelers are too often six-syllable adjectives and hog-wild praise from writers who got the idea airplanes are "free as the birds" because they look that way from your back piazza. Nothing could be further from the truth. Every airplane, four-engined, "silver-winged," or what have you, must return to the ground to be refueled and repaired. It is in unstable equilibrium every moment it is aloft. It is as firmly tied to a tiny piece of ground called a landing field as those beautiful top branches of the giant elm are tied to the earth from which the tree has sprung.

As a matter of fact Air Service, which is the up-to-the-minute term for the process of providing the facilities which our air squadrons need, is regarded by experts as the factor which decides whether we advance, or dig in, or retreat. There is no "Which comes first, the chicken or the egg" business about air forces and surface forces. Every military leader from Rabaul to Dnepropetrovsk knows that to win a battle, land or sea, you have to win the air first. But something comes before air power—and that's Air Service.

Take the case of the Flying Fortress. Contrary to public opinion, a squadron of these air giants can *not* take off from Australia, land unheralded in India, immediately take off on a bombing mission against the Japs in Burma, return to base and then be ready to hop off for points east with a load of dignitaries.

In the first place a four-engined bomber consumes an enormous amount of supplies with every flight. One squadron of Flying Fortresses on ordinary operational flight keeps an entire fleet of freighters working full time. Their biggest single item is fuel. With one of these behemoths you don't figure out how many miles it will go on a gallon, but how many gallons it will need to go each mile. A four-engined bomber eats up about 300 gallons per hour—and that's at its so-called "economical" cruising speed.

Equally important are spare parts. It is not generally realized that a combat airplane wears itself out at an alarming rate every hour it is in the air. When it returns to base after a flight of any kind, chances are it will need parts replaced. Those replacement parts will range from a few nuts and bolts to an entire new engine. If it has been on an ordinary routine flight it will need these spares. If it has been out on a tactical mission and comes limping home with dozens of holes and a couple of major assemblies shot up, it may have to be virtually rebuilt from the ground up before it is fit to take off on another mission. The U. S. Army Air Forces takes a dim view of flying personnel going back into action with defective planes.

Anyone can see that if you drop one of your engines into the English Channel, it will have to be replaced, but it's harder to understand that normal wear and tear can knock out more plane parts than Nazi anti-aircraft. If an airplane flew a thousand hours without ever meeting the enemy, it would still need more man-hours of maintenance work on it than it took to construct the entire ship in the first place.

It has been estimated that if we take ten brand new four-engined bombers and send them to a combat area without spare parts, there would be left only one such ship ready to fly at the end of six months. This is from normal wear and tear only. The one surviving airplane would have eaten up the other nine. Sometimes the Allies have had to resort to this practice of taking apart sound aircraft for their spare parts—the shop talk word for it is "cannibalism"—in order to have *some* aircraft ready for action. But this is one of the quickest ways of losing the striking power of any air force.

In air combat, only one thing counts in an airplane—performance. In this war a second-best airplane is as good as no airplane at all. If you have any doubts on the value of having the best performing aircraft just look at the exploits of our superb four-engined bombers and our crackerjack fighters such as the *Lightning* and the *Thunderbolt.*

To beat the enemy our flyers must have planes with the greatest speed, climbing ability, maneuverability, fire power, and protection, and for that reason we build ships with every part as small and light as possible to do the required job. Naturally these featherweight parts wear out faster than heavier parts, which would be as durable as a turtle's shell and just about as streamlined. Our aviation industry is perfectly capable of producing a heavy-duty airplane which can keep going for a long time without attention (and such models may be developed commercially after the war) but shooting them out of the sky would be like hitting the side of a barn at six feet. So good fighting ships must still be perishable, and still need to be doctored up, catered to, and pampered by the Air Service Command.

Our combat airmen realize better than anyone else the importance of Air Service. Flyers in a squadron habitually try to obtain for themselves the best mechanics on the line, rather than the best airplanes in the squadron. They know that if they have good mechanics, they are sure to have good aircraft. A topnotch mechanic at an air base is as much sought after as a wealthy philanthropist at a convention of college presidents.

The Air Service Command is the largest single component of the A.A.F. When the Army's flying forces number two million men, the A.S.C. will have one million, plus a civilian army of 25,000 at installations back in the States. As Big Business—in terms of personnel, value of inventories, physical establishments and scope of operations—it is far greater than such colossi as General Motors or the Ford Empire.

The commanding general of the A.S.C., Major General Walter H. Frank, has recognized that the operations of his command comprise big business on an unprecedented scale, and has accordingly created what is, for the first time in history, an industrial organization within the armed forces. Instead of the conventional military pattern with a staff of A-1, A-2, etc., he has substituted three great functional "divisions," one for supply, one for maintenance, and one for personnel and training, each headed by an officer of general grade. He has established the function of a Control Officer, similar to that of a comptroller in a business firm. He has streamlined command and communication functions, established a policy of fitting every person into the type of work for which he is best suited by previous experience, and taken full advantage of such modern business aids as business machines. In fact, the Air Service Command's headquarters at Patterson Field, Ohio, include the world's largest business machine installation.

But A.S.C. differs vastly from Big Business in that red tape is not treated as if it were a bulwark of the organization. All officers and civilian executives have standing orders to short-cut their work. Supplies needed on "hot" projects are taken right from the assembly line to a waiting airplane, and rushed overseas; the paper work can be done later, if it has to be done at all. The goal of the A.S.C. is to get supplies to our fighting men without wasting a single life or losing the smallest battle because of delay. It has no "ordinary business days." Every day is an emergency, every order is a "Rush."

Praise of the A.S.C. has to be confined to a stage whisper because detailing its exploits would give away information valuable to the enemy. But when the war is over, watch for the story of the A.S.C.'s action during the occupation of Attu. Moving supplies to spots "somewhere in the Aleutians" by boat, airplane, and dog sled; fighting bitter cold; and doing all this in the utmost secrecy, adds up to a tough assignment. The A.S.C. passed with 100 per cent.

In general, and except when military necessity calls for extraordinary measures, the A.S.C.'s process of distributing supplies bears a striking similarity to the manufacturer-wholesaler-retailer-consumer setup. Eleven huge depots, geographically covering every part of the United States, correspond to the wholesalers. Each of these depots is responsible for the supply and maintenance of U. S. Army Air Forces within its own Air Service Command area.

Under the jurisdiction of each of the eleven Air Service Commands are dozens of subordinate installations, such as: sub-depots, which serve tactical units; specialized depots; and training establishments. The sub-depots correspond to the retailers. The using tactical organization is, of course, the consumers.

Overseas, the Air Service Command follows the same general pattern, with depot groups and service groups corresponding to the depots and sub-depots in this country. In addition, there are mobile repair units which are complete aircraft repair shops on wheels. Operating with picked personnel thoroughly trained to handle themselves in combat as well as in the role of mechanics, these mobile repair units go deep into no man's land to repair aircraft which have been forced down. Working under cover of darkness, never knowing when a squadron of enemy dive-bombers will come out of the sky or a force of tanks will suddenly loom out of the next hill, these mobile repair men are among the most heroic of all. In North Africa, they overcame immense handicaps and dangers to salvage untold scores of Allied aircraft—a feat which did

Continued on page 163

AZA
Frank BEAVEN

Survivors from a Burning Sea

U. S. Merchant Marine's story of harrowing experiences of the officers and men on a torpedoed tanker, as told to Harry Davis

by WILLIAM CABE

• ARTICLE •

℞

THE torpedo struck at 6:20 in the morning. I had just left my bunk and had come up to the mess room for coffee. On the way there I met the chief engineer, Leo Tohack, and he said, "It looks like we are going to get through." I glanced out over the Atlantic. It was choppy and there was a heavy mist. It was just getting daylight. "If we haven't got it so far, we probably won't this trip," I said. We were only a few hours out of port. All night long we had been moving up the coast. Soon we would be in port again.

Tohack went off to write up his log and I walked into mess and got a cup of coffee. I never drank it. I was pouring in the cream when the jolt came. It was as though our tanker had rammed into a concrete wall. There was a crash and the bulkheads seemed to buckle. Everything loose in the mess was thrown to the floor and against the walls. "That's us, boys," I said, "let's go." There were three seamen with me at the time, Red Darnell, Al Gottchauk and a youngster by the name of Niles. We all rushed to the door and, flinging it open, ran into the passageway. A wall of fire swept down on us and there was a roar like thunder. I clapped my hands over my face and stood there a second trying to figure a way out of the trap. Then I leaped back into the mess room, as did the others. My hair was on fire. I rubbed the burnt hair off with my hands, which were blistered. My face and throat were burned, too. Niles, who had followed me through the door, had a bad burn down the side of his head. I ordered the men to wrap their heads and hands in wet rags. I wrapped myself up the same way and then waited. The torpedo had hit our number six tank and the explosion had ripped open the rest, hurling flaming gasoline hundreds of feet in the air. The whole after part of the tanker was blazing with it. Under a brisk wind, the fire flashed and roared up and down the passageway, creating funnels of flame. Taking another look, I saw that the companionway running aft had cleared up a little. There was still plenty of fire but it wasn't solid. "Let's run for the boat deck," I said. We stepped into the passageway and began to run aft, leaping over and around the flames. The sleeves of my sweater caught on fire. I beat it out with the wet towels on my hands. Suddenly, right before me, the saloon mess boy, dressed only in his underwear, darted into the passageway and ran like a streak across the poop deck. He dove over the rail, head first, straight into the fifty-foot wall of flame shooting up from the surface of the water at the after end of the ship. We never saw him again. A second later, another young seaman, a pumpman, overtook us and ran wildly in the same direction. Nearing the rail he leaped into the air and disappeared over the side. He couldn't have lived two minutes in the fire that swept over him.

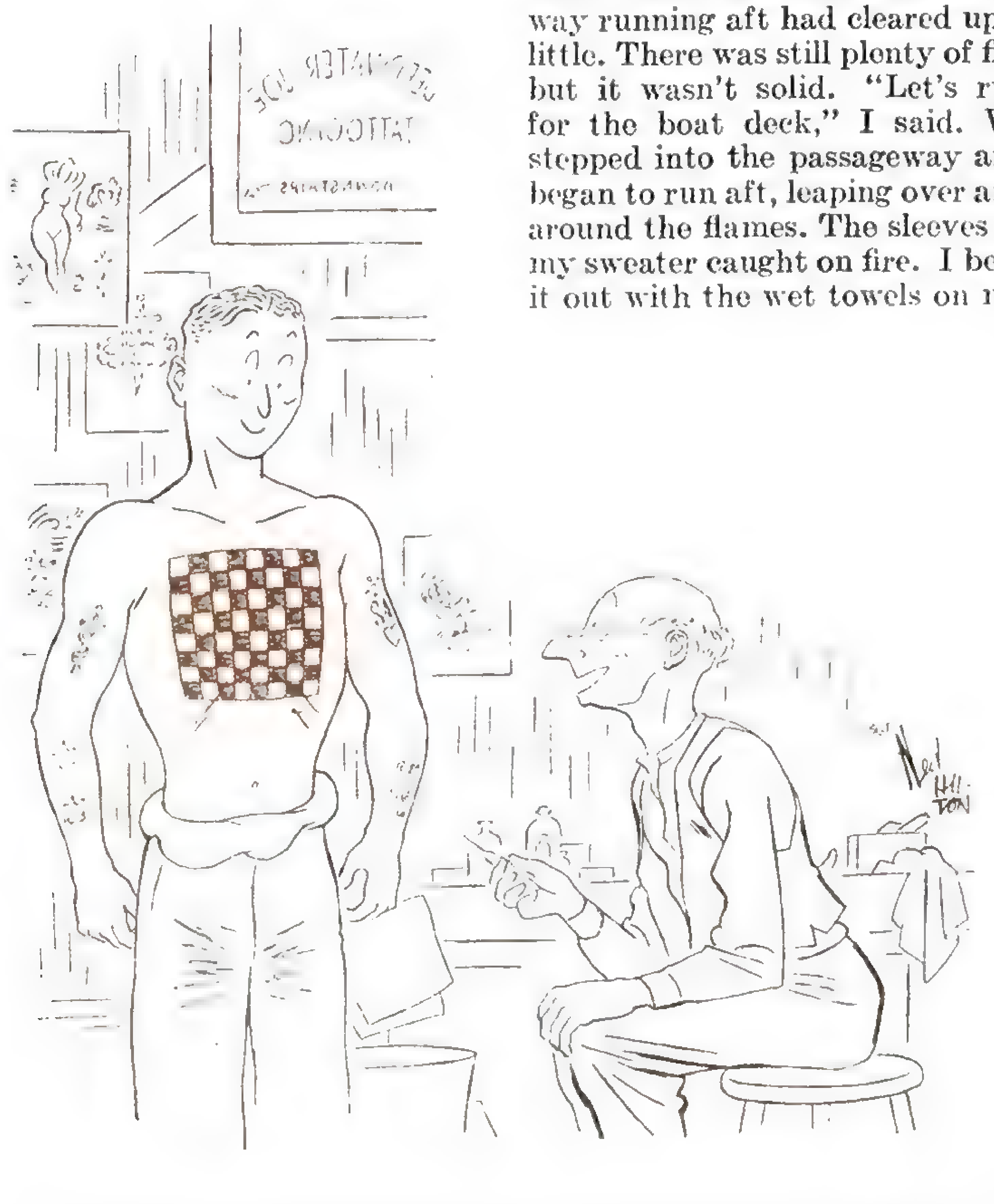
We reached the ladder leading to the boat deck and scrambled up. When we got there, it too was on fire. The weather awning was blazing. In a few seconds we loosened the first of our three life rafts. We threw it over the side. It drifted back into the flames and was lost. Around the stern of the ship, fire was roaring up from the water to a height of seventy feet or so. The blaze extended in a semi-circle around the back of the ship and extended over a distance of a half mile. Glancing in this direction it seemed that the whole sea was on fire. We threw over the two remaining rafts and, like the first one, the fire overtook them. We still had two lifeboats left. Meanwhile, twenty or more men had reached our boat deck. They had come up from below on the lee side along the starboard alley way. The fire had not been bad at first along that side and they were not burned.

With the rafts gone, we turned to the lifeboats. We cleared the starboard lifeboat for launching, but didn't try to lower it because the fire had crept along the side of the ship, and the sea below the lifeboat was afire. During all this the old man, Captain Bill Colligan, had stayed on the bridge. When the torpedo hit he sounded the general alarm, then signalled "man the lifeboats." As the sea and the ship leaped almost immediately into roaring flames, he had the presence of mind to use the final impetus of the dead engines to jerk the ship around and get partly clear of the fire in the water. He had tried to give us clear water in which to lower the boats, but had not entirely succeeded. From the boat deck I could see him there working. He had taken the wheel. With only the wind and a weak tidal current to help him, he was still trying to maneuver the ship into the open. Whether what he was doing helped or not I don't know but by the time we had cleared the other lifeboat on the port side the fire had dropped back a little and it could be lowered. The chief engineer took charge and got seventeen men off. Then the rest of us, eleven men in all, went back to starboard to see if we could get off on that side. By this time fire was all around us again. Gasoline patches were burning everywhere and we knew we couldn't stay more than two or three minutes.

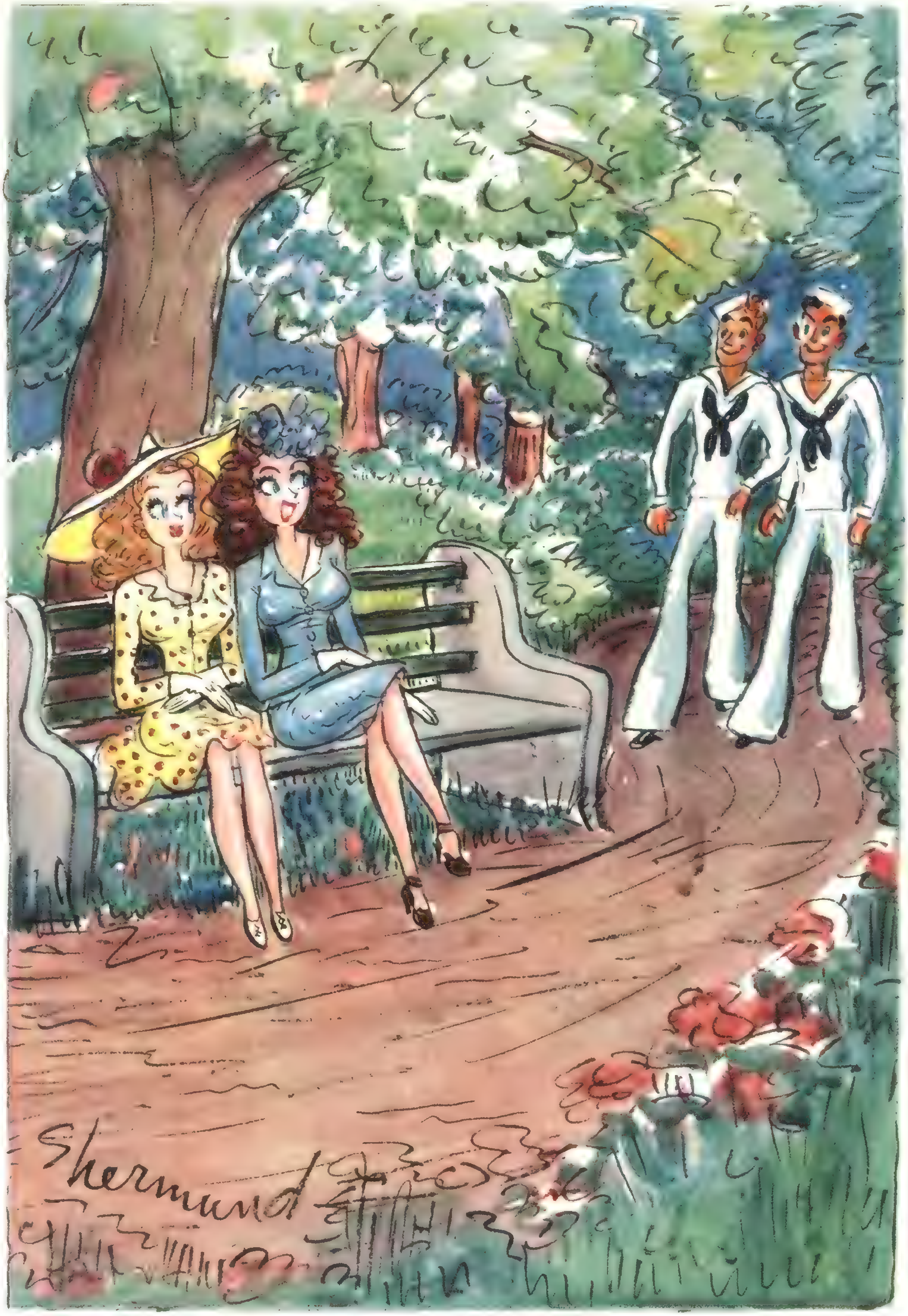
Presently the fire dropped back twenty feet or so and we lowered the boat. We worked fast and everyone was steady. I took the rudder oar and we started to pull away. In the water the fire looked worse, towering above us like a blazing mountain. As the waves and wind moved the gasoline around over the surface of the sea, great tongues of fire would leap out of the mountain with a crackling roar. "Pull!" I shouted. The men pulled, driving the boat through the choppy water at right angles to the ship. Our only chance to get clear of the fire was to get behind it to windward.

We hadn't been in the water but a couple of minutes when, glancing up at the tanker, I saw a man leap over the side astern. He landed within ten feet of the fire wall, and about twenty feet from us. As his head popped up to the surface the flames lit up his face. He was Paul Burdwell, AB. He had jumped in too far astern. Spurts of flame shot out around him. I saw him gasping. He held a life jacket in one hand, clutching it as though he were frozen to it. I shouted for him to dive under water and swim toward us. The fire was making a sound like rolling thunder. I guess he didn't hear me. We started to pull toward him and I stood up, a short line in my hand. Just then the wind grew stronger and the flames swept across him and came within ten yards of us. The smell of scorched flesh was in my nostrils. The men shoved away as fast as they could. Then the fire dropped back and Burdwell was still there, and still alive. The life jacket, which prevented him from swimming properly, was still glued to his fist. I threw the line to him. It fell short. The fifty foot fire wall was right on top of us now. Burdwell was out of control, fling-

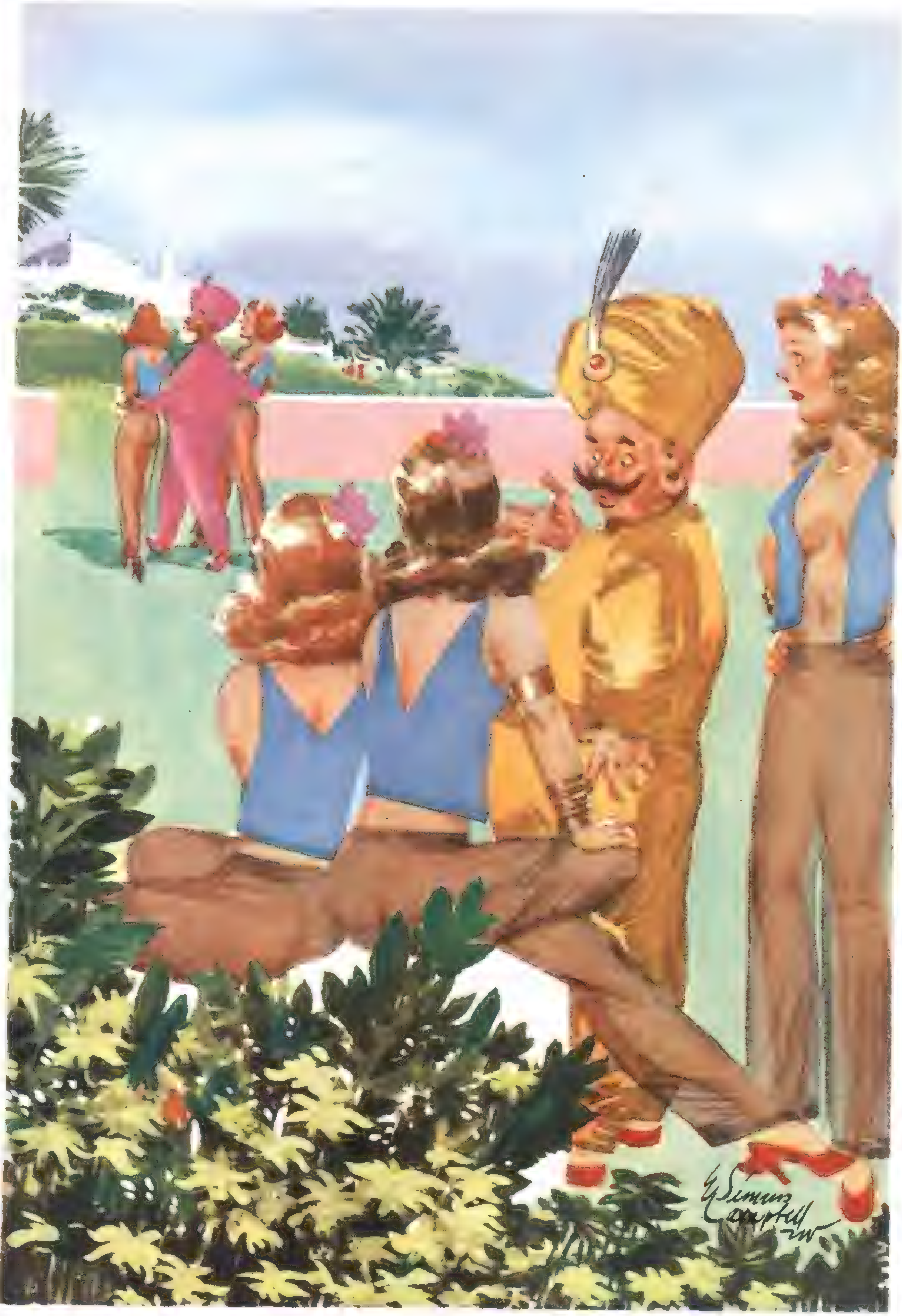
Continued on page 138



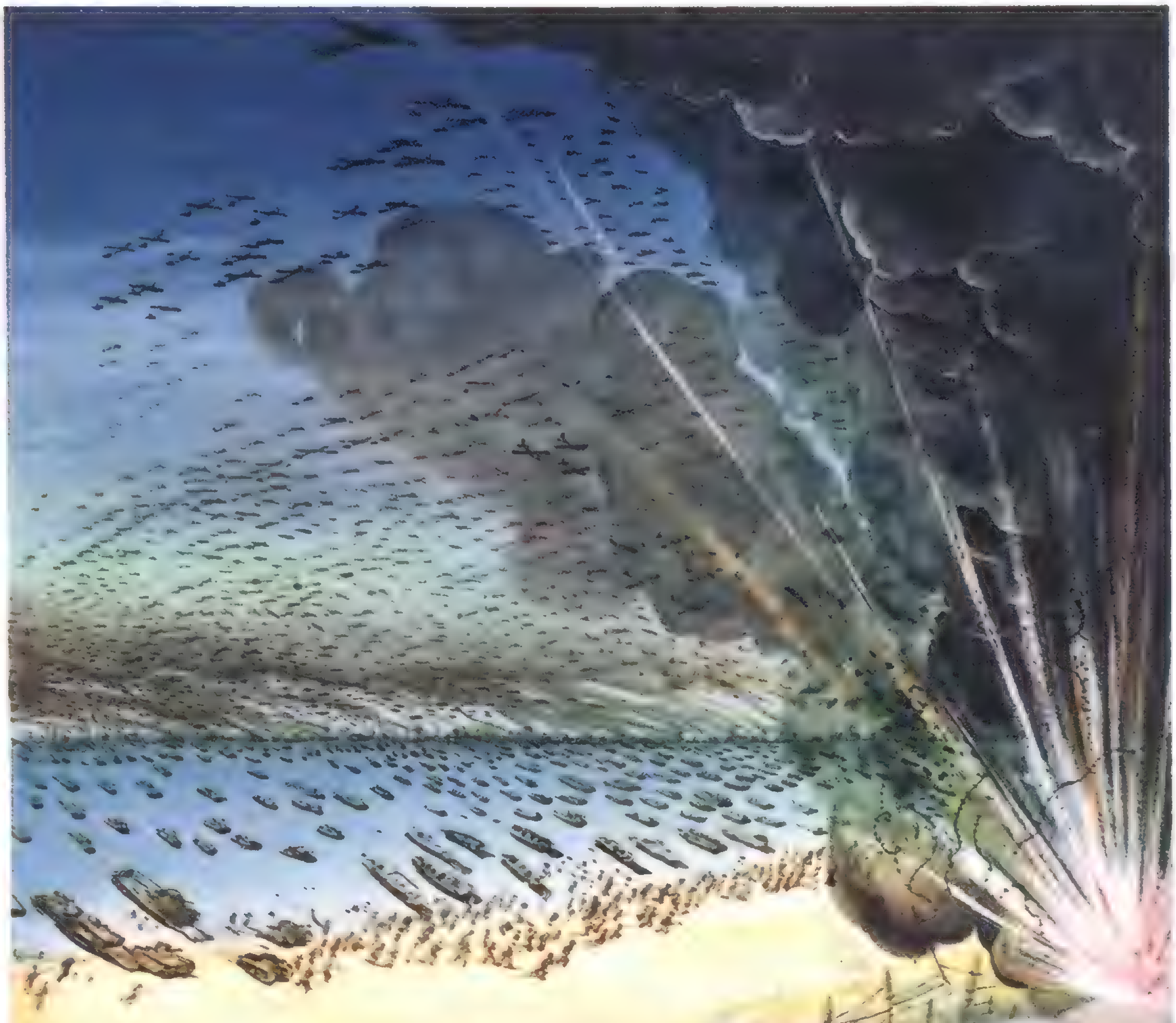
"There you have a tattoo that's not only an ornamental design, but a practical game board as well"



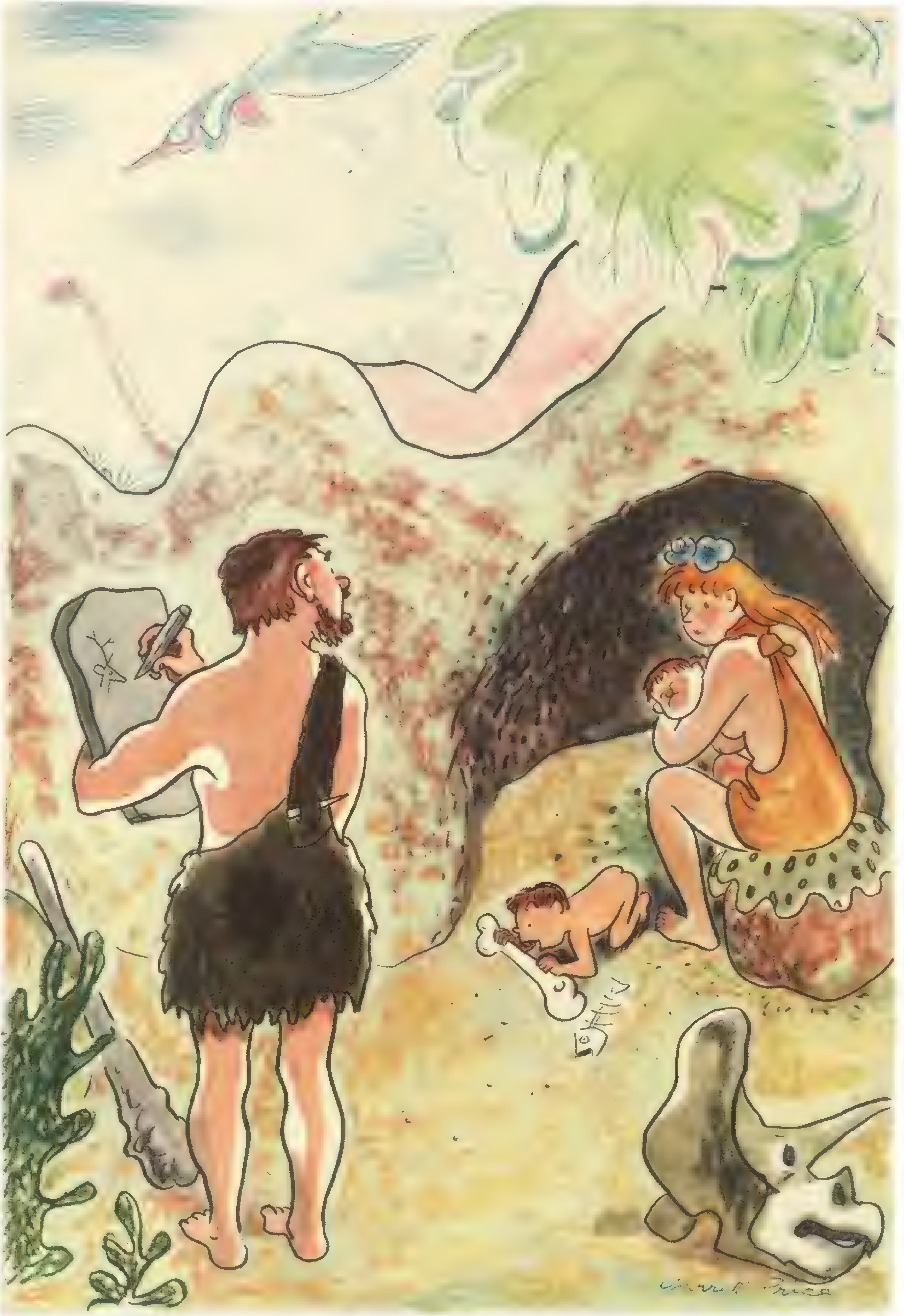
"Don't encourage them—but if they try to sit here, act like you don't mind being crowded a little!"


E. Simms Campbell

"Such a neighbor—always borrowing"



"Hello, mein Führer—here comes Dunkirk in reverse!"


Garrett Price

"Now what is it you want again, dear—one elk, a bag of blueberries, some hazelnuts, and what was the other?"

Conspiracy with a Corpse

Whatever his sins he must have had great magnetism to attract so many women and nice tact in leaving them

by PETER HELMERS

• FICTION •

"You once asked me if I inherited this cottage." The frail old clergyman was sitting in the living room looking over the rose garden. "I think I'll tell you about it. I have not much longer to live." He smiled patiently at the young man's protestations. "It was good of you to come to see me and I'll pay you with this last confidence, which can harm no one now."

The young visitor looked at his old friend with affection. It was long since the retired minister had supplied a pulpit but until recently he had been in much demand to preach funeral sermons. In them his eloquence and the beauty of his kindly nature shone. He would accept but the smallest fees, saying that he wished no one to think that he was doing this for money. Soon another man would be preaching a last sermon over him.

"I made a down payment of three thousand dollars on my cottage when my income was less than a hundred dollars a month," the gentle old man said. "I earned that money, but from my point of view, I had no right to keep it.

"It happened in the South in a big city. A middle-aged man had died. His coffin was in the chapel when I received a sheaf of letters about him. Yes, it was quite a sheaf of letters. One dozen, to be exact. But those letters didn't come from relatives. The man didn't seem to have any. Those letters were from twelve friends. Twelve women! Some married, some not, as it seemed. Each letter contained a generous amount of money as my fee for the sermon. Each spoke of the wonderful qualities of the deceased, of his exceptional character, his charm, his gentleness, his sincerity. But the startling thing was that each of the women knew she was the only one in this man's life whom he had sincerely loved. The letters were strangely similar. Each saw him in the same brilliant light, admired the same qualities, and expressed the same feelings for him. They all said that he was alone in this world, that there would be no one else who could tell me about his real character.

"By the time I had read the first five letters I was a bit disgusted. Than I began to be amused, and after I was through, I became thoughtful. Suddenly I knew I had to see this amazing man. I went down to the chapel where he lay. No one else was there. He was forty-two years of age, but did not look older than thirty-five. He lay with a contented, frozen smile nestling in the corners of his mouth. I could well imagine his success with women. He was extremely handsome.

"I found myself envying that still man for having been able to give and receive so much love. All the letters came to my mind again. Letters from so many women who were satisfied with whatever happiness he was able to give them. There was not one who did not speak highly of him, not one who seemed to regret having given him her love! And not one who suspected another woman in his life. Yes, he must have lied to each one of them. But he didn't hurt them. He created happiness for others, and he was decent and clever enough not to make them regret anything. Art has so many ways of expressing itself, I thought. This man must have been an artist of Love!

"Suddenly I realized that I was probably the only one who knew his secret. I remember my heart began to beat faster when I discovered what that meant. It didn't mean only that I had to keep that secret—it meant that I had to help that stranger in the coffin. I had to help him to end all his love affairs the way he wanted them to end. So that not one of all those women should be disappointed in him, that not one should live on with the memory of having been betrayed. There come moments in everyone's life when the memory of a happy past is as important as a happy present. I knew then that a strange fate had chosen me to help a dead man finish his affairs. I knew I had to let myself into a conspiracy with a corpse. I knew I had to help, but—I didn't know how. It was certain that all those women would attend the last rites and I realized that the moment they would see each other, they would wonder, doubt, and become suspicious. I knew their hearts would break.

"I didn't know how to handle such a delicate situation. I looked down at the lifeless figure and I could hear myself whisper, 'What shall I do?'

"I prepared the sermon; it was easy. But still I could not find a way to help my dead friend, and to protect all those women from bitter disappointment.

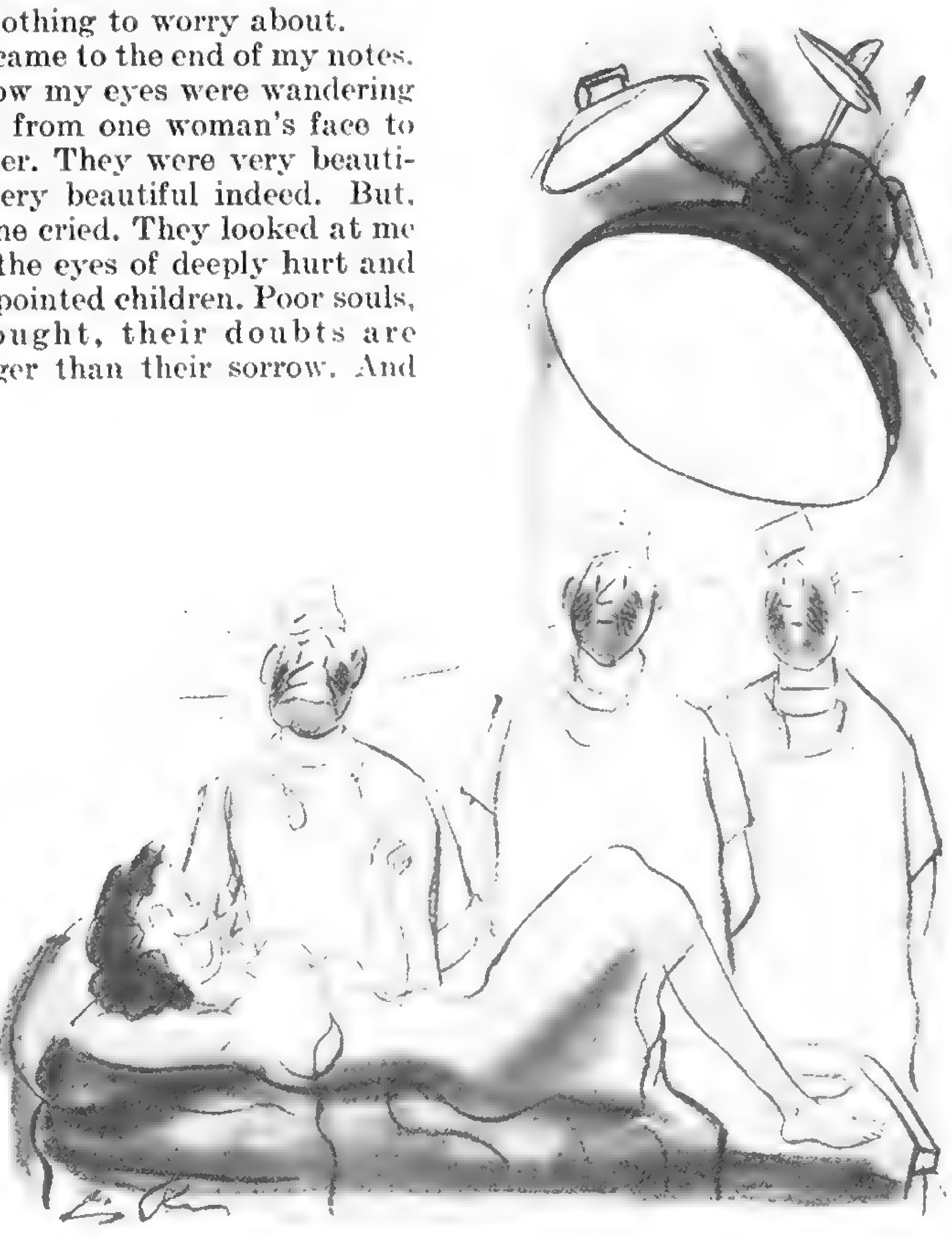
"Then the hour arrived. I could feel my heart in my throat when I entered the chapel. I didn't dare to look up. I could not hear a sound but my own heart beat.

"I began my prayers. My lips moved automatically, they knew their lines so well. But inside of me, I was praying to God for help. Before I began the sermon I ventured to look up. The first person I noticed was a man. And then I counted rapidly. Four men and eleven women. I read the sermon slowly, trying to gain time. Four men, I thought. Probably the husbands. Suddenly I saw before me that fixed smile of my friend, the corpse. I felt guilty for him, for a second. Again I let my eyes quickly pass over the audience and count again. No, I didn't make a mistake; there were only eleven women. But I had received twelve letters! One woman is missing—one is missing, I thought, one—ONE! And in that instant I found the way out! I remember turning for a split second toward the coffin, and I remember I smiled. As if I tried to let my still friend know that there was nothing to worry about.

"I came to the end of my notes. By now my eyes were wandering freely from one woman's face to another. They were very beautiful, very beautiful indeed. But, not one cried. They looked at me with the eyes of deeply hurt and disappointed children. Poor souls, I thought, their doubts are stronger than their sorrow. And looking from one to another, I continued to speak.

"Our dearly departed friend had no relatives in this country, I said. I told them that my information about his exceptional qualities, his wonderful character, his kindly heart came all from one, from only ONE source. I told them that I had received only ONE letter, and that one letter came from the only woman he had dearly and honestly loved. I said, 'May this woman, wherever she is, always be proud, and may she, for the rest of her days, be able to take strength from the memory of a man who knew love so strongly, so sincerely!'

"It was wonderful to see the expressions of doubt in those women's eyes change to love and pride! In my mind, I begged God to forgive me my lie. But was it not one lie which saved twelve human hearts from irreparable harm? I knew in my heart it was the only thing I could do." ##



"I'll bet I said something while I was under the ether"

Wild Goose Chase with a Limit

Many a stalwart hunter goes berserk when he sees gliding down toward him a flock of these huge, appalling birds

by BERT POPOWSKI

• ARTICLE •

℞

THE most widely hunted big game on the North American continent wears feathers. Instead of a threatening roar or snarl his voice is a melodious "her-onk"—the wildest and freest call used by Mother Nature's children. He is the lordly honker—the Greater Canada Goose.

There are many species of wild geese, all avidly hunted, but the honker's wild fluting is the most thrilling of all cries from the air.

To the hunter, waiting in his shooting pit, the birds' sonorous voices precede them half a mile or more. When the flock comes in and begins the long glide down, the clamor becomes deafening.

Their bulk and wingspread are actually terrifying and make them as productive of buck fever as any known game. A sportsman who has never experienced that paralysis is likely to have it now. Strong men have been known to pump the shells out of their guns rapidly without firing a shot. Others have fired into the sides of the pit, unable to raise the gun skyward. One well-known middlewest duck hunter failed to shoot at the honkers but leaped out of his pit and made a football tackle on the nearest decoy.

Sportsmen have always held the honker in high repute. He is the perfect exponent of a love of freedom. His sagacity takes the place of brawn and ferocity. He has nothing but flight with which to defend himself; nothing but eternal watchfulness to preserve him from his enemies; nothing with which to preserve his race but a fidelity that endures beyond death. When one of a pair of adult geese is killed the survivor will continue to return to the field where it lost its mate, at the same time of day, honking the loneliest call known to man. If one of a pair is crippled and later dies, the survivor often will keep a daily vigil over the pathetic heap of bones and feathers. It may refuse to migrate with its fellows and will starve and die and lay its bones beside its mate's

His average ten-pound weight and dark head with white cheek patches mark his majesty, the honker. Other American geese are the white Lesser and Greater Snow Geese, with black wing tips; the White-fronted Goose and the slaty Blue Goose. The Hutchins or Richardson Goose, the Cackling Goose and the Lesser Canada have white cheek patches.

"That colonel I was out with got so flustered his eagles fluttered"

The great birds nest in Canada, Alaska, Labrador and Newfoundland. A few nest in the United States in game refuges in some of the prairie and northern Rocky Mountain states. Greatest concentration of honkers on the southward migration flows down through The Pas, due northwest of Lake Winnipeg. As geese approach the United States border they separate to follow different aerial highways south. There are four major flyways. Though the geese pour down from overlapping areas the same birds and their descendants follow the same chosen flyway every year. Banding operations by wild-life organizations have shown that the exact route that will be taken by any pair of honkers and their offspring can be foretold.

Honkers following the Atlantic coast route usually winter in the salt marshes along the New England coast. Geese are hardy. Severe weather will not drive them away from a region where there is food and water. The Mississippi flyway swings across Ohio and Indiana from Lake Erie and follows the river south. Central flyway is over the great plains, its western swing touching Great Salt Lake. The Pacific flyway is taken by geese from western Canada and Alaska and follows the eastern foothills of the Rockies.

Wintering refuges give sportsmen their big chance at the geese. Since the establishment of these refuges a large percentage of honkers does not continue to the gulf. In the refuges the kill is controlled so the birds are not exterminated or driven away.

The Horseshoe Lake Refuge at the meeting of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers serves as a wintering region for up to 60,000 birds—the estimated population in 1942. Last winter about 5,500 geese were shot near this refuge. In 1941 the bag was approximately 7,500 out of 45,000 geese wintering there.

This is by far the heaviest toll taken from any Canadian goose hunting area on the continent. Sportsmen pay ten dollars a head at most of the sixty-odd shooting clubs for the privilege of shooting from one of the hundreds of pits. The bag limit is two birds a day with possession limit of four.

The hunting season in Alexander County, the site of the Horseshoe Refuge, is from October 15 to December 13, whereas in the rest of the nation the season is ten days longer. Hunters in this country may shoot from sunrise until noon: elsewhere shooting is allowed from a half hour before sunrise until sunset.

Concentration at this refuge has been growing from year to year. Eight hundred acres of wheat and corn are planted for feed. Three carloads of shelled corn were shipped in for winter feeding in 1942-43.

One does not walk into a goose habitat like this with a shotgun and the purpose of getting himself a goose by stalking and flushing. Geese are shot either by pass shooting, as they fly to the feeding grounds, or by shooting from pits at the feeding fields. Skilled hunters favor the latter. However, even skilled hunters count themselves fortunate if they can bring home birds once in four trips.

Assuming that the region has a suitable lake on which the birds can spend the hours of darkness safely, the veteran hunter will be near at daybreak. He will have powerful binoculars to spot the birds in flight and locate their feeding fields. He will check the flight again in the afternoon before he digs his pit blind for the following morning's shoot.

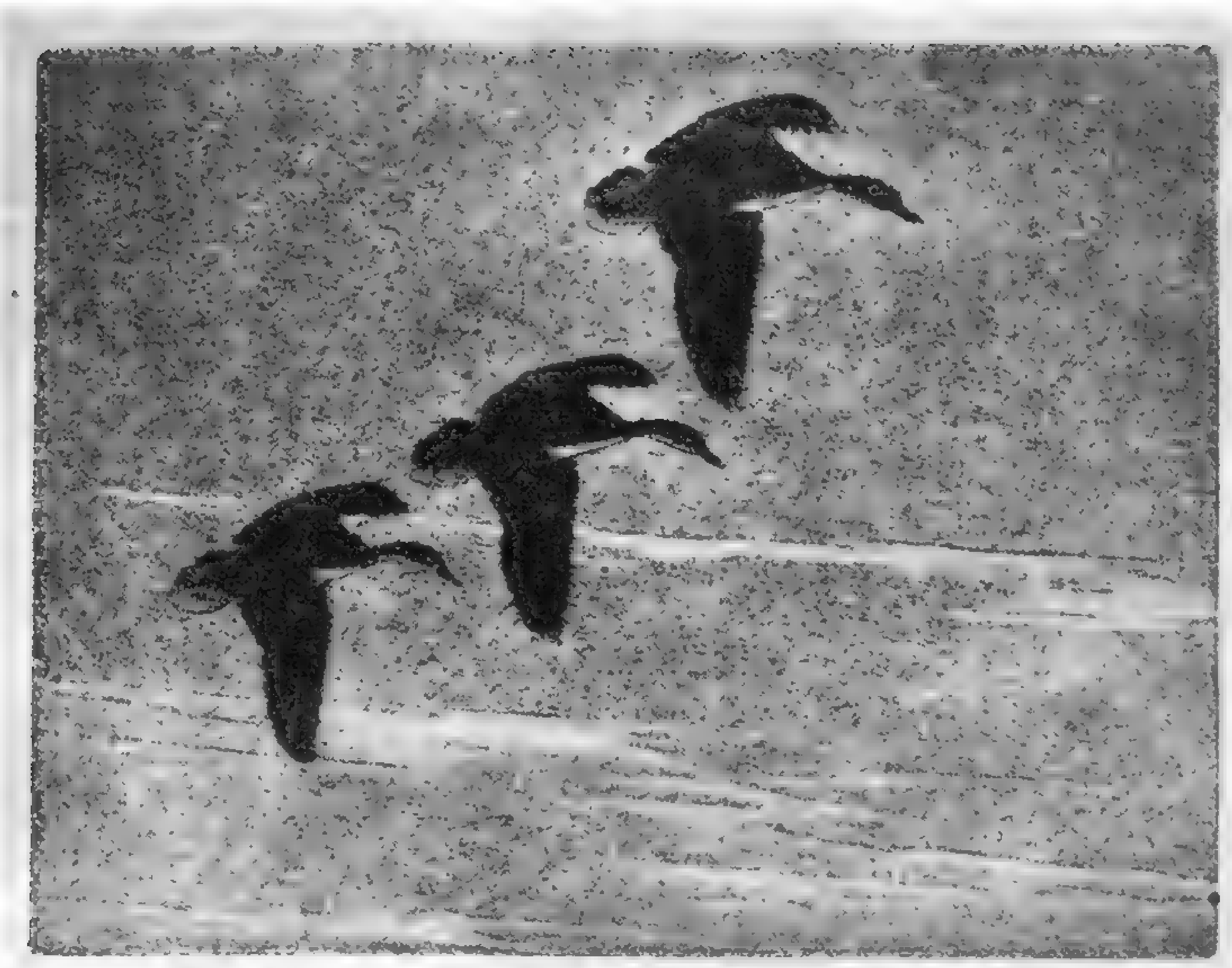
Decoys are universally used, with due consideration to the birds' practice of always alighting into the wind and never into the sun. Honkers seldom fly low across a fence line or near any hiding place. Thus the decoys are placed near the middle of a considerable area and on a rise, if possible. The birds almost invariably alight in such spots, though they may then walk quite a distance to their feeding ground.

Pits may be depressions just deep enough to conceal the shooter as he lies on his back. In some clubs they are dugouts fitted with seats and with telephone connections to the control headquarters.

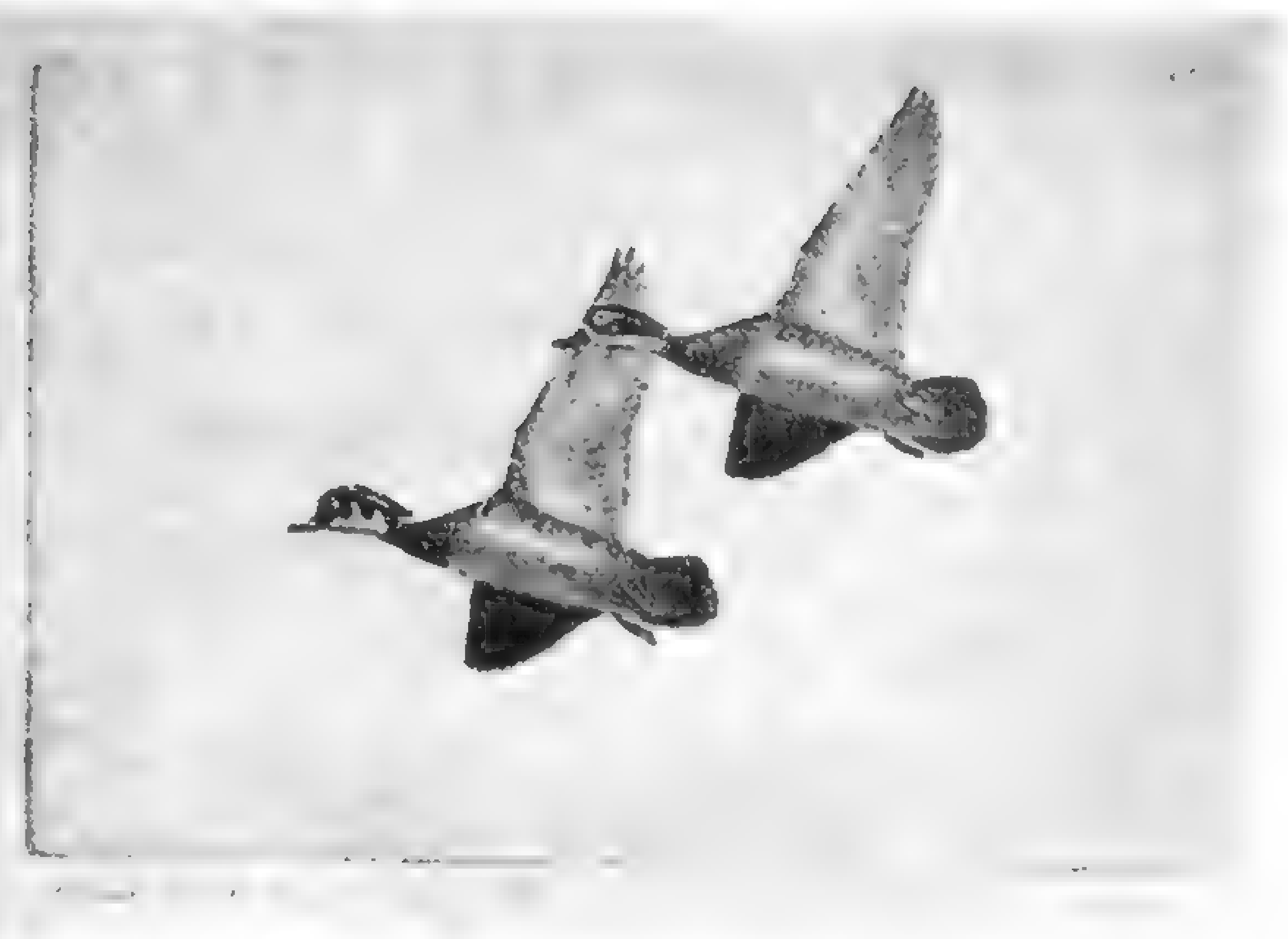
Goose hunters argue more about guns and ammunition than on any other subject. Twelve gauge is standard, with ten and twelve gauge magnums, employing extra heavy charges, frequently used. Some hunters are convinced that only the largest shot pellets will bring the big birds down. Of all geese the honker decoys most readily but he sheds shot like rainwater unless in killing range. He is so big that he seems in range when eighty yards away.

Shotguns were invented to place

Continued on page 167



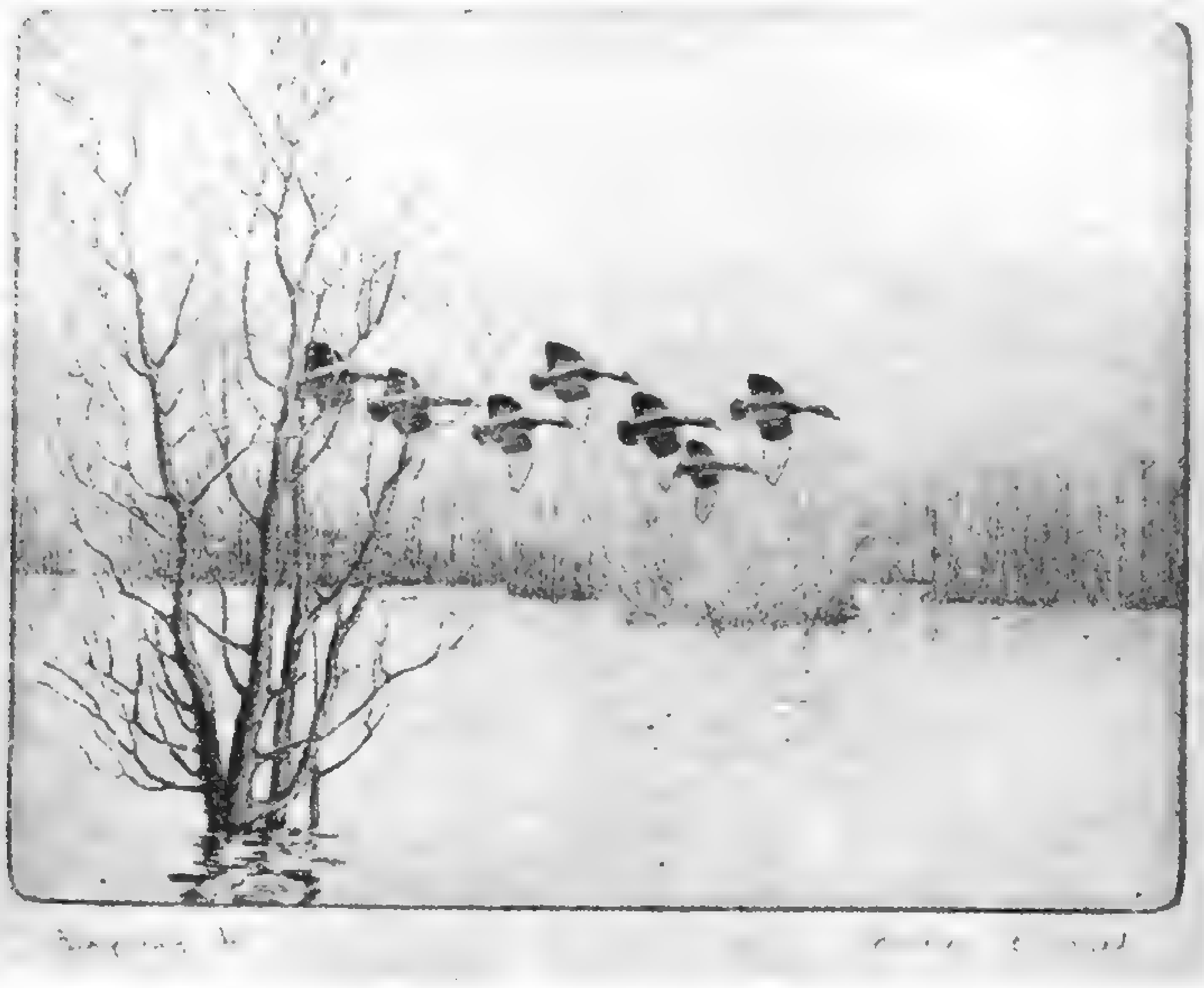
FROM AN EVENING SKY



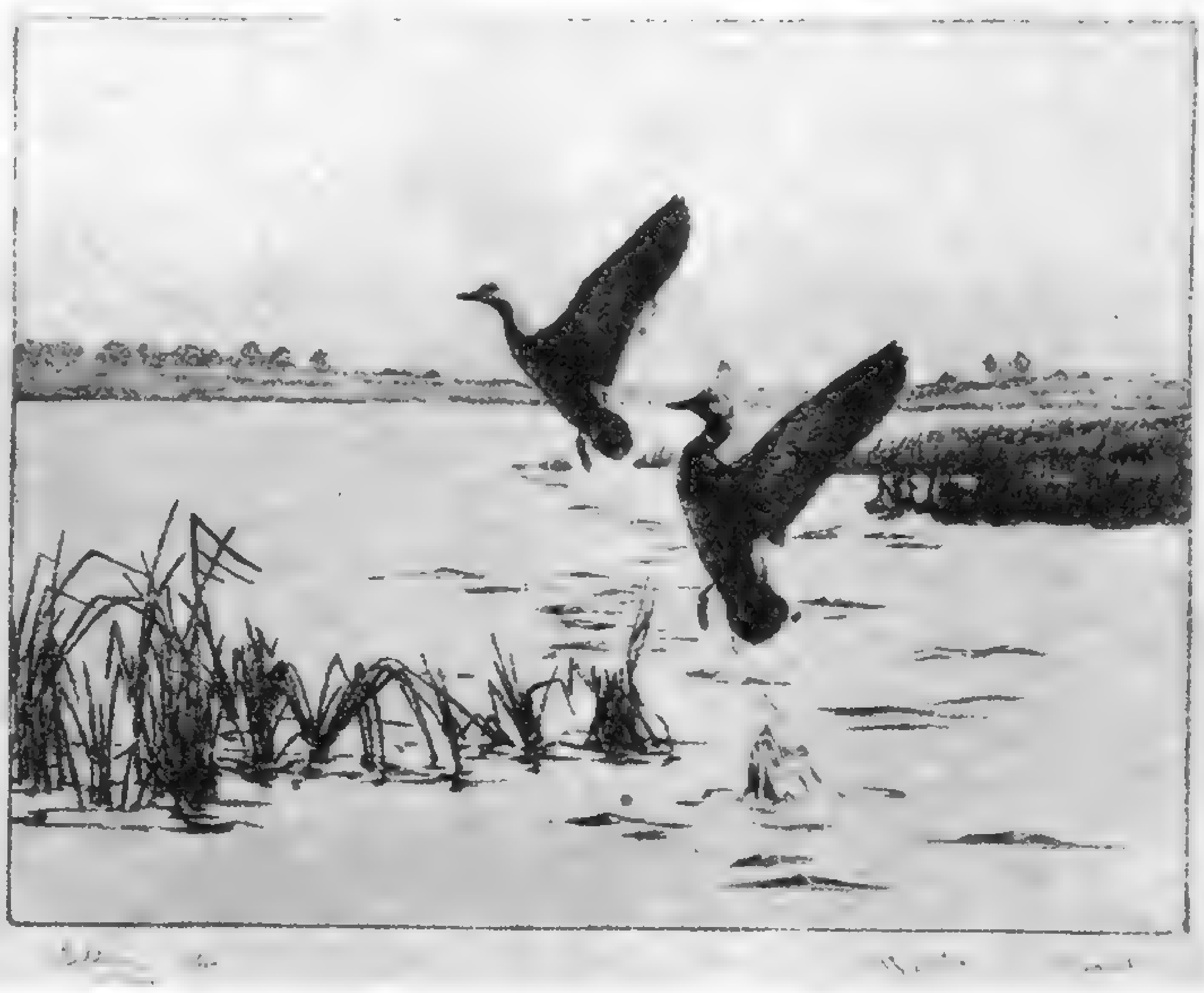
FEDERAL DUCK STAMP DESIGN—1943

A Group of Etchings

by WALTER E. BOHL



DROPPING IN



GETTING UP

AIDING OUR WATER-FOWL

A flying V of clamoring geese, an irregular line of swiftly moving ducks come out of the northern sky . . . furnishing a never-ending thrill to naturalists, sportsmen, and conservationists.

Thousands upon thousands of these game birds will choose for their winter grounds refuges established and administered through the sale of Migratory Bird Hunting Stamps. In these refuges, with an aggregate of many thousands of acres of marsh and water areas, the protection of these birds from human interference is assured.

Many species of water-fowl were almost certain to become extinct until, in 1934, by an act of Congress—all persons over sixteen years of age who wish to hunt migratory water-fowl are required to carry a Federal Hunting Stamp in addition to their regular State hunting license.

These stamps at a cost of one dollar each have made possible the acquisition and maintenance of large tracts of grounds frequented by water-fowl. Ideal breeding grounds in the north, as well as areas in the south where concentration is great, are under the supervision of men, able and interested in the perpetuation of our priceless water-fowl.

In recent years extensive observations have been made in nesting areas to determine losses inflicted by predators on nests and eggs of water-fowl.

In a section containing a great concentration of nesting ducks plus an equally great concentration of crows, as many as thirty-one per cent of the eggs were destroyed by the crows. In other areas, crows have not caused an appreciable loss.

Some nesting areas have shown a high loss from skunks. The percentage of nests destroyed by these animals ranged from six to thirty per cent.

Bull snakes, coyotes, ravens and magpies also take toll of eggs.

Next to the crow, the coyote perhaps has received the most publicity as being a destroyer of the nests and eggs of water-fowl. Findings show, however, that only at Malheur Refuge in Oregon does the coyote rate seriously as a nest destroyer. There it is second to the raven in the destruction of eggs. In other refuges where intensive investigations are being carried on, the coyote has yet to prove itself a serious menace to the nesting birds.

Where bull snakes are abundant, they are of more than ordinary importance as a factor affecting water-fowl production. In some of the Nebraska areas forty-two per cent of the eggs in nests under observation were destroyed by these snakes. Teal and shovelers are particularly vulnerable to attack by the bull snake because of the small size of their eggs. The larger species of ducks, having larger eggs, suffer less from the inroads made in nesting areas by bull snakes.

Wholesale removal of predators is not being practiced, however. Only in areas where losses seemed abnormal from depredation has action been taken. If the findings show that only a minor loss is being inflicted on the water-fowl, the policy is to let nature take its course.

On many of the refuges the water-fowl enjoy better conditions than did birds in primeval times. Foods have been planted to aid them and water levels are maintained with dykes and dams.

To a great extent, wild creatures of all kinds are aided through our federal water-fowl refuges.

—Walter E. Bohl

The Million Franc Reward

Surely the Nazis would leave no stone unturned in Belgium until they found the man who had caused the explosion

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

"A MILLION francs," he kept repeating to himself as he hurried through the streets of Brussels. "A million francs." And then glancing up he could see another freshly mounted poster. Wherever he looked he could see bright yellow posters glistening with fresh paste announcing one million francs reward.

"A million francs!" he spoke to himself. His mind was suddenly filled with a rapture for all the things which he wanted so badly. Food, clothes and warmth for those who were dear to him . . .

His clothes swung loosely from his shoulders and slow starvation had weakened his steps. Now and again he stopped and his eye caught another of the freshly mounted posters. The bold figures "One Million" stood out.

"A million francs," he again repeated as he turned into a little side street and slowly began to climb the two flights of stairs. The door was not locked and he entered without knocking.

"You?" said his sister. "So early?"

"Yes, early."

"You are pale."

"I know, Magda, I know," he said impatiently.

"You are not well?"

"Perhaps not. I don't know."

"What has happened?"

"Nothing." He started removing his coat.

"Your hands are trembling."

He did not reply. In his mind the words repeated themselves: "A million francs." His heart pounded hard.

"Have you been at work today?"

"Yes, until noon. Then I stopped. I told them I was not well."

"Sit down, Victor," she commanded.

And like a child, he obeyed.

"Pull yourself together and tell me what is wrong."

"Wrong?" he said with a smile. "The world is wrong. Heaven is wrong. Destiny is wrong. Even the devil is wrong. And do you think tomorrow everything will be right?"

"I cannot understand your words," she said. "Speak plainly."

For a time he was silent. Then he said: "They are offering a million."

"Offering? Who is offering?" she demanded.

"Then you have not been out today?" He looked warily at her.

"No." She moved nearer to him.

"The city is placarded with yellow posters. Wherever the eye falls you can see bright yellow sheets wet with paste. They offer a million."

"For the train wreck or the movie house?"

"The movie house explosion," he replied. "They want information badly. Fourteen Nazi officers were killed. Not a stone will be left unturned until they find out who placed the explosives in the cellar."

"But what has that to do with you?"

"Nothing," he said quickly. And he tapped on the table with his fingers and repeated: "A million. A million."

She stood before him and placed her hand over his to stop the tapping. And looking frankly into his face, she asked: "Do you know anything?"

"No-o," he said slowly.

"I can see you are not telling the truth." Then in a whisper she asked: "You had no part in this?"

"No, Magda," he said quickly. "Not I."

"Who then?"

"Someone else."

"Then you know."

He did not reply.

"Then you know," she repeated in a whisper.

"Yes, Magda, I know."

Her hand was still over his on the table and she could feel his fingers twitching slightly.

After a brief silence she asked: "How do you know?"

"How? It is simple enough. I saw with my eyes. You can put two and two together. He came to my bench last week and borrowed a piece of wire. It had green silk covering. It would be easy to identify. It came from an old telephone. I have the rest of the coil in the shop . . .

"They are bound to find him. Brussels will be searched from end to end. Someone is certain to have seen or known. They must have fragments of the wire or something. It's today or tomorrow. A million." But his heart pounded hard and with each pound it seemed to cry out: "No!"

"Today they crush us under their heel. Tomorrow we may be free.

"Someone is certain to have the million. He is not worth it. I swear to you he isn't. He is a drunkard. His children are dirty. He is slovenly. He would lie to his best friend. He is without honor."

"Hush! That is none of your business. He is fighting the enemy. He is doing it alone at the risk of his neck. That should be enough!"

"Enough. What is enough? Who can say what is enough? Have you had enough to eat this morning?"

"Really, Victor, I cannot understand you."

"Enough! Is bread and water enough? And do you remember the time when we ate meat every day? Meat and vegetables and gravy. Enough! What is enough? And I must stand by and watch you and Juliet slowly, day by day . . . Dark rings under the eyes . . . Heavy eyelids. Day by day slowly . . . Breathing deeper for lack of energy. Flesh wasting away. Fingers white and cold. Day by day. Slowly and silently . . ."

"Hush! What are you saying?"

"I will speak. Today we are starving. Slowly we are wasting away."

"We are not alone."

"I know, but . . ."

"It is a time we must live through. Our whole people, the children too, everyone . . . The bread is shared, the milk is shared, everything . . . Victor! What is the matter? What do you know?"

"You and Juliet, the three o us . . . We could get meat an other things, yes, even butter to if you are willing to pay five hun dred francs for a pound."

"And where would you get fiv hundred francs to give for a poun of butter?"

He did not reply. His eyes wer cast down and his heart was beat ing hard: "No." Suddenly h glanced up and in this simpl glance she understood everything

"Victor!" she said quickly. " swear to you, Victor, by every thing that is holy, that I woul murder you myself."

She sat down opposite him an after a brief silence she asked ver quietly: "Who was it?"

"Rossel. You don't know him."

"I do know him. I saw hi once. He is a full-blooded man heavy and dark, about thirty years old, with a broad nose a though flattened out."

"Yes. That is Rossel."

"Well?"

"It was he who borrowed the wire."

"What kind of wire?"

"I told you before. I had a small coil in a box of scrap over my bench which I had saved from an old telephone. Of course he did not tell me what he wanted this

Continued on page 159

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STY

The face and fortune of Marilyn Maxwell

ASIDE FROM the attributes so obvious in Mr. Hurrell's portrait, Marilyn Maxwell also possesses something which is deeper than skin deep. She has will power. She once said "No" to Hollywood.

That was when the many-sided Marilyn was singing with Buddy Rogers' band, and a talent scout saw her, and offered to put her in pictures—just like that. Miss Maxwell said "No"—just like that. The reason she gave was even more unique than her answer. She said she wasn't ready for pictures.

She was ready, however, two years later. That time a talent scout saw her singing her heart out at a war bond rally in Cleveland. But Hollywood was not yet through with Marilyn Maxwell's talent for self-abnegation. When she arrived on the MGM lot her mentors told her she was to have the feminine lead in the Wallace Beery picture "Salute to the Marines." Miss Maxwell said "No." She wasn't ready. It took all of Leo the Lion's lung power to persuade her that she was really ripe on the bough. She took the part, and now her mentors are reviving for her that hack but heartfelt phrase, "Hollyw Number One Bet for Star

Miss Maxwell survived a hood in Clarinda, Iowa, went become a radio actress and st on for seven years, then to singing with bands like the R aggregation and the Ted W outfit. Though her pipes are in elegant shape, her aspira these days are all dramatic.

Maxwell on Men: "The m marry will smoke a pipe and white open-collar shirts. He hard to get and easy to hold. be the big, strong, outdoor He'll be interested in sports, b and—above all—the food I He'll like animals, children, a above all—the way I dress. be attractive but not good loo He'll always remember our versaries, and he'll always me flowers. He'll court m months and we'll be engaged year. He'll be the boss."

Vital statistics: *Height:* 5 *Weight:* 125; *Hips:* 36¼; W 25; *Bust:* 36; *Hobbies:* bo badminton, boogie-woogie; Z *Sign:* Leo the Lion.

PHOTOGRAPH BY

MGM's
MARILYN MAXWELL
Hurrell Photograph

Anton Brueh

Little Europe in Mexico

More fantastic than fiction is the life of Mexico City, waiting room for writers, revolutionaries, royalty, outlaws, spies

by EDWARD P. MORGAN

• ARTICLE •

THE Polish diamond merchant dabbled with his dry martini and looked bored. A few tables down, a rich Rumanian refugee and his beautiful wife sipped claret-red sangrias. Conversation swirled through the bar like a roving swarm of bees. In a corner, beyond a clot of people at a backgammon board, sat a German film actress from Berlin, a ravishing blonde with smooth bare legs, talking with a man, tall, and darker than he was handsome.

Outside, the sun was bleaching freshly washed clouds hung across a blotter blue sky. The mistress of an abdicated Balkan monarch flashed by in a green Cadillac. An old man gazed out of an office window above the thoroughfare, remembering the stirring, tragic days when his Loyalist army was holding Madrid against Franco. In a prison cell, not far away, sat the assassin of a celebrated Russian revolutionary. An army of newsboys in square paper caps scuttled along the street hawking the noon editions. An American tourist and his wife headed for the bar and a Scotch and soda. Something glittering in a shop window caught the woman's eye. She looked at the name plate.

"Alfred," she said. "Look, there's the place that belongs to that mysterious Swedish millionaire." . . .

This is neither Alfred Hitchcock nor Oppenheim. Neither Hollywood nor Lisbon, though both could be understandably jealous: their time is being giddily and glamorously beaten by a seductive Latin queen whom the world knows (and will come to know more intimately still) as Mexico City.

The time is the siesta and cocktail hour any day between one P.M. and three. The place, the Ritz bar in Avenida Madero, and the people are refugees from all far places, some of them down to their last bank account, others uncertain of their next centavo. They cluster around the capital as if it were one great air raid shelter where they fretfully wait for the all clear that will signal war's end.

Time, meanwhile, spins the threads of their lives into a fabric sometimes stranger than the fiction of Grand Hotel . . .

The American tourist had remembered hearing the silver shop she saw was owned by Axel Wenner-Gren, suave Stockholm tycoon blacklisted by the United States and Great Britain.

The Polish diamond merchant, a personable, well-groomed gentleman with a continental manner, will talk lovingly of his gems, heatedly of the gruffness of Bermuda customs officials and dreamily of the time when he can return to Paris. Then he'll finish his martini and debate whether to play bridge or polo the rest of the afternoon.

The Rumanian and his flashy wife are friends of exiled King Carol II and Elena Lupescu, his red-haired, ivory-skinned consort, once the uncrowned queen of Bucharest. For two years, Carol and Lupescu have lived quietly and unpretentiously in the capital's historic suburb of Coyoacan, happy as high school sweethearts.

Mexico's refugee blue book also includes Anna Seghers, gray-haired, merry-eyed little German Jewess, author of a dynamic war novel, *The Seventh Cross;* French writer Jules Romains; bald, wise old Gen. José Miaja, famed "defender of Madrid"; equally bald Indalecio Prieto, powerful Spanish Socialist leader, ex-Republican defense minister; scores of other intellectuals, politicians, writers and revolutionaries lucky enough to escape Europe.

You might also compile a "black book." Besides a sprinkling of Axis agents (the German blonde in the Ritz is as pretty as any Mata Hari but not considered lethal) you would include Jacques Mornard van den Dreschd, shadowy thirty-nine-year-old European who three years ago drove an alpine axe into the skull of Leon Trotsky, liquidating the leader of the Fourth International. There would also be listed some lads resembling Yankee draft dodgers; and several "refugees from Roosevelt"—Americans retreating from war taxes or just the rigors of rationing.

Mexico today is a land of make-believe, the capital an exotic dream city, peopled with that vague clan of genteel gypsies known as the international set, thinking more about the last time they saw Paris than whether the blood shed on the sands of North Africa will make the world safe for them and their harmless little hypocrisies. A monsieur named Henri, from Paris, has opened a ladies' hat shop. He tries his creations on himself. "If they look good on me," he argues, "they'll look good on my customers."

No major city in the world has been left so unscarred by war as this Latin metropolis of a million and a half souls. Inflation, occupational disease of wartime, has set in and the after-effects may be serious but, typical of insidious ailments, the only manifestation so far is the mild delirium that always accompanies the fever of spending. The poor, of course, are poorer because of kiting costs of living.

Against this fantastic backdrop move the refugees along their separate ways; there are some 14,000 from Spain, another thousand miscellaneous Europeans. Many have become Mexican citizens, married Mexican girls, opened cafés, radio stores, bookshops and laboratories.

The effect of this polyglot group has been superficial on the life of Mexico. It may leave lasting marks. Eduardo Villaseñor, director of the Bank of Mexico, recently warned that Mexico's foreign exchange surplus, an inflationary menace because it cannot buy consumer goods, was nearing the unheard-of neighborhood of 150 million dollars and still rising. (It took the war to bring Mexico a favorable trade balance.) Villaseñor figures about forty million of this is refugee money. But it is in scattered categories. A chunk is Wenner-Gren's. A modest lump is ex-King Carol's. Part may be the residue of the fabulous treasure which Loyalists spirited out of Spain and hustled to Mexico aboard the yacht *Vita* in 1939, before Franco could stop them. But a large wad is refugee money of another kind, surpluses "evacuated" from the United States to escape taxes and try turning a quick profit in some Mexican enterprise.

In the headlines of the nervous thirties, Carol was the wanton playboy of Europe. Whatever he was then, he is the quiet country gentleman now, and behind the walls of his villa at Avenida Juarez 134 in Coyoacan—the charming little community where Cortez once rested 400 years ago—the king cultivates sweet peas and grows a Victory garden. Every Tuesday, Madame Lupescu goes over to Red Cross headquarters and rolls bandages.

When they landed at Veracruz from Cuba in 1941, with a dozen dogs, approximately fifty pieces of luggage and Ernesto Urdarianu, the king's chamberlain and ex-minister of state, it was glibly rumored that Carol had seven million dollars, scooped from the royal coffers as they fled Buchar-

Continued on page 177

THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

The Girls from the Folies Bergere

HERE are five perfectly good reasons why service men and ere civilians pause for laughter, bation and libido at the Folies ergere. At Forty-Seventh Street, ard by Broadway, the Messrs. lifford Fischer and Arthur Lesser ave made a going concern of an merican's idea of a playboy's aris. In a plush cavalcade that as everything, including apaches, arrots, gigolettes, French sailors, nd pigeons—just like the last me you didn't see Paris—are ome unoverdressed young ladies orth noting. And it all comes ith the dinner.

By way of counting noses, the rl at the far right—she of the onnet and bracelets—is Trudy urke. Trudy is a Brooklyn prodct. She learned about nightlife n *The Streets of Paris* and in *Sons ' Fun.* In addition to that raised nce, Trudy can arch a brow with ne best of them. She specializes n classic mythology, symphonies nd modern art. Picasso and odigliani send her into a pictorial tailspin. Monica McGrath, ght next to Trudy, was born in apetown, South Africa, was educated in a convent and was a Shakespearian repertory player in England. What is she doing in the Folies Bergere? Well, eating, just to use one plain verb. Marge Markle—'way up there with the doffed hat—is one of the brighter decorations in any show.

Coming downstage, the lady with the birds is Rosita Royce. Rosita comes from Missouri but you can see that she has learned to reverse the old axiom about Missourians. Ornithologists will be glad to know that a cockatoo and a macaw have been added to her aviary. Last but not listless, to corn a phrase, Merceditas at the left is a Cuban cutie of 19. She won a radio contest at 15, singing "What Was That Night?" From then on, things began to happen. Along came Monte Proser, saw her at one of Havana's night club revues, placed her in the Copacabana in New Orleans, where she learned how to shake out a song. Hollywood beckoned and Merceditas became a starlet. But the wolves frightened her, so she came to New York. She's not frightened any more.

TON BRUEHL PHOTOGRAPH

A Short Show for Albert

Daisy's urging that he volunteer for pilot training in America left him cold until she mentioned the cinema

by ARCH WHITEHOUSE

• FICTION •

℞

ALBERT HORACE NETTLEBED, D. F. M., withered under the verbal lashing of Corporal Daisy Dugdale. It was one thing to stand up to a Focke-Wulf in a gun turret and quite another to sit there and listen to Corporal Dugdale speak her piece.

"Eighteen months now, you've been a sergeant," Miss Dugdale barked over the clatter of the canteen conversation. "I should think you'd want to get on a bit faster than that!"

"I don't want to get on. I want to go 'ome!" argued Albert.

"Don't you want to become a pilot?" the WAAF corporal blabbed at him.

"Me, a pilot!" Albert whispered aghast. "Bli'me, I can 'ardly ride a bike!"

Corporal Dugdale shot Albert through with her best charge of disdain. Daisy was a chesty gal with round cheeks that glowed with bucolic health. Her hair billowed under her cap and stuck honey rosettes against the chinstrap buttons. She'd won the WAAF challenge shield for the best drilled platoon of cooks and waitresses in the Bomber Command. Now she was determined to make something of Albert.

"Look here," confided Miss Dugdale, pushing her bottle to one side. "We hear a lot of things in the dining room, and I hear that there has been a new request for pilots, and them who have been gunners . . . like you, can volunteer for pilot training."

"Don't you like me any more?" Sergeant Nettlebed inquired. "I'd break my bloomin' neck—first time solo!"

"Now you listen to me," the young Amazon gritted her teeth. "You'd like me to go on leave with you next time, wouldn't you? After all, if you're going to America . . ."

"America!"

The name popped out of Albert like a damp bung from a cider cask. His eyebrows went up and shoved his cap back several inches.

"Of course, silly! They don't train pilots over here. You'd be in the way. There's plenty of room over there, and I expect you'd need plenty at first. They'd send you to America, and who knows, maybe they'd take your picture in the cinema—in technicolor," Daisy added as a further inducement.

Something went "tonk" in Albert's napper. He swallowed hard and tried to get the correct focus on things. Finally he sat back, raised a forefinger of authority at the Naafi waitress and proclaimed: "Let's 'ave the same agayne, Miss."

"Now go easy, Albert," warned Corporal Dugdale.

"You know," Albert confided, draping one arm rakishly over the back of his chair, "I always wanted to have a go at that picture business. I remember a chap took my picture once with a bit of a Brownie. It was down at Brighton. I was leaning agaynst a boat on the sands. It came out all right too. You could see me as plain as anythink!"

"Look here, Albert," Miss Dugdale warned. "You're going over there to become a pilot. First thing in the morning, you're going to see the adjutant and put in for a transfer. I can always wangle a bit of leave and we'll go to my sister's. She has a lovely little place down Amersham way."

"Sounds all right," agreed Albert, his noggin in the nimbus. "Drink up and let's go over to the cinema. I think that chap David Niven is playing in somethink. In technicolor, too!"

"Well, it's a waste of money, but at least it's dark."

"There you go agayne," Albert Horace said reproachfully.

* * *

A mild state of consternation reigned the next morning when Sergeant Nettlebed bearded Wing Commander Beresford-Marsden in his den. The C. O. listened as the words scrawnched out of Albert like something out of a warped phonograph record.

". . . and I think it's about time I got a chance at pilot training," Albert continued, having been carefully coached in his lines the night before.

"You know, Cuttlebone," the wing commander broke in.

"Nettlebed," corrected Albert.

"Ah, Nettlebed of course," Beresford-Marsden agreed and lighted his pipe to gain time. "This is highly irregular, of course. Should have made this request through the proper channels."

"I'm sorry, Sir," floundered Albert. "But you see, I want to become a pilot and go to America."

"America?" the Winco exploded. He was blinking like an overworked semaphore. Then suddenly a great glow of realization bathed him from the back of his hackled neck to the fatty bulge above his belt buckle.

"Here! Wait a minute, Cockleshell." He rifled through a stack of papers in a wire basket. "Do you really want to go to America? I *can* send you, as a gunner . . ."

"I was thinking about a pilot, Sir."

"That's quite all right. You'll probably wind up a pilot, but above all, I can almost promise you you'll get to America. Let me see . . ."

Albert made little sense out of what the Winco tried to explain to him. All he knew was that there was a chance of going over to America. It was all tangled up with what sounded like bad language, transports, some concern about submarines and the fact that he *was* entitled to a bit of a change. All that swished past Albert like strange fish at the Zoological Gardens as he strode through a mental scene—in technicolor—with Madeleine Carroll and fought a battle of well-selected words with a sinister bloke in a top hat while sitting at a chromium and crystal cocktail bar—also in technicolor.

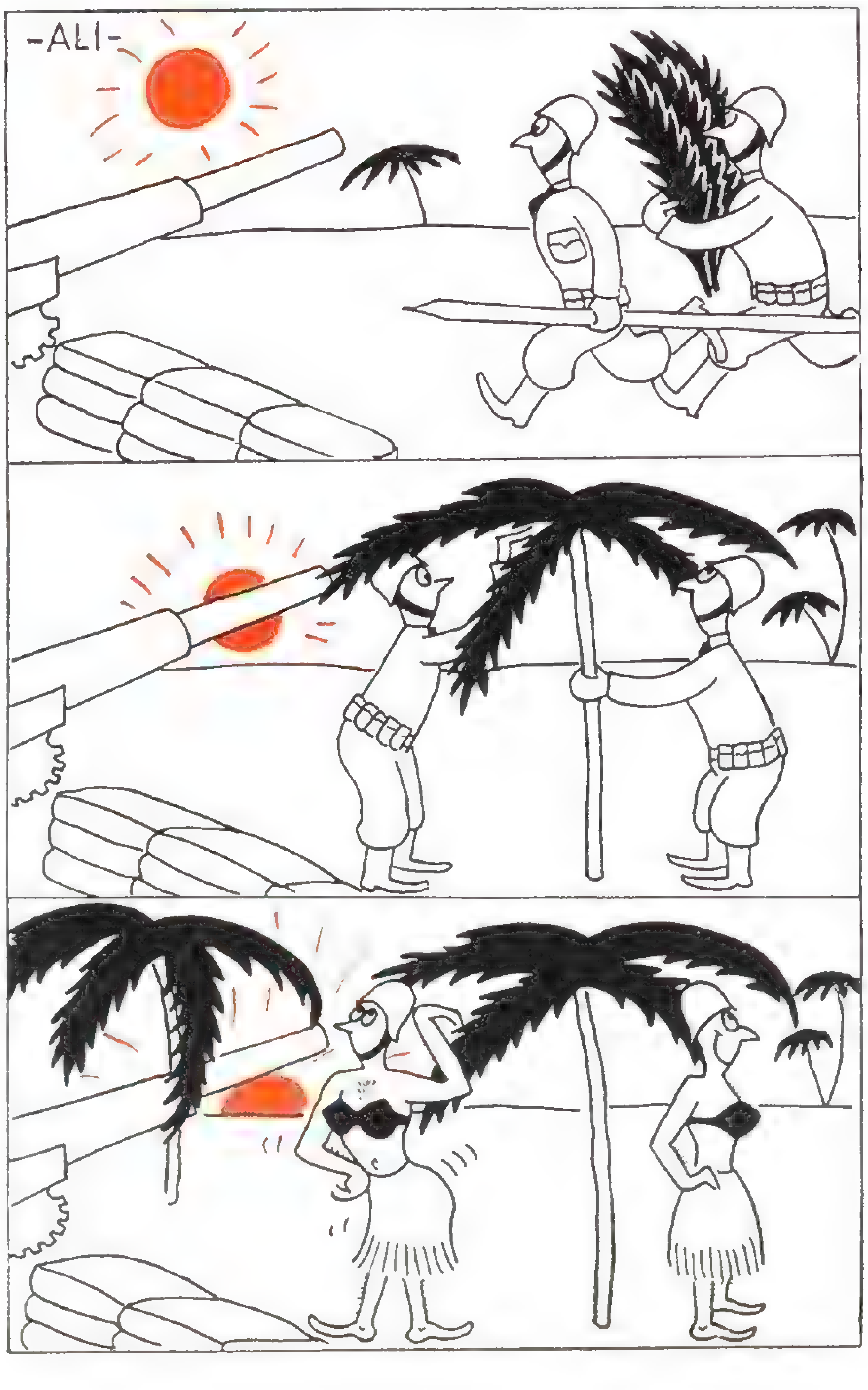
"You fully understand then?" the Winco broke in.

"Oh yes, of course, Sir. I'm going to America," Albert whimpered.

"Rather! Now get cracking. I'll have your papers here in the morning."

* * *

Service formula throbbed and before the week was out Albert found himself treading the breakwater at Fishguard seeking the *S. S. Goodwick*. At the office of the old Rosslare Steam Packet Company he collided with a fuzzy R T O who directed him to a small quay and a rusty-looking mer-



chantman about which a crew of baggy workmen was loading a strange contraption.

"Wot's that?" demanded Albert as he stared up at the device perched on an elevated platform built over the stern quarter.

"You ought to know. You're a'goin' to fly it, ain't ye?" a stoop-shouldered seaman responded as he rubbed a charge of Navy shag in his palm.

Albert put his kit bag down: "Fly it? Does it fly?"

"They call it a . . . heller—heller-heller-cop-it-er," the seaman offered as he applied a match to a short clay pipe.

"Looks like you would—in a thing like that," Albert concluded, sensing that Fate had dealt him the usual hand.

A young flight lieutenant in a battle blouse and a hat that looked like a discouraged mushroom, met Albert at the top of the gangplank.

"Are you Nettlebed?" he inquired.

Albert saluted, wishing he were back over Berlin.

"Come along then. What have you been up to, getting ticked for this?"

"Nothink! I just put in an application to become a pilot."

Flight Lieutenant Bacon stopped half way along the deck. He looked Albert over again and mentally pigeonholed him as a ropy type some squadron leader had palmed off on him.

"Do you know what you've drawn?" he inquired of Albert.

"A heller . . . ?" Albert stammered.

"You're bloody right it is!" the flight-loot agreed. "We're supposed to hunt U-boats with the blasted thing!"

"Who . . . us?" Sergeant Nettlebed gagged. "But I thought . . ."

"You've been taken down the garden path, Sergeant." Flight Lieutenant Bacon explained with fuzzy finality. "You're a gunner aboard a helicopter; but you'll become a pilot all right, because I'm going to show you how to fly it. From that point on, I'll proceed to get beautifully squiffed—and I'll stay that way, until they transfer me to kite balloons."

"Ooo-er!" quaked Albert, hoping that the flight-loot had only had one too many, and that by morning he'd be pukkah-regulation again.

"I might as well put you right to start with," Bacon began fumbling for a cigarette.

"But I'm only a gunner, Sir. I 'aven't 'ad any flight training."

"You're lucky! I'm a blooming flight-loot and all I did was to let a WAAF fly a bomber. We were going on all right, too—until she bunged it into a balloon. Just for that, I get this."

"You let a WAAF have a go at a bomber, Sir?"

"Why not? Equality of the sexes. They get the rank, why not let 'em take the risk?"

Albert could fork up no argument for that so Bacon went on confident he had scored his point.

"Hundred and twelve operational shows!" Bacon popped out suddenly, "and now I'm put on a helicopter to chase subs. Depth charges and messing about with submarines, mind you. Are you sure you haven't pranged something?"

"All I did, was to arsk for pilot training, Sir."

"Ah," hiccoughed Bacon. "That won't take long. I can teach you to fly that bloody egg beater in ten minutes."

Albert Horace realized he was up against a type. If this bloke made a habit of letting WAAFs fly bombers—and bash them into kite balloons, there was no telling how far he'd go with an air gunner.

"We'll do a short show first thing in the morning," said Mister Bacon beerily. "If luck is with us, we'll pile her up against an iceberg or something. If luck's against us, we'll get a submarine. But it's not likely."

"Luck against us, Sir?" stammered Albert.

"You get one, and see what happens to you! The minute you get to America, it will be Laurel and Hardy! That'll be us. Pictures in the papers with that silly batter-slapper as a background. Newsreels will get in on it. People all over the place laughing at us. Laurel and Hardy to perfection!"

Albert beamed happily in anticipation of the day: "Maybe in technicolor!" he tossed into the kitty.

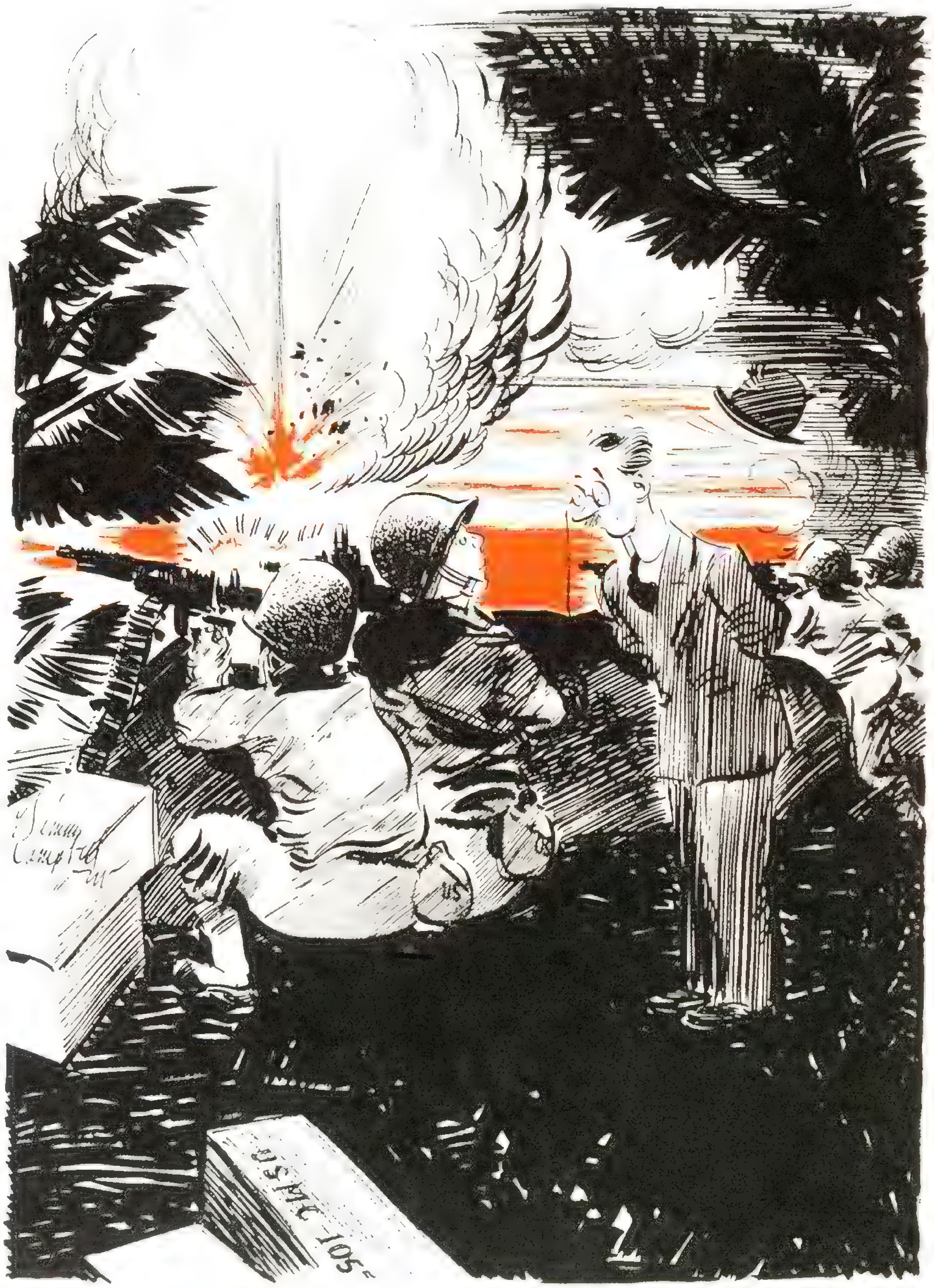
The *Goodwick* rose and fell with the swells. Her screws lashed the water as they slobbered out of Fishguard Bay and headed into the Irish Sea. The convoy was to be picked up off Fair Head where a swarm of lean-flanked destroyers waited to whip them into line before they nosed into the North Atlantic.

"This might be a bit of all right," Albert decided before slipping into bed.

* * *

The convoy seemed to have been set out for a mass view of the proceedings aboard the *Goodwick* two mornings later. The merchantmen were strung out across a vast area of white-capped sea,

Continued on page 170



"I'm just making a personal tour to see what my war bonds are doing"

Oakland, Home of the Squirrels

Oakland has given the world of sports bigger and better screwballs than all the well advertised Brooklyn Dodgers

by LLOYD MADDOCK

▪ SPORTS ▪

Metropolitan Oakland lies sprawling across the bay from San Francisco. In peace times Oakland was mentioned patronizingly as San Francisco's "bedroom." Now, with dozens of war industries, Oakland has stepped forward to be a major population center.

Previously Oakland's chief contribution to the cultural advance of the nation was in the realm of sports. Its natural advantages of climate and situation will always make Oakland pre-eminent in this field and it is therefore with amused lifting of the eyebrow and slight coughs behind the hand that Oakland natives notice press dispatches from the East recounting the antics of the Brooklyn Dodgers' ball club. Why should a gang of rowdies representing a somnolent suburb that is an athletic vacuum rate so much attention?

The continuous flow of ballyhoo from Brooklyn is resented. A baseball club that its best friends call "dem bums," and that annexes a pennant every couple of decades, is Brooklyn's claim to glory. Conceded that "dem bums" include a few noteworthy egregious individuals, they are gathered from all over the nation, whereas Oakland through the years has produced from its own soil a greater collection of top-ranking athletic screwballs than any other section of the country, a screwball being recognized as simply a homespun, corny, natural-born comic.

Oakland does not import athletes, it exports them.

Metropolitan Oakland embraces the towns of Richmond, Rodeo, Centerville, Albany, El Cerrito, Berkeley, Piedmont, Alameda, San Leandro, Livermore, Hayward and Oakland proper. This rich, nourishing seedbed sprouts athletes. As soon as they are old enough they gravitate to Oakland, the hub of the section. There they are carefully nurtured by "squirrels" who have already had their time at bat. The developing methods of the squirrels bring to light the flowers of athleticdom, the screwballs.

The proportion of screwballs is an index of the fecundity of the region. Giant mountains, giant vegetation, the biggest ocean in the world—let envious detraction add, the biggest blowers in the world—the fact remains unassailable that Oakland has produced the greatest number of screwballs anywhere. Let Brooklyn with its synthetic clamor from an imported ball team try to match that.

We shall cull a few examples to put a final quietus on this feeble attempt at rivalry.

Monarch of the zanies, past and present, is Max Baer, a product of Livermore. Max was born with all the ingredients of a first-class screwball. He needed little cultivation. He was discovered by a Livermore poolroom proprietor, Percy Madsen, who piloted the town baseball team. Percy outfitted a gym in back of his poolroom. He had a stable of three other fighters and began to envision himself as a coming Jack Kearns.

But a screwball keeps moving. Bob McAllister, a one time top-ranking middleweight, saw Max and took him away from Livermore to "Portuguese Joe" Ferreira's Oakland gym. McAllister undertook to teach Max the finer points of the art. Soon thereafter the handsome Maxie was seen wheeling around town in a 5,000 dollar Cord, front-drive. He had another new manager, Ham Lorimer by name, and Max was on his way. Metropolitan Oakland challenges Brooklyn and the world to match Max as a screwball.

Vernon "Lefty" Gomez as a youngster journeyed Sundays from his Rodeo home to pitch sandlot ball in Oakland. The squirrels saw the future star's possibilities and gave him their best. When Gomez was ready for his debut with the Seals he was a first-class screwball, an airplane gazer. A former prizefighter who had become a peanut vender told Gomez not to look at a wagonload of hay for good luck now, that was out, but to look at an airplane.

Thus fortified with a sound zany foundation, Lefty went forth as a typical sports representative of the Metropolitan Oakland area.

Oakland born and bred Joe Devine, New York Yankee scout, has kept on the conservative side of idiosyncrasies despite tender nursing by the squirrels. Devine's chief contribution to the nut picture was his habit of bathing with a twenty-five pound cake of ice in the tub with him on bitterly cold nights.

Oakland and Berkeley both claim Frank Kovacs, the tennis star. Frank is in the Army now and there's no telling how war will affect his merry spirit. But in his pre-war or clowning era, he gave the world of sports some of its finest antics since the performances of Rube Waddell.

Berkeley, incidentally, is the tennis town of the nation, with Helen Wills, Helen Jacobs, Don Budge and Kovacs topping the long list of real stars.

An aristocrat of the Oakland region is Edward Patrick "Slip" Madigan who, fresh out of Notre Dame, took over the football coaching assignment at St. Mary's College in Oakland in 1921. From the stands the crowds watched him storming up and down the sidelines.

In the true sense of the word, the Slipper had never officially been termed a screwball, but he recently became the sole owner of the Albany race track, a two million dollar plant that ran for a couple of weeks some years ago. Madigan wants to re-open the track, so he may yet get his screwball classification.

Many Oakland athletes of course, have gone to the top despite the fact they have never won the screwball sobriquet.

It is the consensus that Dick Bartell, now of the New York Giants, would be every bit as colorful as Leo Durocher were he piloting "dem bums." However, the antics of Rowdy Richard are dismissed with a shrug in these parts. He's in the polite and reserved class.

Bartell was reared in Alameda with Johnny Vergez, late of the New York Giants and now manager of the Oakland Oaks.

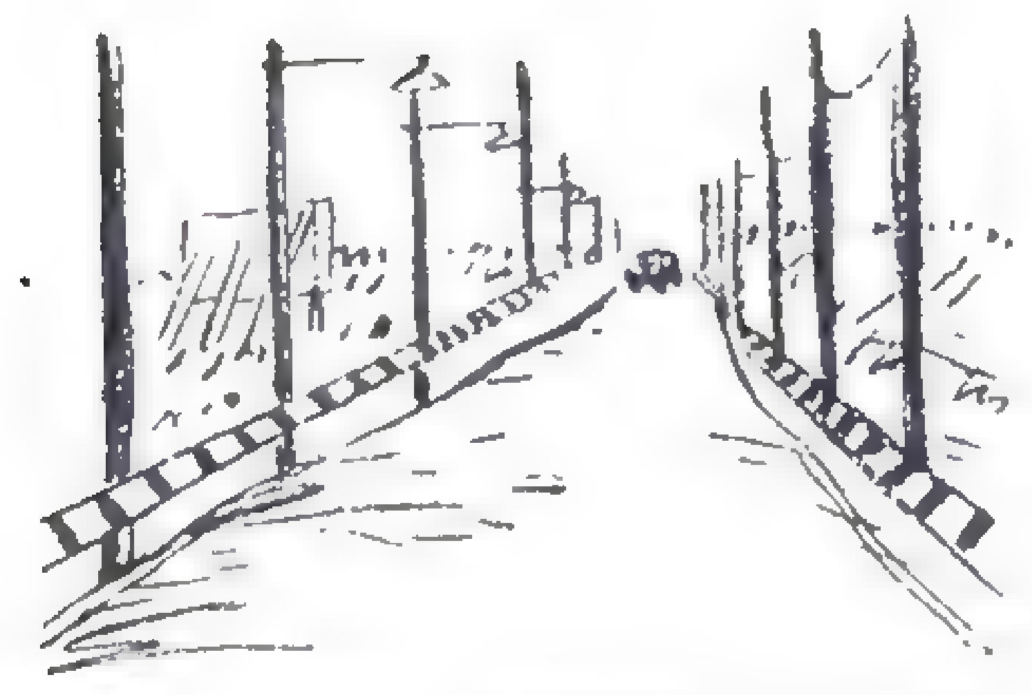
Jack Gleason, sheriff of Alameda County, played at third base for the St. Louis Browns from 1920 through 1922. Because the squirrels didn't get to him in time, he's probably set politically for life.

Charles "Chick" Hafey is another. Chick spent ten years with the St. Louis Cardinals and Cincinnati Reds and led the National league in hitting one season. He's a gentleman farmer up Calistoga way now.

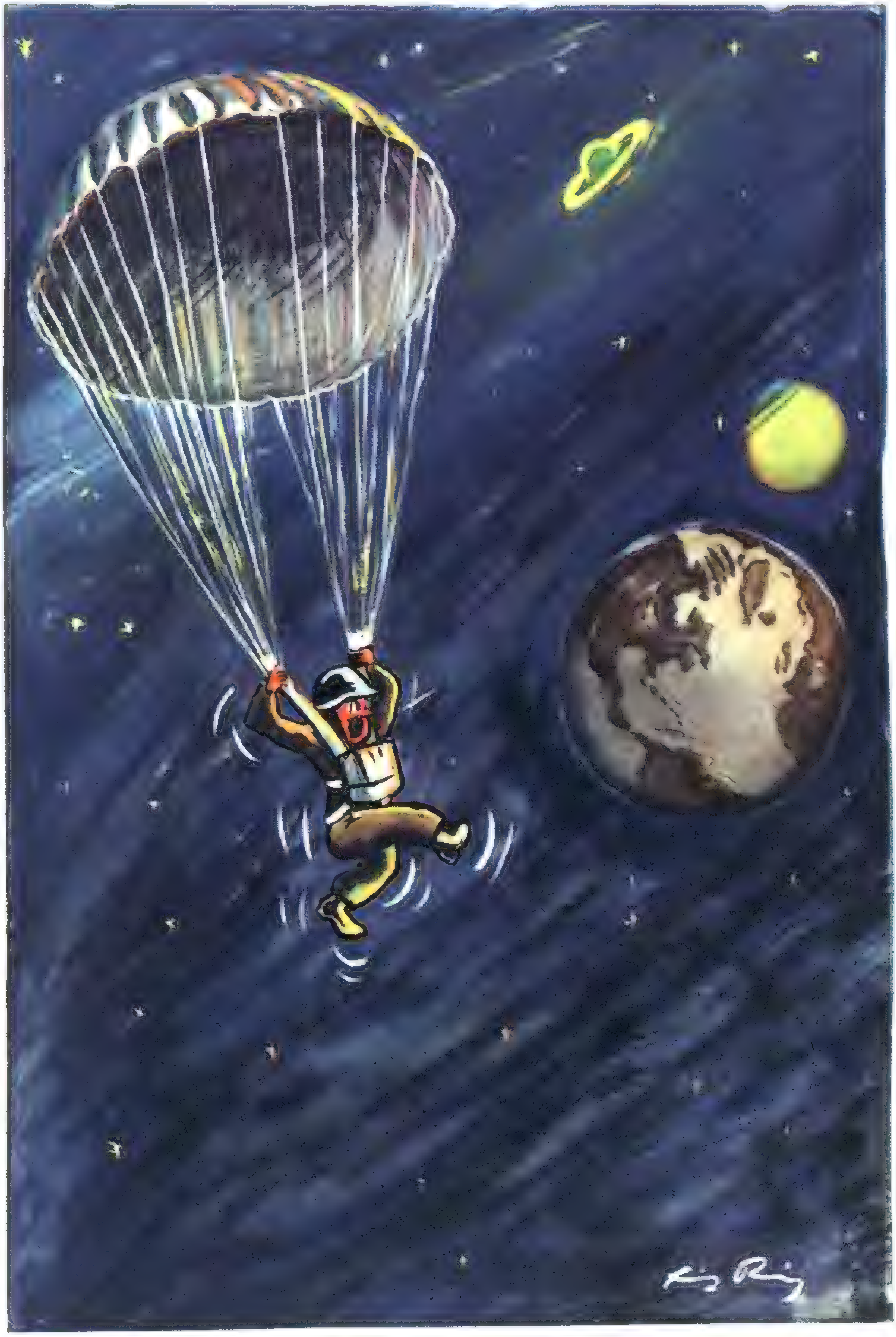
Another is Taylor Douthit, who participated in three World Series as a member of the Cardinals. In 1928 he handled nearly 600 chances in the Card outfield, an all-time record. Taylor now sells insurance for his pork and beans.

Others who reached the pinnacle of sports fame from Oakland

Continued on page 168



"Why don't you watch out where I'm going?"



“Hey!!!”

"It's no use, Sarg—we're outnumbered—Yipppppeeeee!"

Sacrifice at Nabunimbwa

At the shrine of Monze, under a full moon the Ba-Ila celebrate their sinister rites

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

MILK and I were lying on our stomachs on a ledge of rock above a natural amphitheatre. We were concealed by an overhanging shelf and by broken pinnacles. For hours we had crept through swamps infested by deadly green and black mambas and had climbed the cliffs on the Zambesi side in the darkness.

Almost below us on a broad stone altar leaped the flames of a sacrificial fire. Around the center of the amphitheatre sat hundreds of Ba-Ila warriors. Their fierce faces, plastered with white clay, were ghastly masks against the blackness behind them. The firelight gleamed on the points of their extraordinarily long spears and arrows. In the center of the open space on a dark stone sat the chief, his naked body a statue of glistening bronze.

This was the supreme national rite of the Ba-Ila. None but the initiated had ever seen it. One courted death to speak of it. This was Nabunimbwa, sacred shrine of the race. At the full moon at the end of the dry season the chief and the elite of the warriors went to Nabunimbwa to sacrifice to Monze and bring on the rains.

We had left the Ba-Ila town the day before. The Professor and Bomba were in camp far out on the plain. Milk was with me as jungle guide. The Ba-Ila town is at the juncture of the Kafue and Zambesi rivers. I had felt sure that Nabunimbwa was in the rocky point.

From our deep shadow we saw that all the faces below us were turned toward the rocky rim. Dramatically the glittering edge of the moon appeared. The ripple of awe from the circle below communicated itself to us. Milk shuddered and I too was thrilled as the moon ascended, seemed to pause on the rim and gradually soared, mighty and divine, into the sky.

Then the old chief arose in the white glow and in a voice which ascended clearly and resonantly to us began to repeat the ancient legend of his race. In its beginning it was a charming tale of the love of Mandu, son of a long-ago chief, for Bapuca, daughter of Monze, god of the rain. At ritual intervals the circle of warriors broke in with songs of the search of Mandu for Bapuca. The old chief's voice ceased and immediately the warriors took up the story in a long melancholy chant.

At last Bapuca was won and came down the moonrays to meet Mandu in Nabunimbwa. But, alas, the goddess found that the Ba-Ila had grown lax and evil and no longer honored Monze, according to the ancient law. Particularly they neglected to sacrifice to Monze every pair of twins born to the Ba-Ila. So Bapuca fled and great was the despair of Mandu. At last he found her and swore that never again would the Ba-Ila neglect the rites and sacrifices. So Bapuca returned and from thenceforward the Ba-Ila were god-men, children of the goddess; Monze was pleased and sent the rains.

"Look," whispered Milk, "on the stone before the fire." I saw then two tiny figures stretched out on the rock in the shadow of the altar. "Those are the twins," Milk muttered. "The chief will cut their throats at the end of the singing." Up to now I had not believed it. The sight of those two little forms horrified me.

Enormous disk of the moon poured down its light maddeningly. Booming chant of the ritual swung to savagery. The Ba-Ila, being demigods, must keep separate from the common race of men. Monze would send the rains and they would be rich in cattle if they remembered the altar of Monze and did not allow it to thirst.

This was the moment. I was sickened as the two small figures were laid on the black stone. The chief's knife flashed, and two piteous cries reached our ears. The bodies were thrown into the flames. All the space below us was a pandemonium of leaping warriors stretching their spears toward the moon and screeching, "Monze! Monze! We have honored you, Monze! Send us the rain!"

At daylight we were safe. No Ba-Ila would come in sight of the sacred place. We climbed down to the altar and saw the dried blood on the stone. I felt in the ashes and found some small charred bones. "Milk," I cried. "These are kids' bones. These were kids. These are the ritual substitute. Thank Bapuca for sending the Ba-Ila no twins this year."

But Milk was not to be convinced even when I showed him the skulls. "The Ba-Ila always kill twin babies," he said. He still is spreading in Africa the tale of the night he saw the Ba-Ila burn human twins before Monze. ###

"At the U.S.O. in New York they just gave us cigarettes!"

The Lowdown on the Alcatraz Coup

Know the coffee houser by the slow pass, the fumble, other subtleties

by SAMUEL FRY, JR.

Card games always have been played in the back rooms of English pubs and coffee houses. In these battles of the pasteboards few holds were barred. So the verb "to coffee house" has gone around the world of contract bridge to describe card table strategists without inhibitions. The "coffee houser" does not deviate from the rules of bridge, but within the rules he introduces tactics.

Probably the most widely used bit of coffee is the "slow pass," the hesitation when one has almost the values to make a bid. The fumble is used during play. A suit is led and the coffee houser pulls out and puts back several cards before he follows with his singleton. A variant is the fumble without the honor, as if deciding not to play the imaginary high card.

At a six contract, dummy lays down the Ace and a few small trumps. Coffee houser has the King x. He beams at declarer saying, "I suppose with all that you have a hundred honors." This may lead declarer to try to drop the King singleton in the other hand.

The guileless female declarer at a game contract will look at the dummy and remonstrate with her partner for not having gone on for a slam. That is to make defense play careless, in the belief that it is hopeless. Her male counterpart moans when he sees his dummy at a doubled contract. Actually he has a choice of finesses and the defense, feeling safe, makes a mistake so he does not have to guess.

By voice intonations coffee housers can grade a hand accurately. One spade by you, one notrump by your partner, TWO SPADES shows four tricks and is a forcing bid. Two Spades is a sign off.

"I double" for a takeout double and "crack" for a penalty double are old standbys. Consider now some more artistic coffee housing.

A certain expert picked up this hand: ♠—none; ♥—6 3 2; ♦—5 4 3 2; ♣—K 8 5 4 3 2. He was vulnerable. His partner, a stubborn overbidder, opened "One spade." After second hand passed our operative bid one club. The then rules for an insufficient bid compelled him to make his bid sufficient any way he chose, and his partner was barred from further bidding. Our boy bid two clubs. partner couldn't go on. The two clubs were made by good luck instead of the team going down about 1,400 at four spades doubled.

The Alcatraz Coup is in the sphere of bridge masterminding. Its inventor is now in a club where the players have numbers.

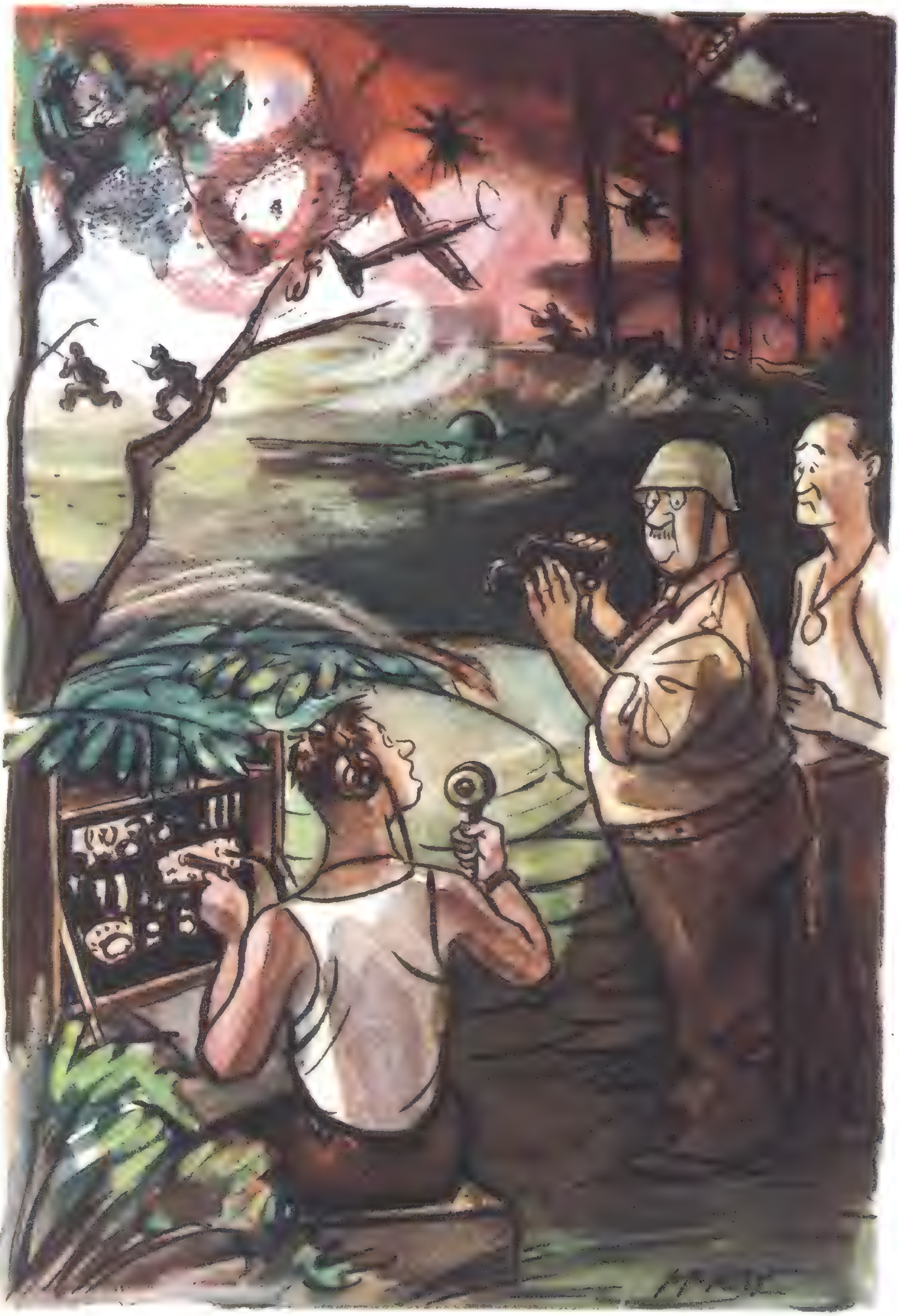
North:	East:
♠ K 2	♠ 8 5
♥ 9 7 6 2	♥ A K Q J 10 4
♦ 8	♦ J 6 5 2
♣ 10 8 7 6 4	♣ 3
South:	West:
♠ A 4	♠ Q J 10 9 7 6 3
♥ 8 5	♥ 3
♦ A K Q 10 9 4 3	♦ 7
♣ A K	♣ Q J 9 5

Our hero sat South. West, not vulnerable, opened with three spades. North pass, East four hearts, and South's five diamonds was the contract. West opened his singleton heart. South had two heart losers. The Jack of diamonds ought to drop on the Ace, King or Queen. Why not find out if West has the diamond Jack? On the bidding the heart lead was a singleton. So when East won the opening lead and continued with a high heart instead of following suit South trumped with the nine of diamonds. West, having no higher trump, discarded a spade. South, under the rules, corrected his revoke with regrets. He played his other losing heart on trick two, won East's club lead on three, entered dummy to the spade King, finessed the diamond ten.

Had his nine of diamonds at trick two been over-ruffed with the Jack, our hero would have corrected his revoke and graciously, because the rules permitted West to replace the Jack in his hand, where it would be under the guns of the three top honors.

The last culprit's opponents had climbed to seven clubs, bid originally on his left. During the bidding he apparently drowsed. Aroused by the close of the contract he led a club out of turn. The declarer, having the right to call a lead, chose another suit. When the dummy went down, declarer saw that his problem was the picking up of the trump Queen. He reasoned that since our pal had led a low trump it wouldn't be from the Queen. So declarer played the Ace of clubs on which all played low and then finessed the Jack through Machiavelli's partner. Our boy roused himself from his coma and pounced on the Jack with the Queen. So the grand slam was lured to defeat by that sleepy, innocent lead out of turn.

Coffee housers know the rules. #



"Sorry, Major, your party in Washington is tied up in a conference on Post-War Economic Problems"

Football's Greatest Backfields

Surveying trends of the game during the past sixty years and naming the best backfields by a five-year plan

by CLARK SHAUGHNESSY

• SPORTS •

In this time when the teamwork of tank crews, bomber crews and Commando and Ranger parties is being stressed, it seems to me reasonable to think in terms of backfields in football in which four men have to work together under conditions of confusion more perfectly, more intricately, and with more precision than any group in any other sport. By adopting a five-year plan, i.e., naming the outstanding backfield of each five-year period of football, we are able to make a quick survey of many of the important trends of the game over the past sixty years, and note the rise and decline of many leading football schools.

To me there never has been a greater backfield combination in football than the Stanford backfield of 1940: Frankie Albert, quarterback; Norman Standlee, fullback; Hugh Gallarneau, right half; and Pete Kmetovic, left half. My contention is that this backfield could accomplish as much using the T-formation as any other backfield could have accomplished in any of the other standard systems—single wing, double wing, short punt, box, etc. I *wouldn't* say that this Stanford backfield playing one of these other systems would rate as one of the great backfields. But it just so happened that their qualifications fitted exactly the requirements of the T style of offense.

First of all there was Albert, a superb ball-handler, a magician with the ball, and a gifted field general; wonderfully observing, courageous to the point almost of foolhardiness, a great left-handed passer and a great kicker. Frankie was not used in this system as a blocker or a ball carrier, assignments in which he would have been at a great disadvantage because he was neither strong nor fast. His talents were primarily those of a fakir; he could fool people; and by temperament he ate up that sort of an assignment.

A typical example of the way Albert ran a team came up in the tough game we had with U.C.L.A. At this stage of the game there was no certainty that we were going to win. We had made an advance to about the U.C.L.A. 30-yard line, where we bogged down; and it stood fourth down and around 12 to go. The question was whether to do the ordinary thing and kick. Albert called a pass to Kmetovic who caught it for a first down. Nobody in the stands, *nobody* agreed with his judgment. To them it was crackpot, unsound football. But of course they didn't know the story.

When they came in, I said to Frankie: "That was quite a play. What was your reason?" I always ask for a reason; if they have a sound reason I call it a good play, even if it misses. If they're doing it sensibly, I'm for the play, no matter how it comes out. "Why didn't you kick?" I asked him.

"Coach," he told me, "if I'd kicked, the chances were I'd gone over the goal. I decided to gamble the ten yards against a first down; besides I felt positive I had that spot open."

At staff school in the Army, I am told, the men to be officers are picked on the general background of "flair and judgment." This play, it seems to me, is a splendid illustration of "flair and judgment."

I have often said that Norman Standlee was one of the greatest players I have ever known or seen. He was a tremendous player, gifted by the gods with a terrific physique, weighing at his best nearly 220; six feet one inch tall, of remarkable speed for so large a man. I think he had the most drive of any plunger in football history. Standlee functioned at his best when he did not have to wait for a direct pass from center. His power and agility were his strengths, and any system in which he could get his power under way without being handicapped by having to catch the ball from center first was the type of offense in which he was at his best.

Pete Kmetovic couldn't block anybody, but he could start like a flash; and after Albert had faked the ball to Standlee, the defense was stretching open holes that Kmetovic could smell; and he would dart through these holes and out into the open. He could spot a hole in a flash and dart for it; and then once in the clear, he was one of the finest open field runners I have ever seen. As a man-in-motion in the T-formation, he was at his very best because of his speed, change of pace and pass catching ability. He had the entire width of the field to roam from side line to side line, and it was impossible for the defense to match a man against him as he roamed from side line to side line looking for an opening to dart into and catch a pass.

The fourth member of this backfield and perhaps from many standpoints the most valuable of all was Hugh Gallarneau, who combined great blocking with wonderful ball carrying ability. He wasn't as shifty as Kmetovic, though he had more speed; he didn't have the crushing momentum of Standlee, but he had ever so much more power than Kmetovic. He was a typical off-tackle runner, with an outstanding knack for starting from scratch for a hole, gathering speed in one stride; and if the hole he was supposed to find was closed and there was an opening a few inches to the right or left he could swerve into that hole as fast as any player who ever lived.

So, with no apologies, I take my Stanford backfield of 1940 for the current period. Going back to the 1935-40 period I am just as quickly "sold" on my quartet.

Ask any Panther football fan to name the greatest backfield in the history of the University of Pittsburgh, and without a dissenting voice the answer will be Harold Stebbins, Dick Cassiano, John Chickerneo and Marshall Goldberg. Checking into the records of these men individually and the records of the team on which they played, it is easy to see why Pittsburgh's Dream Backfield is given such a rating. They played together for two years, 1937 and 1938, rolling up a total score of 416 to 93.

In 1934 Minnesota had one of the strongest power-attack teams in history. There were four ball carriers in that backfield who could hit the line like the recoil of a 16-inch Coast Artillery gun, and all of them had the speed and shiftiness to *go* if they sheared off into the open.

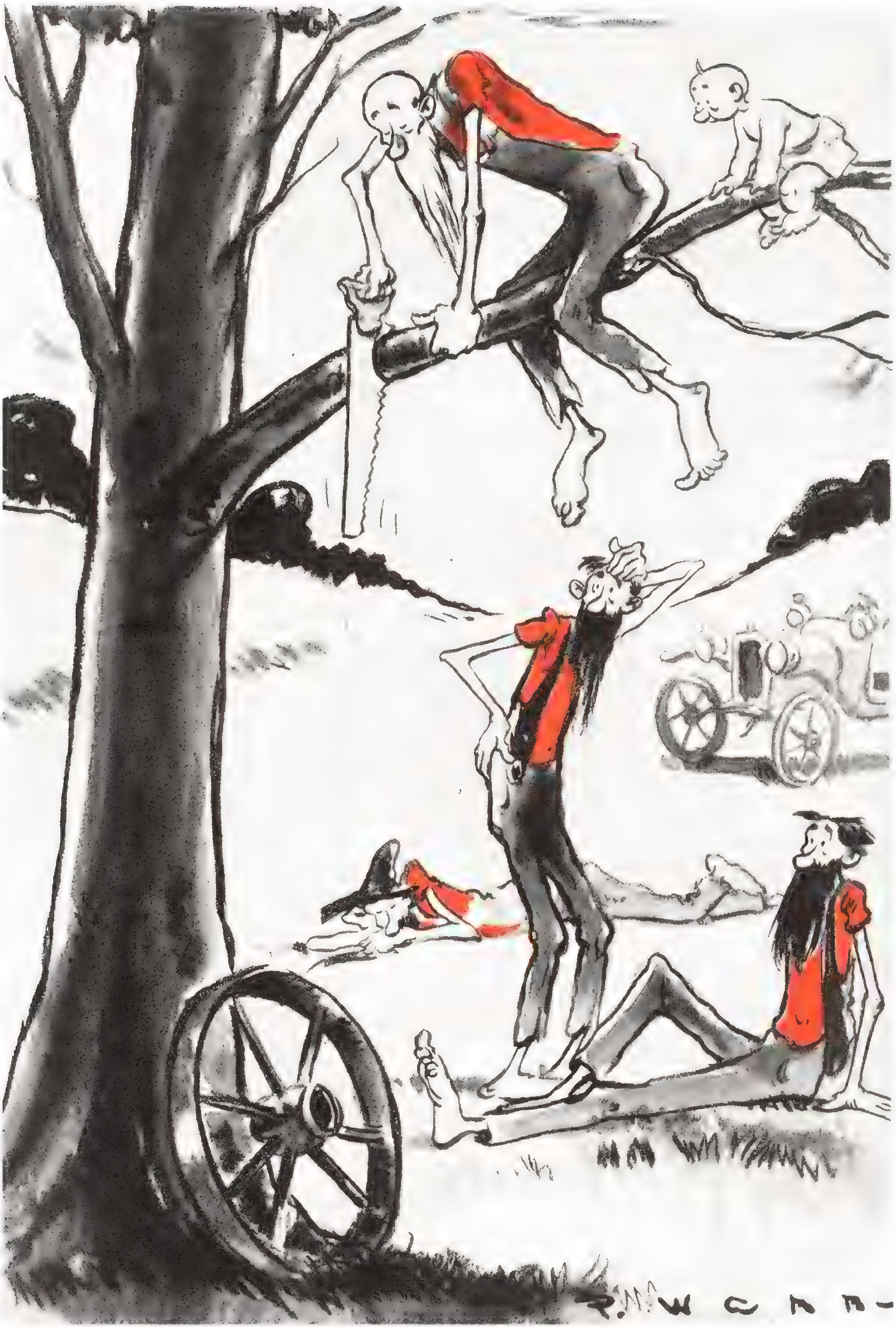
This backfield was led by the splendid quarterback Glen Seidel, an exceptionally smart general and an expert blocker. The heaviest power came from the two smashing fullbacks, Sheldon Beise and Stan Kostka. Add to these at the halfbacks the great Pug Lund and Julius Alphonse and you have a backfield that for a power running attack would be hard to surpass.

For the 1925-30 period I'll take the Dartmouth backfield of 1925. Dartmouth was national champion that year. The team carried on the "brains" game established by the 1924 Green eleven which was Eastern champion. In 1924 Dartmouth could put on the field a team, without one player under second-string rating, every man of which was, then or later, a Phi

Continued on page 125

Frank Beaven
INFORMATION
SALE
INFORMATION

"Isn't Clifton Fadiman in?"



"Gawdamighty! Here kems Maw yellin' her fool head off about somethin'—wonder what's up?"

The Distressing Guest

It was one of those grievous blunders that cannot be forgotten, that torture the sensitive mind like an open wound

by JAMES VALE DOWNIE

FICTION

When I say that I cannot hear the name of Mary Weldin, or of Arthur Brownlea, or even of the town of Middleford, where they live, without a certain dry constriction of the throat and a burning sensation around the eyelids, it is not because Mary chose Arthur instead of me.

When she rejected me to marry Arthur (of the rubber Brownleas, of Middleford) she did it as gently and graciously as she did everything else. No, it was not the brush-off (which I remember with such sharp symptoms), but an incident which took place a few years later.

Although cordially invited to Mary's wedding, I did not attend. I sent a silver tea set. She received twelve tea sets, I learned later. Mine was the least impressive of the lot. The happy couple settled in Middleford. She wrote me a kindly note in acknowledgment of the present.

I did not hear from Mary again. As time went by I realized that she must think that I was angry and resentful. This was not the case and I could not bear that she should feel that way about it. You see, Mary was a very sensitive girl.

I resolved to conquer my natural diffidence and go to see her. The next time I was near Middleford, I got off the train and looked up her address in a telephone book. I found that she lived in a villa in a district called Willow Parkway. A taxi-cab delivered me there about mid-afternoon of a warm September day.

A maid met me at the door and conducted me to a perfectly appointed living room on the right. The house was a comfortable brick and timber dwelling set in the middle of grass lawn and shrubbery. It conveyed an impression of wealth and architectural taste in every line, nook and angle. The interior of the long, darkened room was quite in keeping. There were a few good pictures, books, comfortable chairs. I saw a deep brown leather chair of simple lines, with broad, low over-stuffed arms and a deep, soft cushion—a noble chair. I'm something of a connoisseur of chairs.

I sank into the brown chair.

It was all I had expected.

Then Mary came in. I arose and bowed.

She received me graciously—warmly. I was instantly glad I had come—berated myself soundly for not coming for a visit sooner.

"Of course, you'll stay, Charles—Arthur will be home for dinner, I think . . . If not—I shall need you all the more."

I hadn't expected to, but I did stay. A messenger brought my bag from the depot.

We were still in the living room an hour later when I heard a car in the drive and presently Arthur Brownlea entered through a French door at the back of the room. He seemed to be glad to see me.

A Pekingese romped in after Arthur, leapt on Mary's lap. She caught the dog in her arms, eagerly. It had a silken brown pelt—about the color of the chair in which I had been sitting.

"Darling, Chinky! Are you glad to see me?" she cried. The small animal wriggled happily, barked delicately, almost artificially, like a squawking toy. I don't care much for lap dogs.

"I must show Charles to his room," said Mary, rising.

"Of course," agreed Arthur Brownlea. "Where are you going to put him—in the Ducal Suite?"

"Now, Arthur."

The room into which Mary conducted me was furnished in turquoise blue and silver. The walls were covered with blue damask. The deep piled Persian rug, the tapestry and silver of the couch and chair were in perfect harmony with the other appointments. There was a bath with a sunken turquoise blue tub, turquoise tile, chromium fittings. I caught a glimpse of an alcove lounge, with an aluminum book rack in a triple windowed bay.

I sat down gingerly in one of the chromium chairs, which proved to be more substantial than I had feared, and opened my bag. I took out my pipe and pouch, but returned it to the bag on second thought. I could not take the risk of spilling tobacco on that rug.

Dinner was a delightful meal. I began to feel more at my ease. Mary and her husband were people of infinite discernment and tact. The evening passed pleasantly. At midnight I went to bed thoroughly glad I had come.

I undressed and pulled the chain of the switch on the bed lamp. I must have pulled too hard, for the chain pulled out of the socket without lighting the bulb. I was obliged to turn off the other lights at the switch inside the chamber door and feel my way across the room in darkness to the silken softness of that damask couch.

The night was warm. There was a threat of storm in distant thunder. I had decided against opening a window because of the danger of rain blowing in on the rug.

I awoke at some hour between midnight and dawn—probably about two or three o'clock. I was very warm—and thirsty.

I reached for the chain of the bed light, then remembered that the switch was out of order.

The room was pitch dark. The parted curtain of the double window showed a wedge of blue-black sky. Nothing else in the apartment was distinguishable.

It was necessary to get to the bathroom for a glass of water—but at that point I remembered, I thought, seeing a thermos pitcher (turquoise blue) on the night stand, a few feet from the bed.

I got up carefully and fumbled among the articles upon the table.

I did not encounter the round shape of the pitcher, but my fingers jostled some other glass object and I felt the liquid contents of what I believed to be a small drinking glass on my hand.

I was disturbed at the thought that I had spilled water on the table. Some of it would certainly drip on the rug. I must get a towel from the bathroom at once and sop it up!

Nervously I stumbled to the wall and began to feel my way about the room toward the switch beside the entrance. I could think of no other certain way of reaching my objective.

I proceeded with the utmost care, keeping my fingers against the wall and using it as a guide. Presently, I reached the double window. My fingers swept the silken hangings, then found the wall beyond. Ultimately, I found the door frame—the button. I pressed it and a soft light filled the chamber.

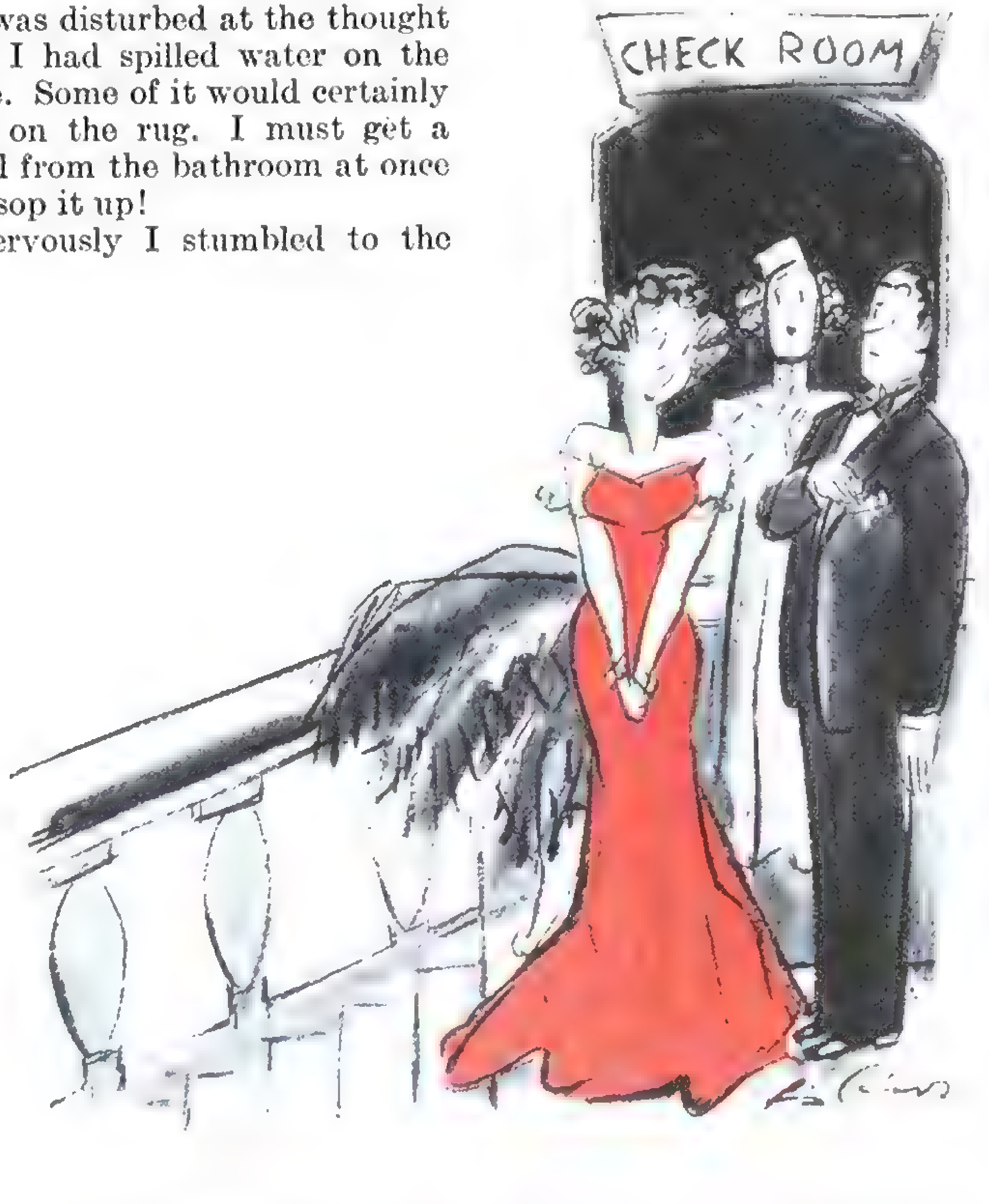
My blood froze as my throbbing eyes swept the trail of devastation I had left behind.

I had upset an inkwell on the stand. Part of the contents had flowed over the edge of the table upon the rug.

The marks of my inky fingers led almost without a break from the table to the door. The wall covering and the window hangings were ruined.

I staggered into the bathroom

Continued on page 164



"Do you mind if we don't dance—I'm barefoot to save my shoes"

The Talking Machine—Sensational!

Besides symphony and swing music, records offer such diversion as Willie Howard's *French in a Hurry* and Barrymore's *Hamlet*

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

I HAVE some relatively good news for those who believe that live musicians will never take the place of the phonograph. Relatively good, because at this moment the future of the industry is in the if-any stage; I am not going to get involved in the argument which now burdens the most subtle minds of our government: whether it's a strike or not; whether anyone has jurisdiction if it is or is not a strike, and so forth.

The good news is that the quality of recording which necessarily went down about a year and a half ago has now come up, virtually to pre-war levels. The new materials, which had to be used when shellac grew scarce, gave you surface noises which no engineer could laugh off; generally they say it's your needle or dust in the grooves; but now they look back and say that the new substances couldn't take the recording as cleanly as the old reliable shellac. Gradually refinements were made; your current records are, or should be, all right.

Another point: the major companies are all recording at about the same level. The juke box is the great equalizer, here. It was bound to come; if a C record followed a V or D record in the box, and the volume control was not flexible, then the C record might be inaudible half way down the restaurant, while the D might have blasted into the next street. You get uniformity now, or nearly, without much loss of individuality.

With this good news goes the bad news that for a time at least I am going to be responsible for the listing of records in this high-grade family-type magazine. Since I shall not be entirely guided by the selling qualities of the records, this listing may take on a faint personality; and I might as well explain a few operational standards.

First: the techniques of recording have reached such a pitch of perfection that you can implicitly trust all of the major companies to give you good jobs. This does not eliminate differences, because as the techniques improve, the delicate human element becomes more and more important. Your microphones are sensitive—therefore placing them in exactly the right position, turning their face a half an inch one way or the other, opening a fourth while three others are in action without destroying a delicate balance—all these are jobs for a highly trained sound-engineer. However, all the major companies have top-rate men. And studios with excellent acoustics. If Stokowski goes from Victor to Columbia and there is a change, the difference is bound to be ninety per cent due to experiments Stokowski will make. The companies use different devices—the cutting point may vary by a thousandth part, the materials of the record-blank may be in different proportions—but only an expert with a supersensitive and slightly morbid ear will know the difference.

That the level (of production) is high you may take for granted since a true critic, Ernest Newman, tells you so. "*Now*," he says, "an orchestra really sounds like an orchestra. . . . Records bring with them the very blood and nerves of the orchestra . . ." "*Now*" was in 1926 when contemporary methods of recording began to come in. They have been a thousand times improved since then. And Lawrence Gilman, the most sensitive of American critics, wrote: "I derive far more pleasure from hearing a first-rate phonograph record of a superlative performance than from hearing an 'actual' performance of ordinary quality." Gilman was considered a conservative in music; he fought me to a standstill over jazz, which was then a subject of controversy; he held out against Whiteman and Gershwin and the *Rhapsody in Blue*. But he did recognize the profound significance of recorded music. And since I am not peculiarly devoted to serious music in these reports, let me end that section with another quotation from Gilman. He wrote in the introduction to the Encyclopedia of Recorded Music (an invaluable publication of the Gramophone Shop) the following:

"It does seem a trifle absurd, when you come to think of it, that music critics will gather in a concert hall to assess the qualities of a performance of Brahms' C Minor Symphony heard only by the occupants of an auditorium that holds, at the most, about 3,000 listeners, while they remain indifferent to the merits or defects of a recorded performance of that masterwork which is in process of nation-wide distribution, and of potential interest to every music lover who owns a phonograph. And does it not seem equally absurd that we make a point of reviewing a new composition by an eminent modern composer if it is introduced at Carnegie Hall before an audience of two or three thousand, but pay no heed whatever to it if a radio orchestra broadcasts its première exclusively (and the word is here delightfully comic) to ten million listeners sitting in their homes?"

I said I wasn't peculiarly concerned with classical music; the fact is I am not exclusively interested in music at all. My earliest memories of records are positively Pleistocene; someone brought an apparatus with long tubes and ear pieces to the village and I heard—and ran shrieking from—a voice. It said, "Eddy-sonn Rec-orrd" and that was enough for me . . . Later I heard *Cohen on the Telephone*. Last year I heard a first-rate woman comedian do a comic recitation which was no better—so I suppress her name. But I have also heard Willie Howard's *French in a Hurry*, which makes me believe that the future of the comic record is safe. (So long as Mr. Howard carries on, he gives you the sensation that the future of the world is pretty good, too.)

If you look around you will discover that the swing orchestras, the highbrow conductors and chamber music groups, the records of current hits by current husky-voiced girls, may be the quantitative bulk of the major catalogues; but each of them has special sections; and these specialties are the makings of a grand entertainment. The variety runs from John Barrymore's *Hamlet*, in part, to John Gielgud's *Importance of Being Earnest* (these are Victor) through the impressive Decca collection of "sepia" recordings (Negro groups) and Columbia's international lists which will take you anywhere around the world. In addition, there are re-issues. The old, mechanically-made recordings are sometimes capable of excellent reproduction electronically, and the lost masters can come back to earth for a space.

Oddly enough, the search for lost items is chiefly concerned with old jazz. Here is a subject on which I dare not say a word. Anyone may make an error in judgment as between Koussevitsky's Bach and Kostelanetz's Gershwin—and get away with it; but the pedants of swing are so fanatic that they threaten you with ostracism and mayhem if you say barrelhouse when they say growl. The language of swing has defeated me and all I have to say, I

Continued on page 140

GOLDEN MOULD

Julie London, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

JULIE LONDON, born Gale Roberts seventeen years ago in San Bernardino, California. Julie because she looks more like a Julie than a Gale. And London because it is a name that stands for courage—something to live up to.

Only child of actor parents, she went on the air at the age of three and out-Dietriched Dietrich giving imitations of Marlene in "The Blue Angel." Mama said her little girl wasn't going to be a second Davis or Dietrich—she could just wait until she had what it took to be a Julie London.

Julie is waiting but not with idle hands. She is studying dramatics, singing and dancing as well as photography, thanks to her actor parents having left the footlights to stand behind cameras.

All this striving to be the one thing in the world she is determined to be takes money. This summer when she was swinging the overhead selling haberdashery in a Hollywood shop Henry Waxman came in to buy a tie!

Julie's favorite food is corn on the cob. She doesn't eat the white of eggs but puts them on her face. Thinks it the height of ingratitu to be blessed with a semblance good looks (understatement) an not take care of them. She doesn drink and only smokes when sh needs a prop to give her pois Says seventeen is a trying age. is the time when you think pr found thoughts and blush easily.

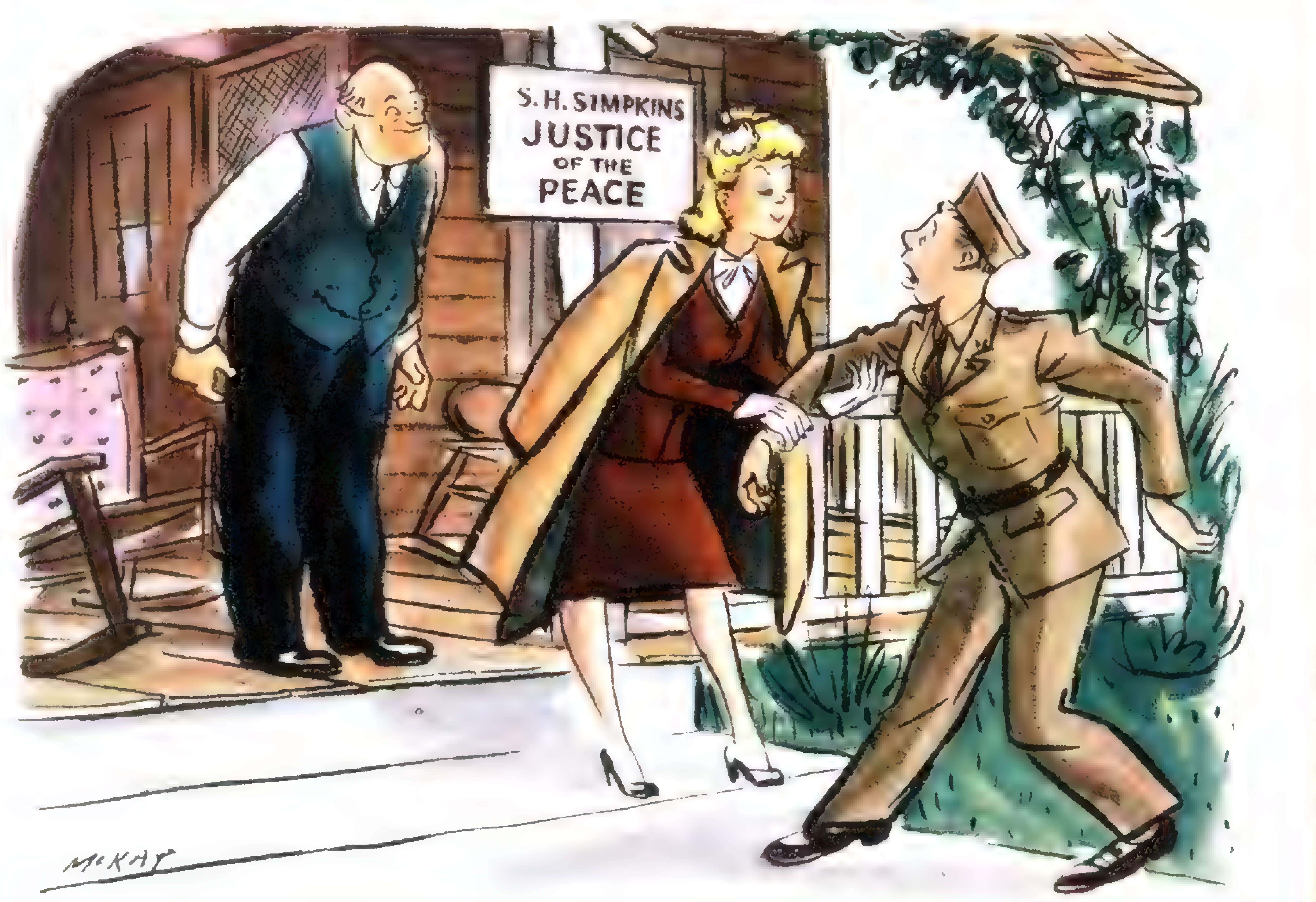
She likes simple and femini clothes, isn't in the least athlet and likes men who are gentleme Her definition of that term limi the field. "A gentleman is a ma who isn't a wolf."

She has a lot of good "acquain ances" in the Armed Forces b insists she would rather be a o man wallet girl than be voted regiment's favorite pin up.

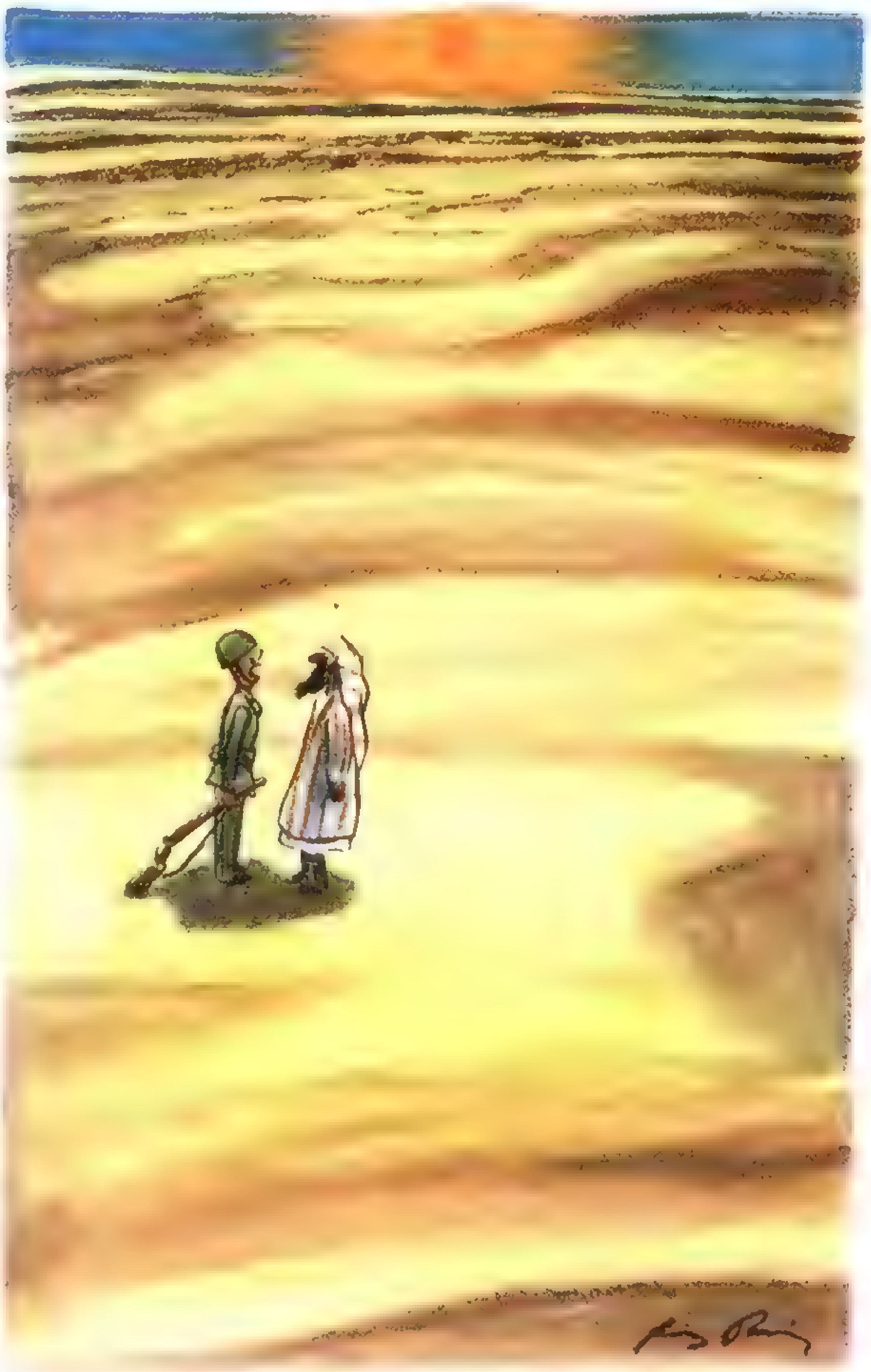
Her choices among current no els are Rebecca and The Robe her favorite movie Citizen Kan her ditto actor Orson Welles. An the part she is going to one da play is Ellie May in Tobac Road. That to her is the ultimat in acting—to spellbind an aud ence with a dirty face.

Vital statistics: *Height:* 5 fe 2 inches; *Weight:* 108 lbs.; *Bust:* *Waist:* 23; *Hips:* 33.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WA



"You're putting words in my mouth—all I said was, 'You're a cute number'!"



"You know any dames in the neighborhood?"

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE ▶

The face and fortune of Carmel Fitzgerald

PERHAPS this is one for Ripley. Or maybe it's just modern design. Anyway, Carmel Fitzgerald is the name. And it happened one night. That night Miss Fitzgerald was walking casually by a Madison Avenue newsstand in Manhattan, properly flanked by the right male entourage. Suddenly she stopped, took a long look and counted up to seven. Yes—that was her own face simultaneously smiling out at her from seven different magazine covers. Only in America is it possible for a girl, at one and the same time, to be a WAVE, a WAC, a Red Cross nurse, a sweater girl, a telephone operator, a bride and a glamour girl. And even in America, only one girl has ever registered her image in septuplicate on the public mind—that girl is Carmel Fitzgerald.

Long before that night, Miss Fitzgerald had received tangible intimations—among them a five figure earning capacity—that she had arrived in modeldom at that pleasant peak where a girl may indulge herself, between rhumbas, in a moderately self-satisfied sigh. Although she has been a Powers model for only a few years, she has been a cover girl nineteen times, has modeled the highest of high fashions and has been a WAC and a WAVE seven times each. Since shaking the dust of Louisville, Kentucky, from her functional feet, Carmel has traveled a long, long way—and she has just started.

Miss Fitzgerald on men: "Almost without exception men are protective—if a girl wants to be protected. There's no such thing as a wolf. All a lamb has to do is bleat and all bets are off. Sometimes you can even get the meanie to slap his own wrist.

"My minimum specifications for a well-rounded companion are that he be informed on at least one serious subject and one light subject. But the discussion shouldn't be a one-way street. A girl has her interests and plans also. But when it comes to romance, that's where the man should do all the talking—and he should learn to put some conviction into it too."

Vital statistics: *Model Agency:* John Robert Powers; *Age:* 22; *Height:* 5'9" with heels; *Weight:* 120; *Waist:* 24"; *Bust:* 34"; *Hips:* 35".

WILLIAM RITTER PHOTOGRAPH

First Nights & Passing Judgments

If play producers give a damn about making this member of the audience happy, they can skip the following

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

By way of amplifying my last month's departmental critical bit toward improving the new season's theatre and making everybody a little happier, I propose that the following characters, scenes, dialogue, settings, stage business, etc., be promptly edited out of any plays which may be scheduled for production:

1. Simple interior sets, otherwise perfectly all right which, for no good reason and merely because their designers can't resist a little artistic self-expression, include such stairways as have seldom been encountered outside the Palazzo Vespucci or an old-time St. Louis sporting house, and which, when the plain, everyday characters come down them, suggest the big throne room scene in the old road production of *In the Palace of the King* with Emil, the local butcher's boy hired as an extra, grandly making his entrance as one of the Dukes.

2. The black dresses invariably insisted upon in the case of the older female characters in serious Russian plays.

3. "Freedom! Freedom is a curious thing, Herman—you do not get up every morning saying, 'Ah! I am free!' You do not even think about it perhaps, but it is part of a man, as much as living and breathing. It is the very spirit of a man. To live where there is freedom—that is the greatest thing in the world. If America meant liberty before, think what it means now!"

4. Detective characters generally cast with actors who look like Millard Mitchell or George Abbott, both of whom look alike. I enjoy a wide acquaintance with detectives, at least one hundred of them, and the only one I have ever laid eyes on who looked even remotely like Mitchell or Abbott is Conrad Rothengast, Commanding Officer of the Third Detective District. The others look a great deal more like Harry Hopkins, Xavier Cugat or H. L. Mencken.

5. Scenes in which a Christmas tree figures.

6. "I am afraid dinner will be getting cold."

7. Lover characters who somehow imagine they heighten their romantic appeal by wearing shirts so slouchy that the late Heywood Broun would have declined to appear in public in them.

8. Large clusters of yellow flowers (they are always yellow) on grand pianos.

9. Male characters on the mild and taciturn side who wax profusely philosophical and exude cynical epigrams immediately they have had a couple of highballs.

10. Young floozie characters wearing short skirts that tightly embrace their hinterparts and who interpret their roles by crossing their legs three inches above the knees and dangling red handbags big enough to hold the books of the Corn Exchange Bank.

11. Blank verse spoken by actors whose previous jobs in the theatre have been confined to plays like *Is Zat So?*, *Call Me Ziggy*, and *Brooklyn Biarritz*.

12. Punning play titles like *Comes the Revelation*, *Crime Marches on*, *Wife Insurance*, *City Haul*, *Love, Honor and Betray*, *Little Orchid Annie*, *The Cinderellative*, etc., which the past dozen years' records show have condemned a play to failure before it opens.

13. Doctor characters who, examining other characters with stethoscopes screwed tightly into their ears, seem to be able to hear clearly everything that is being said.

14. "You believe in the goodness of human nature, don't you?"

15. Any more plots about someone who mistakes an innocent institution for a bawdy house, or vice versa.

16. Stage sets for mystery plays or melodramas which include some peculiar, eerie object that causes an audience to wonder how it will figure in the action and that, upon the final curtain's fall, is found not to have figured in it at all.

17. "It's easy to sit in this drawing-room and be smug about the survival of the fittest—especially when you're convinced you're one of the fittest. But there are millions who won't concede you that superiority. There are millions who are demanding the right to live! They may demand it one day at the cost of your complacency!"

18. Members of the R.A.F. who after prolonged and nerve-shattering bombing raids are still more overflowing with joyous animal spirits than Betty Hutton.

19. *He goes to the door, hesitates, slowly returns.* "You won't reconsider?"

She shakes her head. He extracts a cigarette from his case, meditatively taps it several times, lights it, puffs at it a moment and, straightening his shoulders in a show of self-control, slowly retraces his steps to the door and exits.

20. Female characters named Chiquita, clanking with jewelry.

21. "Den don't gimme any a dat crap! What da hell did yuh tink I wuz gonna do? Hang around dis dump waitin' fer Santa Claus tuh take care a me, fer Chris' sake. Looka you! What a yuh got? Six years yuh went tuh college an' what da hell a yuh got? A lousy handout a thoity bucks a week! Not fer me! Yeah, I got mine, but I *took* it!"

22. Excessively genial female Negro servants.

23. Male Chinese servants who, though they allow they have lived in America for all of twenty-five years, still pronounce it "velly."

24. Actors called upon to play the piano who, in following the one being played off-stage, manipulate their fingers in such wise that, instead of seeming to play a Chopin nocturne as they are supposed to, appear to everybody in the audience who knows the piano to be playing *The Beer Barrel Polka*.

25. "You wouldn't dare!"

"Wouldn't dare *what?*"

"Wouldn't dare come out with it! With what's going on in that devilish mind of yours. It's a lie! A *lie*, I tell you! And I can prove it!"

26. The off-stage sound effect of an approaching automobile, which frequently sounds like an approaching, mooing cow with a vacuum cleaner.

27. Sitting Room of the Black Pheasant Inn, Grindle Moor, North Yorkshire, at Whitsuntide.

28. Nazi soldiers who under all circumstances stand as stiffly and grimly erect as pokers, in contrast to soldiers of the United Nations who invariably let themselves go and be comfortable.

29. Dogs who, when brought onto the stage, fix their eyes on the audience and cynically keep them there until it is time for them to be led off.

30. "You must be an atheist, Doctor."

"Because I don't believe in statistics—the new God?"

31. Actors in the roles of authors, professors, etc., who believe that tweeds make them look more manly and intellectual.

32. Comical policemen.

33. Child actresses with more makeup on than a French streetwalker.

34. Middle-aged extras in the roles of young American soldiers who look as if they were victims of acute arthritis complicated with

Continued on page 137

BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

The Telephone Scene from *The Doughgirls*

N A MOOD of cheerful foolishness, one Joseph Fields sat down and ashed off a laugh epic called *The oughgirls*—all about the black agic department of wartime Vashington. After you've sat hrough three rollicking acts, ou're willing to okay that memo hat says that even a General can ake time out for love. Director eorge S. Kaufman gave the cript an extra tickle in the ribs, roducer Max (Midas) Gordon rought it to life, and it has been unning to capacity houses since.

The piece of business going on ere concerns the complications rising out of the Grade-A Sex ppeal of Arleen Whelan, not to ention a couple of other ornaental people visibly interested in he three M's—men, matrimony nd money. Miss Whelan is decribed at one point as "the girl ho brought the long low whistle ack to the lips of men." It wasn't lways thus. A year ago, she was a ere movie starlet. One day, hile she was sunning herself in ollywood, Joseph Fields walked with the script of *The Doughrls* under his Superman sweatshirt. Arleen, who can read and write, took one look at the racy role of Vivian and shuffled off to Broadway, where the show moved her into the big time. Now Hollywood moguls call her long distance, but she isn't having any.

Arlene Francis, the Russian sniper who gives the play its dash of vodka, is perhaps one of the two most prominent Armenians in America. In addition to being an appetizing addition to the current theatre scene, Miss Francis rates high as a radio ad libber. She was the mainstay in the *What's My Name?* program and is crashing through again in *Blind Date*.

Virginia Field, the blonde with the pomp and pajamas, is an English importation. She has just been naturalized but was long ago Americanized. She comes into the theatre out of the top drawer, and has acted in the Reinhardt Theatre. That leaves us with Doris Nolan, at which no one can complain. Miss Nolan played the lead in the Al Woods show *The Night of January 16th* and the West Coast lead in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*.

N ABBOT PHOTOGRAPH

Ambassador of Billiards

Peterson, world's fancy shot champion, says anyone can learn the green table sport by mastering six easy rudiments

by CHUCK DUVAL

• ARTICLE •

To most people billiards is a game played with a cue, three balls and green chalk on a five by ten foot table with rubber cushions and green cloth cover.

To Charles C. Peterson, however, billiards is Life. Pete plays billiards, works billiards, talks billiards, teaches billiards and has the greatest fund of billiard information, in or out of books.

Since Pearl Harbor, Peterson has confined his exhibitions to military and naval posts almost entirely. From December 7, 1941, through June of 1943, he traveled 75,000 miles to put on 1,239 exhibitions at 334 Army camps, Naval and Marine posts, Coast Guard stations and air bases. In one day, he played fourteen exhibitions at Mather Field in California, starting at 9:30 a. m. and concluding at 10:30 p. m. His largest single audience was 3,600 soldiers at Camp Maxey in Texas.

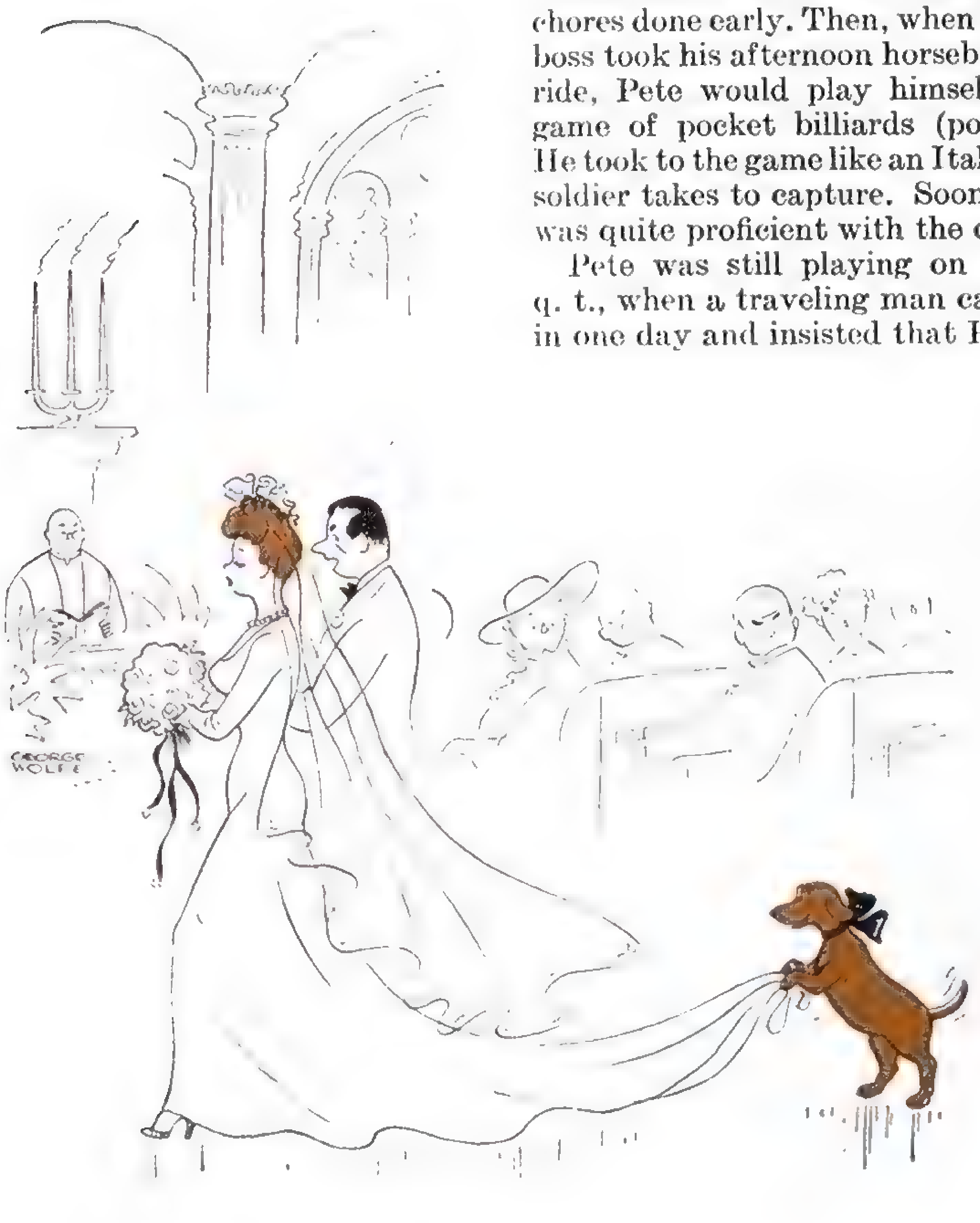
Peterson not only boasts, "Show me a shot I can't make," but makes good his boast on the billiard table. His amazing mastery over billiard balls and his uncanny ability to defy the laws of motion have won him the title "world's fancy shot champion," and included in his repertoire of tricks is an "impossible shot." Watching him make the latter shot recently, Willie Hoppe, long-time champion at all phases of billiards, remarked: "Pete's the only guy in the world that makes that shot."

Like Hoppe, who was exposed to billiards as a youth in his father's hotel, Pete also came upon the game in a hotel—the Republican House in Milwaukee—some fifty years ago. He was fourteen at the time.

Peter entered the hotel business as an elevator boy, tugging on a cable to start and stop the lift. A couple of days later, the chore boy in the billiard room was fired and Pete took over, with implicit instructions that he was to handle the broom, the mop and the table brush but *not* the cues.

The green table sport, however, was too much of a temptation and Pete worked extra hard to get his chores done early. Then, when the boss took his afternoon horseback ride, Pete would play himself a game of pocket billiards (pool). He took to the game like an Italian soldier takes to capture. Soon he was quite proficient with the cue.

Pete was still playing on the q. t., when a traveling man came in one day and insisted that Pete join him in a game. Despite the boss's warning, the traveling man prevailed and Pete began to play.



"Phyllis—I want you to promise you'll forget all about the circus once we're married"

Pete won the first game and the traveling man said: "Let's saw off."

"What do you mean?" asked the green Peterson.

"Well, I owe for this game," explained the traveling man. "The loser of the next game pays for two. The loser of the third game pays for three, and so on."

When the traveling man called it quits, Pete had five dollars of his dough—a five-dollar gold piece to be exact. Pete, since he felt that he was playing for the house, turned the five dollars over to the boss's brother, certain that his job was gone.

He didn't see the boss the rest of that day, but he got to work an hour early the next morning. By the time the proprietor arrived Pete had the billiard room as shiny as the five-dollar gold piece he had won the day before.

Instead of getting the tongue lashing he expected, plus the bounce, the boss said:

"Listen, kid, it's all right for you to play for the house, but make sure you have your work done first."

That was all right with Pete. He decided to make billiard play his work. He soon became the local champ around Milwaukee and he won a few state and sectional meets. In the meantime, he became exposed to carom billiards. About the time he enlisted as a soldier in the Spanish-American War, he decided that carom billiards—balkline—was to be his game.

His idols at the time were Jake Schaefer, Sr., the Wizard, who was so good they had to change the game of billiards to make things more even for his opponents; and Frank Ives, the Little Napoleon of the Ivories, who went to England and because of his skill made the British revolutionize their style of game.

It was about that time, too, that Pete heard of the rail nurse, a billiard technique which allows the player to "nurse" the balls along the rail, keeping them in position, and counting high runs. Schaefer, the Wizard, was so skilled at the rail nurse that he counted 3,000 consecutive points in 1890 or thereabouts, whereupon officials of the billiard association devised the game of balkline, a much more difficult pastime, which does away with the rail nurse.

Anyway, Pete wanted to learn the rail nurse, so when a Professor Lawson walked into the billiard room one day, Pete welcomed him with open arms. The professor wanted to put on an exhibition for money, but Pete said it wasn't possible, since the manager complained that the fans stood up on the chairs and tables during exhibitions and scuffed up the furniture.

"But," Pete said, "if you're that good, how about teaching me the rail nurse?"

The fellow said, "Okay, but it'll cost you five dollars. And I must have the money before the lesson."

Pete produced the five spot, but just to make sure, he asked the professor to prove he knew what it was all about on the billiard table.

The professor placed the balls on the table and explained a few shots, and then remarked:

"Here's a trick shot I invented. I'm the only man in the world who can make it."

Pete was duly impressed, but just then another fellow walked in and Pete hustled over to serve him. He nearly fainted with surprise when he discovered the newcomer was the great Frank Ives, the fellow who trimmed the British at their own game.

"Mr. Ives," Pete hailed him, "there's a fellow over here who said he invented this shot and that he's the only man in the world who can make it."

Without answering, Ives placed the balls on the table for the shot and made it on the first try. Pete then turned around to question Lawson, only to find that the professor and Pete's five dollars had disappeared.

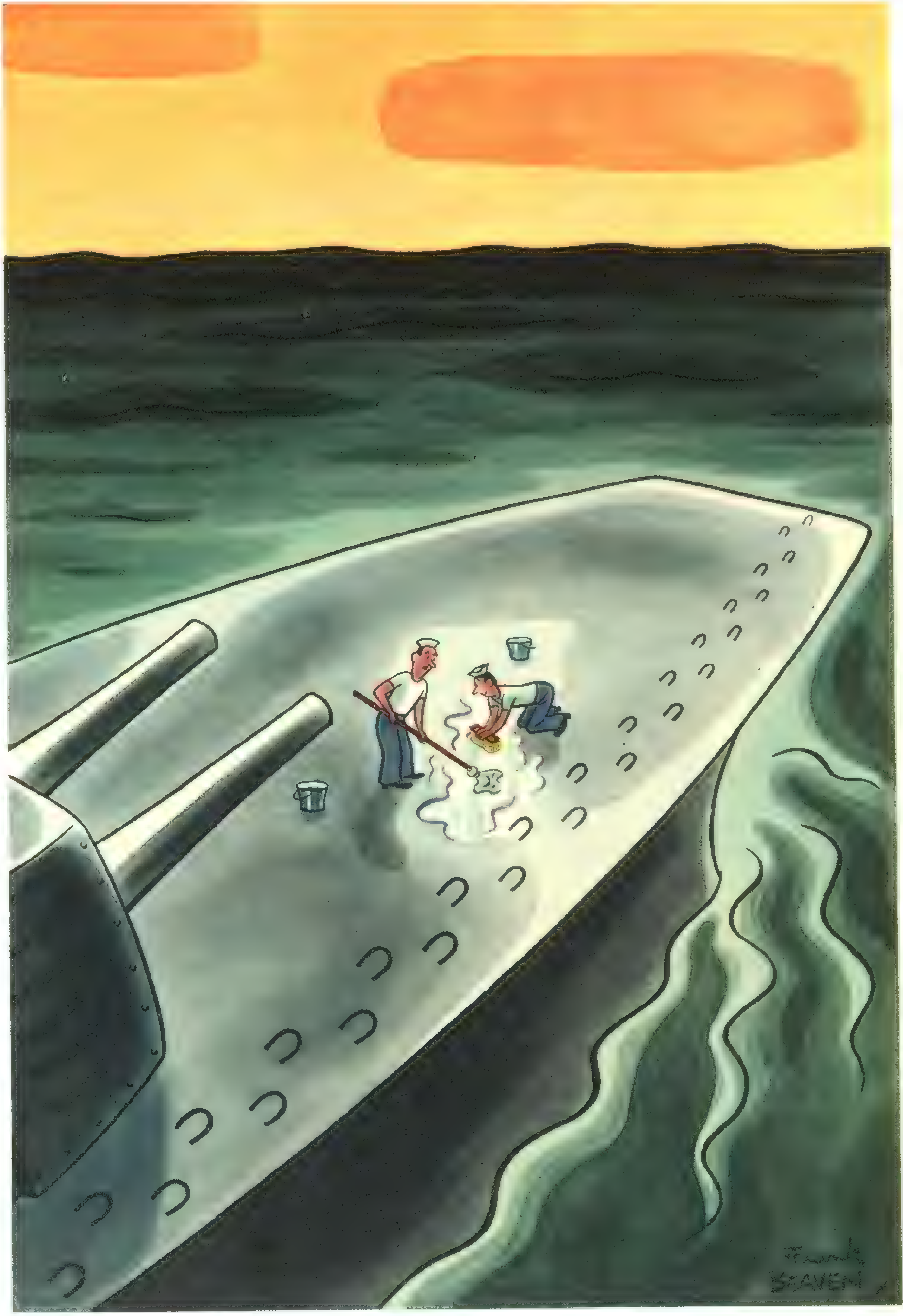
"That was my first billiard lesson," Pete recalls.

His second "lesson" came from Ives. After he told Ives about the professor making off with his fin, Ives said: "The rail nurse is simple. All you have to do is keep the balls together." Without another word, he picked up his cane and left the room.

Pete eventually learned the rail nurse and a few years later received many valuable billiard tips from Schaefer, the Wizard—the only star player around the turn of the century, according to Pete, who would disclose his billiard tricks to a novice.

Mark Twain, Pete recalls, was a dyed-in-the-wool billiard fan

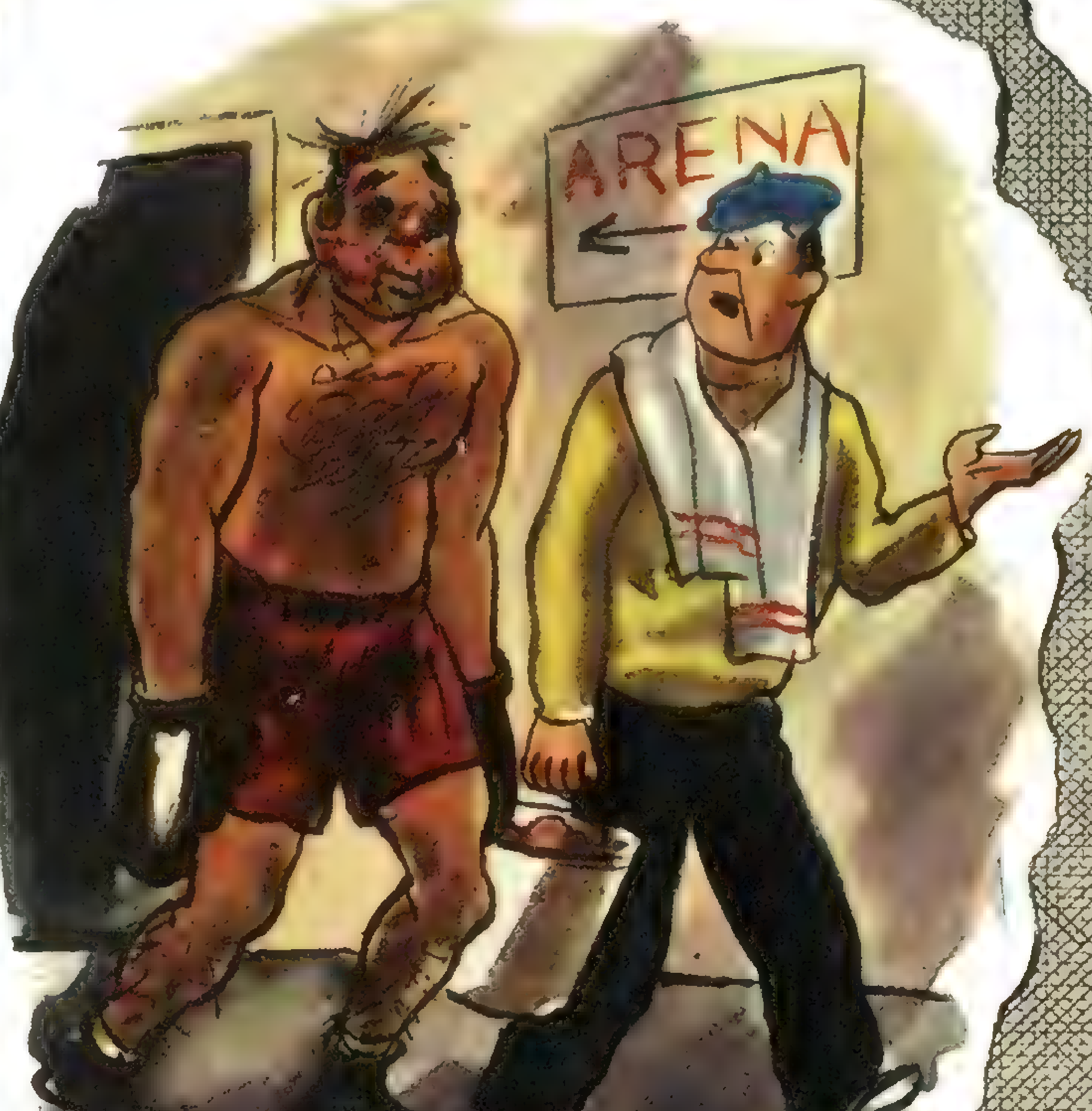
Continued on page 153



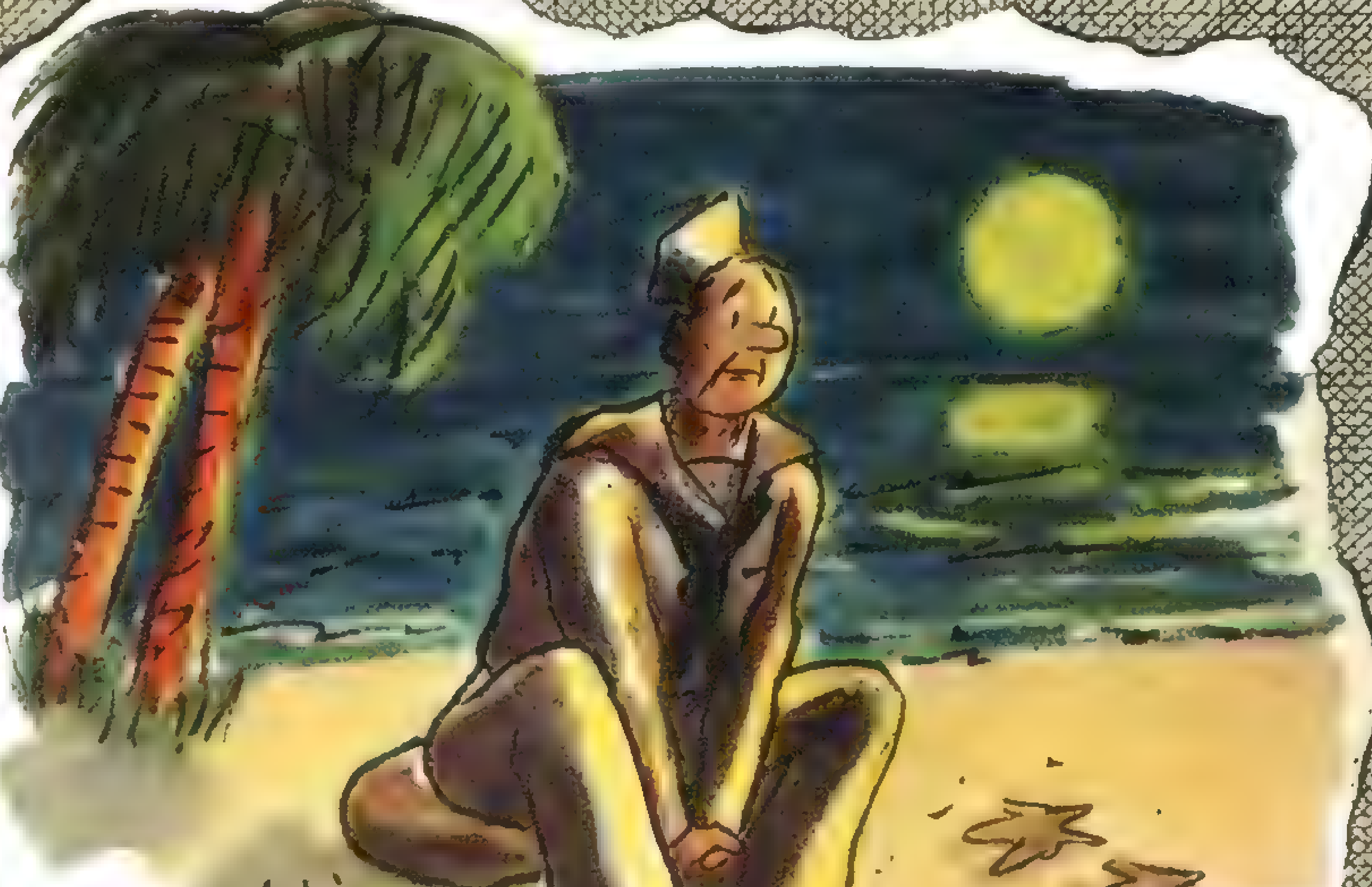
"Hey, Moe—look!"

They Laugh Who Win

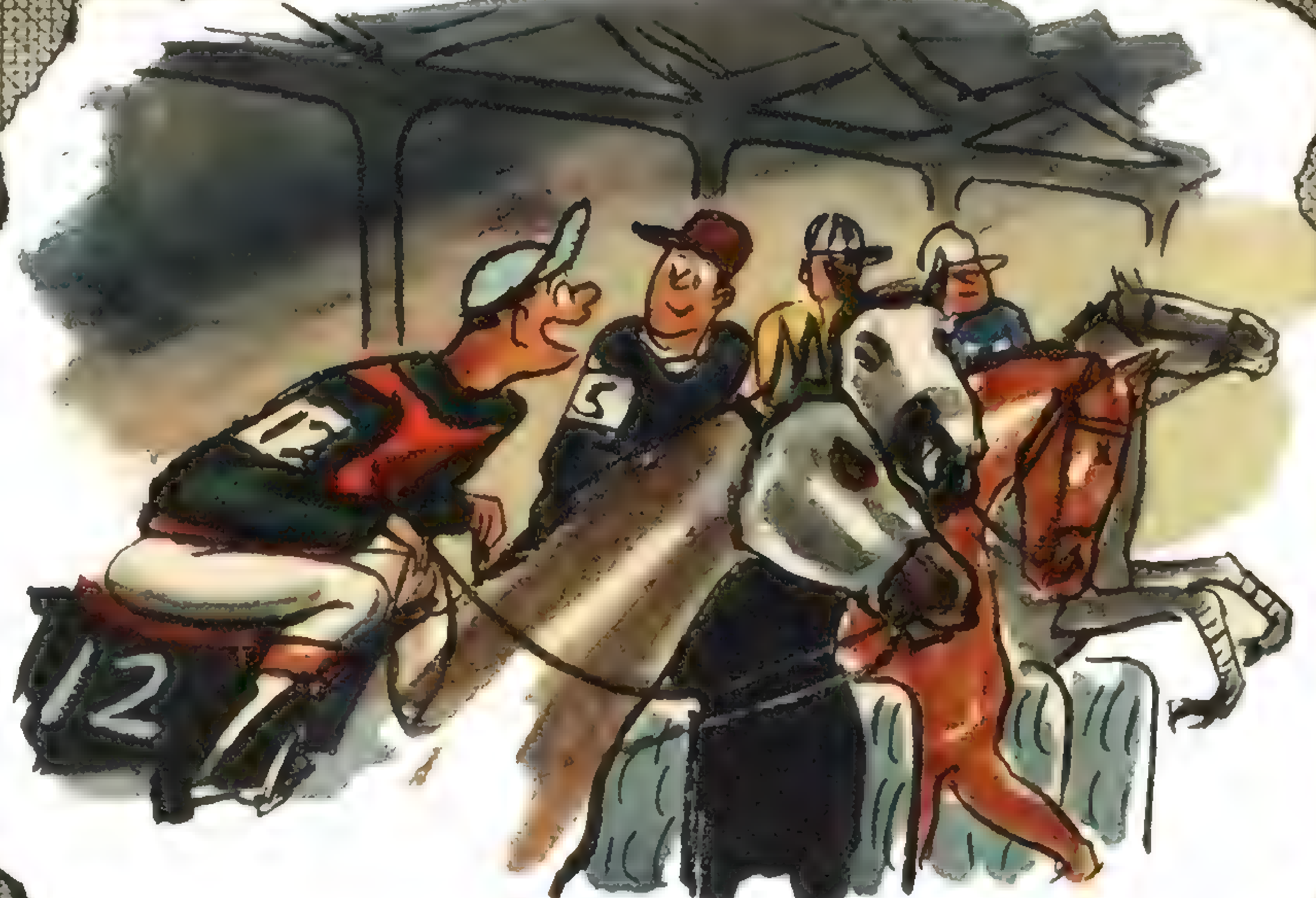
by IRVING ROIR



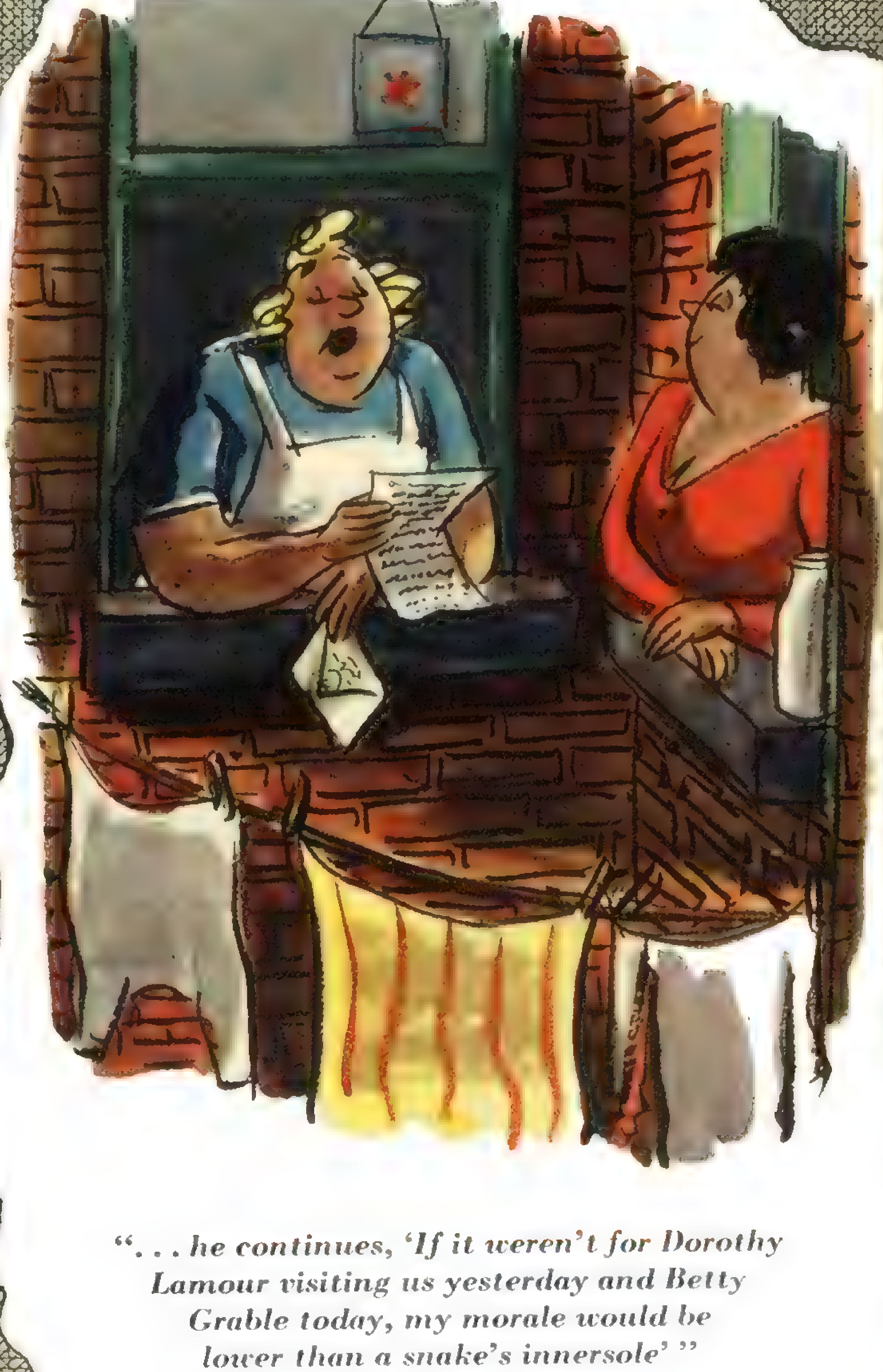
"That's how we learn—by our mistakes"



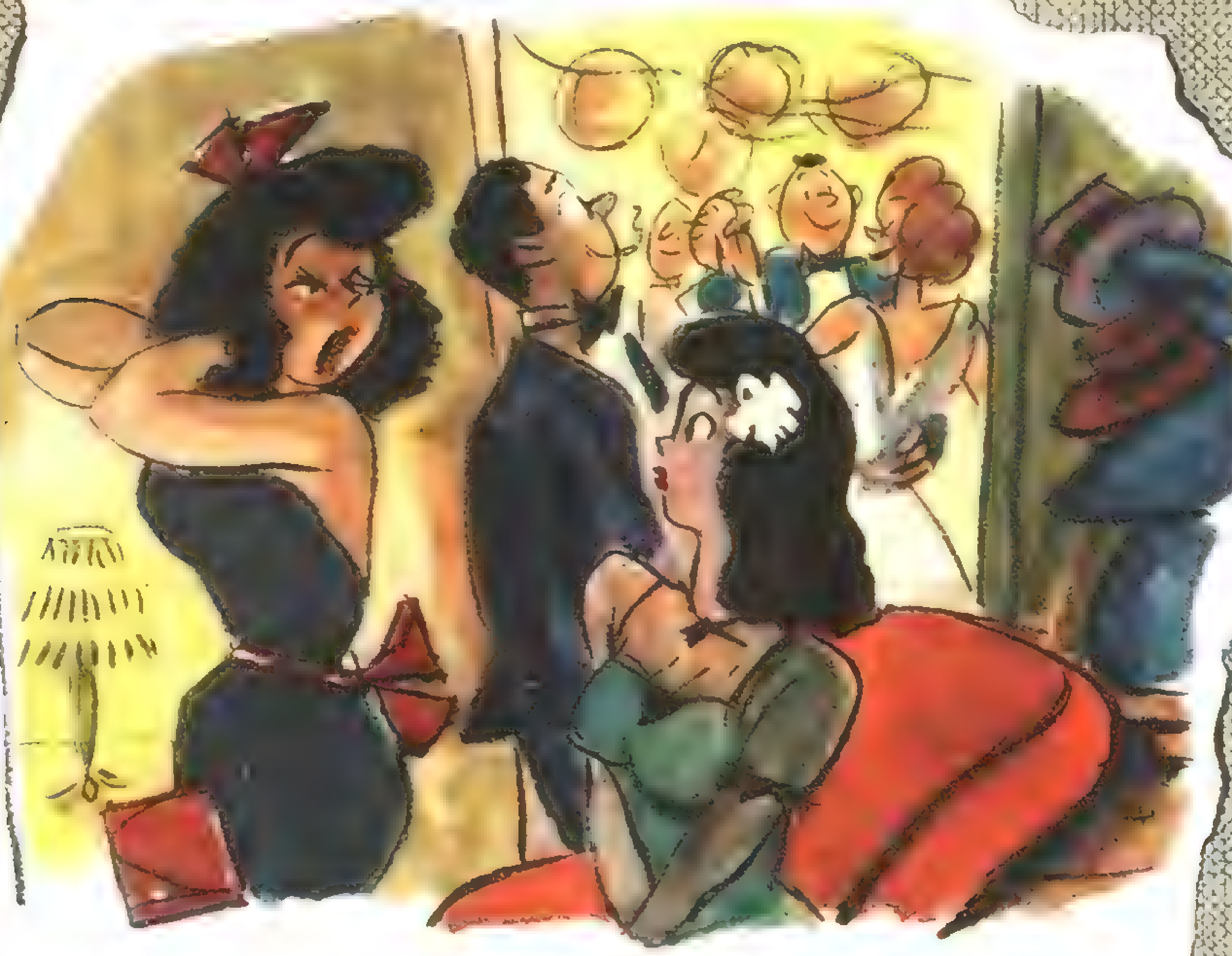
"Shore leave—fooey!"



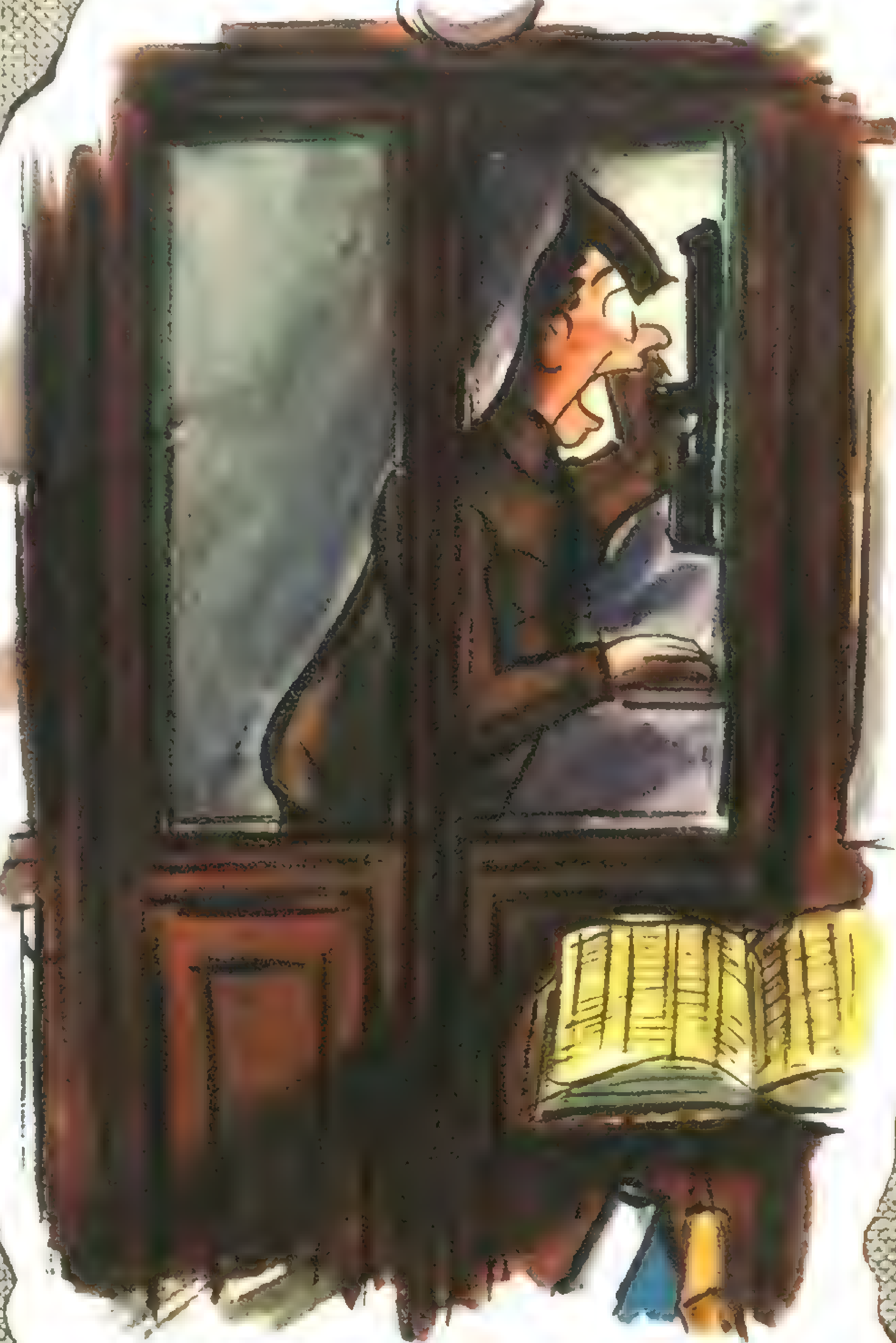
"Last one in is a hamburger!"



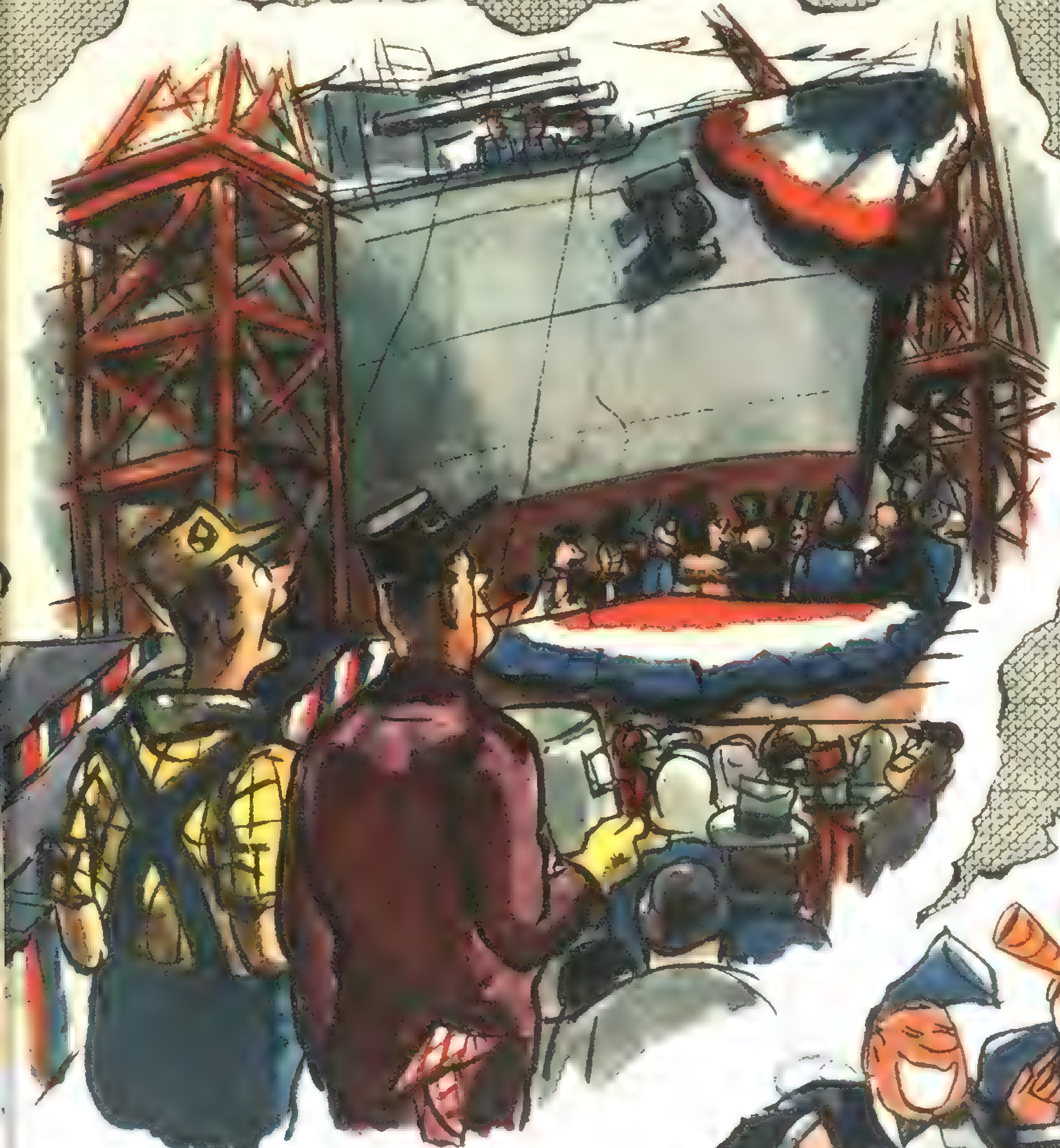
". . . he continues, 'If it weren't for Dorothy Lamour visiting us yesterday and Betty Grable today, my morale would be lower than a snake's innersole' "



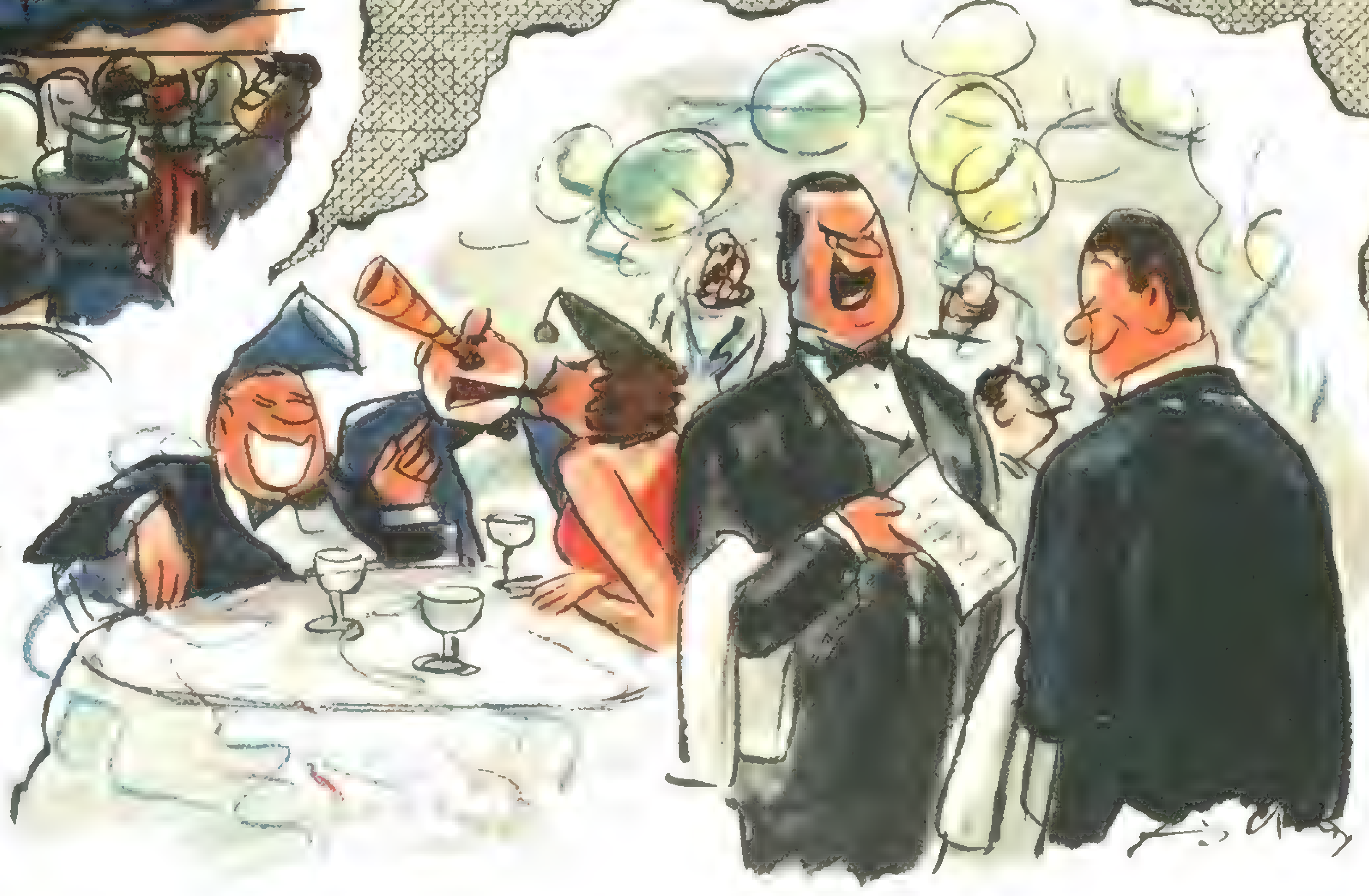
"My date's at the awkward age—all hands and no dough"



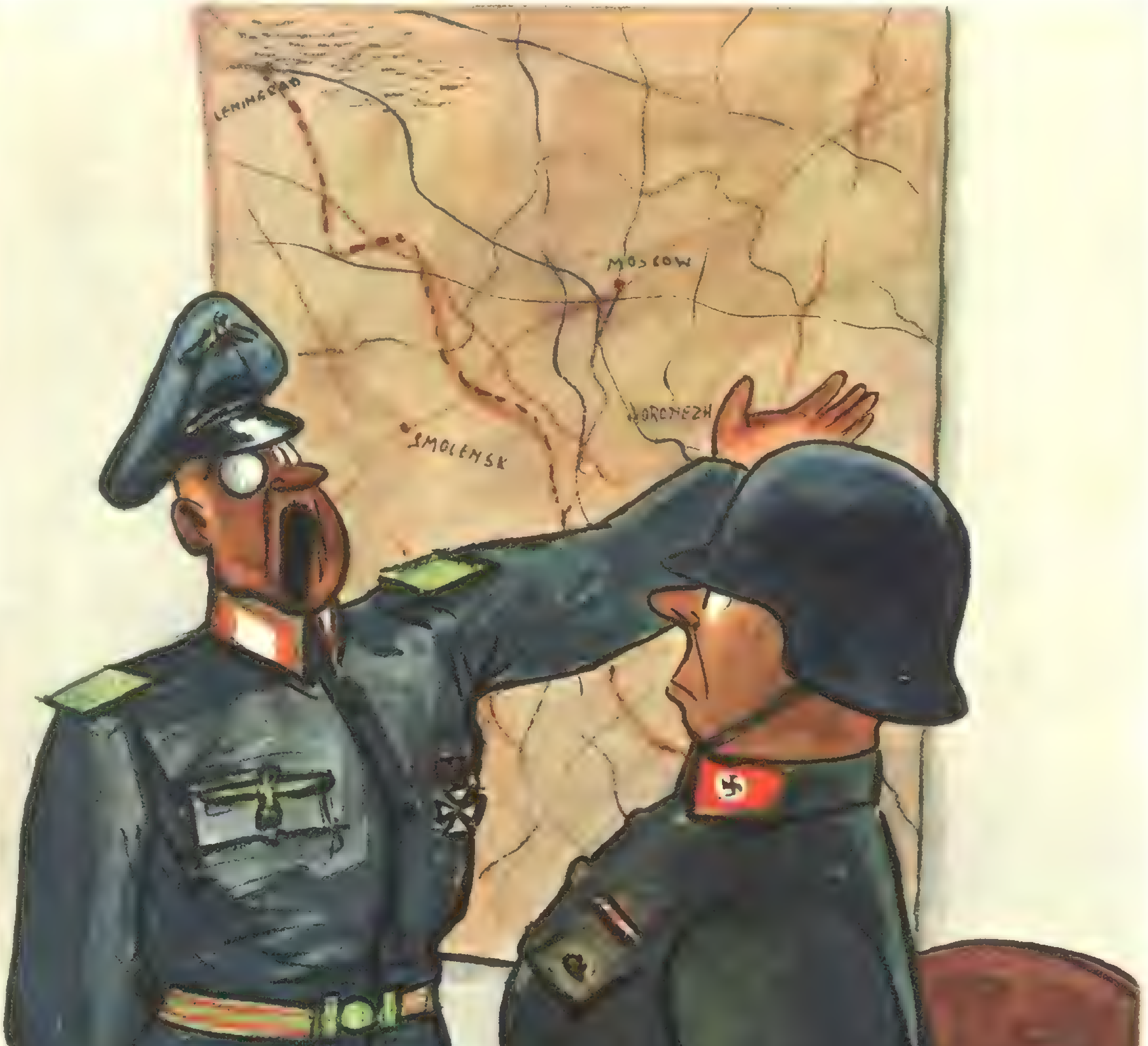
"Good gosh, honey, try to think of something to say—this is costing me six bucks!"



"She's a nice ship all right, but I wish we could have spent another hour on her"



"If they get too loud just show them their check—they'll quiet down"


LENINGRAD
MOSCOW
SMOLENSK
VORONEZH

"In the Winter it's the cold and the Russians, in the Summer it's the heat and the Russians—ah, if we could have one season without the Russians!"

Russian Is So Easy to Learn

Just take the Russian alphabet in this small pleasant capsule and you can read anything from Arkhangelsk to Zinovevsk

by CAPT. JACOB CHAITKIN

ARTICLE

Of all the bugaboos current in this country about Russia and things Russian, none is more prevalent than the one about the difficulty of learning the Russian language. How often one hears people say, with a great show of authority, that it takes years to learn the language, that it's one of the most difficult tongues in the world, or even that it's impossible for Anglo-Saxons to learn it!

Have you ever heard of some of the features of Russian that make it one of the easiest in the world to learn? For example, that Russian knows no articles? No *the* or *a* of the English, *le, la, des* of the French, none of the confounding *der, die, das* of the German? Have you heard that the order of words in a Russian sentence can be manipulated to your heart's desire; that you need not place the subject first, the predicate next, etc.? In Russian you can say: "Boy stands on chair," "stands boy on chair," or "stands on chair boy," without doing violence to the language.

Most important of all, Russian is a purely phonetic language, which means that each letter of the alphabet stands for one specific sound and that sound only, so that *if you master the Russian alphabet you are at once able to read any Russian text whatever.* Just like that. Today you learn the Russian alphabet and today you emerge, like Venus from the foam, a full-blown reader of Russian.

You might not be able to understand most of what you read, but even without a dictionary you could make out Russian maps, scientific and technical terms, and bibliographies; and with a little help from a Russian-English dictionary you would gain access to tables of contents, map legends and the like. And of course you would then be able to pursue the study of Russian grammar and syntax with the same ease or difficulty as in the case of Spanish, French, etc.

The tremendous advantage afforded in the study of Russian by the phonetic nature of the alphabet becomes clear when we realize what a mnemonic burden the most simple English words impose on a foreign student. The letters of the English alphabet, with the exception of a few consonants, are secret ciphers representing an infinite variety of sound values. Take A, for example. Why is it called "ay," anyway? It might just as well be called "ah," and be denoted by an E. In such words as *care, fare,* etc., it is certainly pronounced like the *e* in there and where. Or why not call it "o"? How much difference is there between the sound of the *a* in f*a*ll and that of the *o* in Lord?

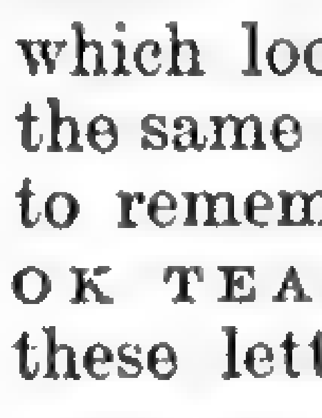
It is the same way with all the other English vowels. There is no need of multiplying examples, but just think of the exasperating variety of disguises that the *e* takes on in best, few, certain, there, great, real, reign, etc., etc. Not to speak of that nightmare of the teachers of English for foreigners, *bough, cough, dough, rough,* and *through . . .*

With what a feeling of relief the student turns to the simple, unequivocal Russian vowels! Each vowel equals but one sound, and no other. Let us see how this works out.

The study of Russian should be begun by noting that the Russian A looks exactly like the English A, and is pronounced like the A in every western language—as in c*a*r or f*a*ther. The Russian E is like our E in chest, usually pronounced *ye* as in *yet.* The O is like ours in Lord.

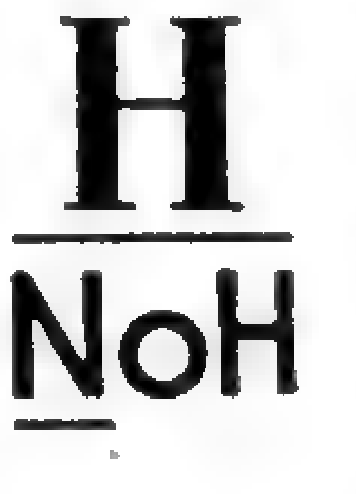
With these reservations as to the pronunciation of the A, E, and O, it is possible to isolate six letters of the Russian alphabet which look the same and sound the same as in English. It is easy to remember these six letters as OK TEAM. When you see one of these letters in a Russian text, pronounce it unhesitatingly as what it appears to be. *Tom* will appear as *Tom* in Russian, *Mama* as *Mama,* etc.

Four other letters should be tackled without delay. These are the bad boys of the Russian alphabet, the letters which look like what they ain't. They are the misleading characters В, Р, У, and Н.



В is the Russian V; Р (like the Greek Rho) is the Russian R; У stands for OO (as in p*oo*r); and Н represents the Russian N. They will be easily remembered if one learns the Russian word for liar, which is VROON, and looks like this: ВРУН. It is composed entirely of these mendacious letters.

The troublesome Russian N, represented by H, is also easily fixed in our minds if we learn, as we must, that there is no H sound in the Russian language. Russian

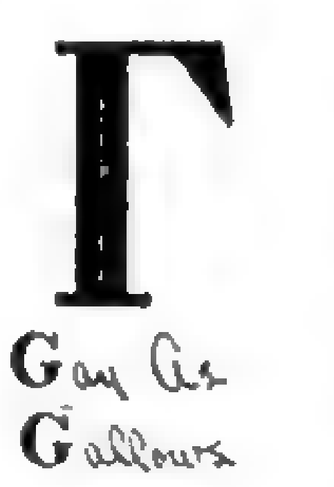


has no H. *No H.* When you see the H in a Russian test, think of this, and substitute the N from the *No.*

O. K., TEAM, let's learn that ВРУН is VROON, and that VROON is something you can't call a Russian without precipitating an international incident.

The rest of the Russian alphabet is easy. You simply have to learn that certain symbols stand for certain specific sounds. There is a plethora of memory aids to help you. I present a few obvious ones. You can probably think of some that will be more helpful in your individual case, because of your linguistic background.

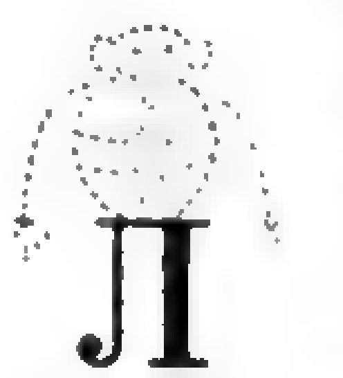
Some of the Russian letters are directly derived from, or are at least associated with, the ancient Greek alphabet, and should be a cinch for those of you familiar with the Greek-letter societies.



Г is the Greek Gamma. It is always pronounced as the G in *g*ay, never as *g*ee. Since it looks like a *g*allows, it should be easy to remember, if you will pardon this *g*houlish, *g*ruesome reference to gibbets.

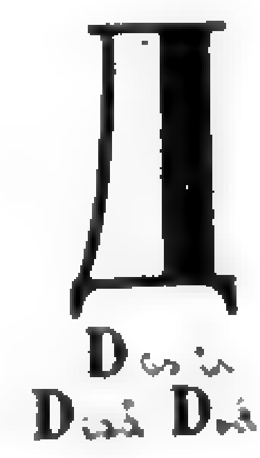
The troublesome P stands for R and is, of course, the Greek Rho. This letter is known to you as a member of the VROON family.

П stands for our P, and is, of course, the Greek PI. If you never saw or heard of a PI before, this is the time to consult any English dictionary; it is an important symbol of our mathematics.



Л is the Russian L, derived from the Greek Lambda. It is not difficult to imagine a head and trunk superimposed on these *l*egs, and to have a blooming Captain Silver, with *l*ame *l*imping *l*egs standing there.

The Russian D is represented by a variation of the Greek Delta triangle. It looks quite clumsy and antiquated. Let us think of it as a dead Dodo, the squatting wingless bird that persists in the Russian alphabet.



Finally, the Russian F is represented by the Greek upper case Phi. It looks like this: Φ, and is the exact equivalent of our F.

The Russian equivalents of our

Continued on page 130

"I had no idea passing an exam was so simple—you just answer yes to all the questions"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Most voters want to get on with the war now and worry about collegiate football later, along with the peace

by **RALPH CANNON & HERB GRAFFIS**

▪ SPORTS ▪

THE QUESTIONS

I

Many colleges, both big and small, are discontinuing football and other branches of competitive sports. Why, in your opinion, is this being done:

(a) Because of lack of available players? . . . . *Yes* ☑ *86.46%*

(b) Because of fear of being unable to compete with schools that have Navy or Marine personnel? . . . . *No* ☑ *66.03%*

(c) Because of a drive by those influences which were antagonistic toward sports before the war and are using the pre-emergency conditions to try to drive our competitive athletics from our intercollegiate system? . . . . *No* ☑ *74.83%*

(d) Because of lack of interest on the part of the faculty and student body? . . . . *No* ☑ *76.03%*

(e) Because of fear of lack of interest on the part of the alumni and public? . . . . *No* ☑ *77.14%*

II

Do you feel that some of these schools have been unwise in dropping sports so quickly, in that it may be difficult for them to start again after the war? . . . . *Yes* ☑ *58.97%*

III

Do you feel that this situation is critical enough that all followers of sports should organize to foster the continuation of sports in every place possible and in every way that it can be done without hampering our progress in the war? . . . . *Yes* ☑ *62.50%*

What sort of an organization do you believe should be created for this purpose, and along what lines could its actions be directed?

IV

Do you believe that since the Navy and Marines permit their personnel assigned to the colleges to compete in athletics, the Army should have done likewise? . . . . *Yes* ☑ *87.43%*

Although there has been much moaning at the bar because of curtailment of college competitive sports for the duration, this month's Esquire Sports Poll indicates that the nation does not regard the varsity athletic recession as avoidable.

Shortage of manpower was agreed by 73.17% of the general public voters, 88.89% of the sportscaster voters and 90.72% of the sportswriter voters as the major factor responsible for cancellation of intercollegiate sports programs, although about 30% of all voters added that there were contributing factors. Lack of coaches was mentioned as an important element of the manpower shortage.

Only approximately 25% of those voting believed that influence of interests antagonistic to sports had anything to do with the widespread elimination of intercollegiate competitive events. We had a hunch that the power of men, jealous, resentful and critical of intercollegiate sports, would be rated stronger than that. We were hopeful that the voters might give us some dope that we could headline "Academic Cabal Plots Sports Ruin." Then we would have been licensed to work up a sweat and call for investigations and raise a swell smell. But with only one out of four among the voters harboring any suspicion that sports-haters have any weight, our fond dreams of being able to stir up something didn't materialize. Nevertheless, as we'll later disclose, authorities declared our hunch had foundation.

In view of the plea made to the Commander-in-Chief and other officials by Representative Samuel A. Weiss of Pennsylvania, asking that Army personnel in colleges be allowed to compete in intercollegiate sports, it is interesting to note that 87.43% of all the poll's voters agreed with the former football star who's now in Congress.

This poll, as usual, had some of its sprightliest comment made in behalf of the short end of the voting.

And now to dig into the pile and locate the ball:

1(a) Is intercollegiate competitive sport being discontinued for lack of players? YES 86.46%

A lot of the voters who checked the manpower shortage as causing intercollegiate competitive abandonment said that this shortage wouldn't be serious if schools would reconcile themselves to putting on the field or courts teams that weren't up to pre-war standard.

In fact, rather tart remarks were made about schools that withdrew because chances of presenting a first-class gate attraction were slim. One voter commented: "What glory will it be for a school to win a sectional or national football championship this year? This season football will be physical training and fun for the players. The spectators are in practically on a pass. Any school or alumnus that makes it otherwise has a curious sense of the fitness of things in wartime."

Another slant on the lack of available plans was given by **Bill Babcock**, WMMN, Fairmount, W. Va. Bill remarked: "The boy who wasn't quite varsity material has needed a break. This time should have been a field day for him, but suspension of football at so many schools has denied him an opportunity."

Fred P. Pfahler, Jr., WROL, Knoxville, Tenn., pointed out "at the University of Tennessee action in discontinuing football was delayed until the last minute. Everyone connected with the Athletic Association was in favor of continuing if men were available. But when it was plain that not one member of last year's squad would return to school, there was nothing left to do but abandon the sport. Hope is held for continuing basketball."

Vic Diehm, Hazleton, Pa., checks manpower shortage, with reservations. Vic says the smaller schools couldn't get squads together, but "the larger 'name' schools who couldn't get talent to produce the type of teams they've had in the past and were afraid to take the rap of being represented by losers, definitely let down boys in overseas service who have looked forward to sports news from Alma Mater."

Earle D. Wilson, WNBH, New Bedford, Mass., said: "Men of sports age, and physically fit to engage in them, are otherwise occupied and necessarily so. The boys can't be two places at once."

1(b) Is intercollegiate competitive sport being discontinued for fear of being unable to compete with schools that have Navy or Marine personnel? NO 66.03%

Vast scope of the Navy's university tie-ups on a basis that made Navy and Marine students available for varsity teams, and the Army's adherence to a contrary sports policy were not factors in eliminating competitive sports between colleges, according to the majority of the voters. Several of these voters figured that most colleges abandoning competitive sports were smaller schools not having either Navy or Army students, or at least in numbers sufficient to make any difference in the sports program.

Comment on this part of Question I frequently mentioned that it wasn't "fear" but "fairness" that explained unwillingness to compete with naval student athletes, a number of whom were pros and several years older and more experienced than the freshman and sophomore players who would be representing schools not training Navy men.

E. Charles (Chuck) Duval, Chicago, ex-University of Chicago gridiron star and now a public relations counsellor (fancy for press agent), opined that perhaps reluctance to match youngsters fresh from high school against experts, more mature Navy student players, might have accounted for some universities cancelling sports schedules, but general lack of campus manpower and antagonism or indifference of university authorities probably outweighed the Navy competitive angle. Said Duval:

"Latest report is that 189 schools have dropped football. This is less than 20 per cent, according to figures which indicate 1,000 schools, junior and senior institutions, played football before the war. Football's greatest threat is news commentators and columnists who are ready to toll the death knell of football in general every time a school—major or minor—finds it necessary to abandon the sport. If 189 service elevens play football in 1943, competing with college teams, we may have just as much football as ever on the college front."

Joe Paget, Austin, Minn., considered that the manpower shortage and unequal competition against Navy student stars, combined to rule out football in the smaller universities. Transportation difficulties were frequently mentioned as being a vital factor n sports program curtailment.

1(c) Is intercollegiate competitive sport being discontinued because of a drive by those influences which were antagonistic towards sports before the war and are using the present emergency conditions to try to drive competitive athletics from the intercollegiate system? NO 74.83%

On this question those who are closest to the inside of collegiate sports differed from the majority. Some comment from the losing side of this poll warns that wartime conditions were welcomed by educators who seek the divorce of athletics from the American educational plan.

"Stubby" Cunence, Bluefield, W. Va., remarked:

"Many educators who have resented athletics, and the attached ballyhoo, point to the war conditions as an excuse to discontinue them. They are not passing up the opportunity to give sports a kick in the pants. However, the educator who deliberately assumes such attitude is as guilty of sabotage as the fellow who blows up an airplane factory because competitive sports is needed now, really needed, when in the past sports were more or less purely entertainment for the masses. Competitive sports should now be a 'required course' in all colleges for all students because sooner or later most of our young men are likely to have to go into the armed forces and just about all military authorities are in agreement that competitive sports training is a great aid to a young man in fitting himself as a sailor, soldier or marine."

Al Michel, Green Bay, Wis., wrote:

"There is little doubt but that groups always opposed to big sports programs are having their inning now, but we don't feel they are a primary factor. But they'll bear watching when the time comes to resume sports on a large scale. However we feel our returning service men, most of whom are sports conscious, will help a lot to fight this 'no-sport' element."

Lynn Callaway, Moline (Ill.) *Daily Dispatch*, declared:

"The demagogues are on the loose in full tilt, hoping that the war will mean the end of athletics so that they can try to cram more dead languages down the throats and into the minds of the intellectually 'superior' fossils. There is no question this is serious from the standpoint of competitive sports, but it will fail because it does not have public support. This is the time for the athletic men of all conferences throughout the land to organize or improve their present N.C.A.A., standardize eligibility rules throughout the nation, clean out the hypocrisy and prepare to offer the public the greatest sports show in history after the war is ended. The boys will demand vigorous competition and the fans will want to let off war steam by cheering for the athletes."

"The anti-athletic forces are simply taking advantage of the situation to try and kill football,"

said **Fred Young,** Bloomington, Ill.

1(d) Is intercollegiate competitive sport being discontinued because of lack of interest on the part of faculty and student body? NO 76.03%

Many voters briefly commented that they thought there was more faculty and student sports interest than ever before, but on an intramural and physical fitness basis rather than in the usual faculty and student role of having only small speaking parts in the big show put on and headlined by the campus muscle heroes.

Don Stone, KSCJ, Sioux City, Iowa, had this comment to make:

"A certain college around here has always been only moderately successful in football, but good in basketball. It had to keep a football team to get students. Now, it supposedly has an excuse for not including the gridiron sport. I maintain that it's not lack of manpower, because there are hundreds of starry-eyed seventeen year old kids just dying to get their chance in college football, and brother, compared with some of the football we've seen around here in recent years, they would undoubtedly be an improvement! The reason I answered that question yes and no, because the faculties do lack interest, but not the student body!"

1(e) Is intercollegiate competitive sport being discontinued because of fear of lack of interest on the part of alumni and public? NO 77.14%

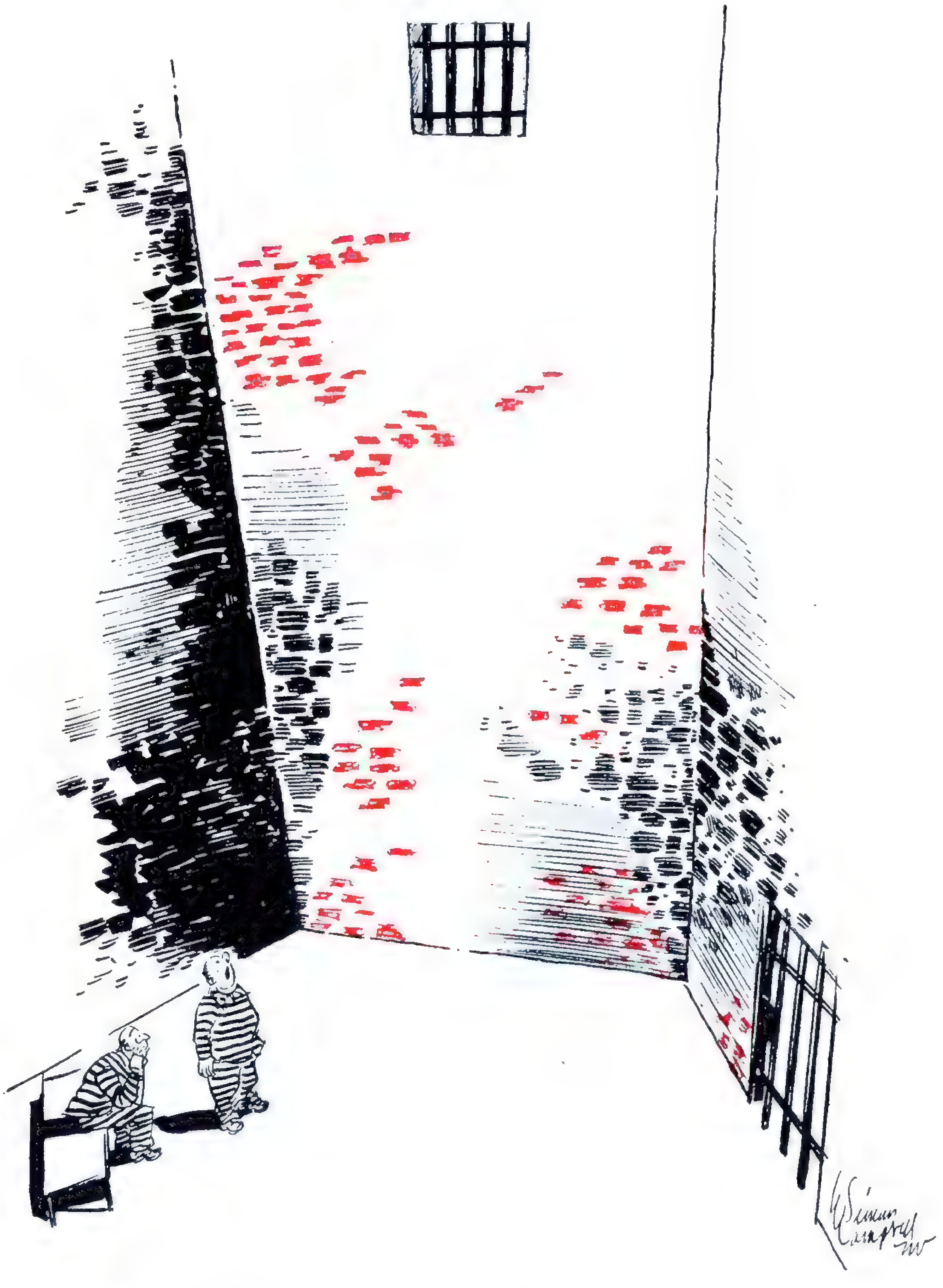
The most logical answer to this question, said a good many voters, was the attendance showing of baseball which revealed interest in sports performances not especially brilliant in proficiency or spirit. However, the baseball parks have convenient transportation and drew from thickly populated areas. Lack of transportation facilities would reduce the gate evidence of interest at many colleges. However, with many sports-hungry spectators now having more wages than they ever had before, there'd be a good chance of building spectator interest in intercollegiate football among a considerable section of the public which hitherto has been interested only in football pool betting, so several voters believed.

II

Do you feel that some schools have been unwise in dropping sports so quickly, in that it may be difficult for them to start again after the war? YES 58.97%

Reorganizing athletic departments will take time and involve many mistakes, especially when the school administrative heads have lost touch with the athletic plan that probably will develop as a result of the war's lessons. That point was repeatedly brought out by comments of voters. Athletically inclined students will not be inclined to choose schools that quickly quit sports programs, so

Continued on page 118



"Nothing is impossible, Bertram!"

New Kid on the Block

He was an outsider in the Bronx and knew he could expect a riding before they'd accept him as one of the gang

by HENRY STEIG

• FICTION •

Steve Keating felt that a guy of twelve needed some privacy, so there was one good thing about the family's moving: no more sleeping on the parlor couch for him. He had his own room, now, and about time. But that hardly seemed to make up for taking him away from his friends of the lower West Side and setting him down in the Bronx where he knew no one. He understood that it was all on account of the war. His father had been assigned to a new job, early that fall, in the recently completed uptown branch of a firm making Army equipment. There had been a raise in salary, enabling him to take the larger apartment near his work. Which was all okay, Steve thought, but look where it left him. Downtown he had been a leader on the block. Here he would be an outsider. Already missing his old friends, he was faced with the delicate job of making new ones. He might get an awful riding before he was accepted; chances were he'd have to lick someone before he re-established himself.

What with running errands, helping his mother unpack, and minding his baby sister, he'd not had a free minute since their arrival in the Bronx that morning. The day was almost gone and he was anxious to get outdoors. But first he had to find a certain hat. After some anxious searching he located it in his new chest of drawers, under some old comic magazines. It was not the kind of hat one could buy. Steve had made it from a discarded felt of his father's. The brim had been removed and large saw teeth cut in the edge of the bowl-shaped part that had remained. Then the teeth had been bent up and "V" buttons alternating with "Slap the Jap" buttons pinned on all around, one precisely above each tooth. Steve put the hat on, and, feeling fortified, started out.

His mother's call: "Stevie!" stopped him halfway through the door.

"Aw, whadayuh want now?"

"Don't be late for dinner!"

"Awright, awright." Steve slammed the door and went rattling down the stairs.

He stood on top of the stoop, a chunky figure, hands in pockets, looking things over. He scowled slightly, feeling ready for anything, as he watched a group of boys across the street. The two biggest, about fifteen years old, were organizing a game of punchball. Steve took a hitch in his trousers, patted his hat down tight, descended to the pavement with deliberate steps, and sauntered over to the strangers. He surmised that the two big boys were leaders on that street. One was called "Jabbo," the other, "Simple." Jabbo was husky and looked plenty tough. Simple was tall and thin and had a fox-like face. He didn't look so tough—only as if he'd like you to think he was, Steve decided. He watched and listened for a minute, aware that he was being casually sized up, and then bluntly asked: "How 'bout givin' me a game?"

Simple laughed. "Look who wants a game. Go play wid kids yer own size."

"I ain't askin' you," Steve said, and turned to Jabbo. "Well, whadayuh say?"

"Naah—only duh big guys," Jabbo answered, bouncing a rubber ball on the pavement.

But Steve was in luck. They needed ten men for two-base punchball—five on a side—and of the bigger boys in the group there were only nine besides Steve. They couldn't leave him out of it.

"Choose yuh fuh sides—odds once," Simple said to Jabbo. Jabbo lost, and, having second pick for each position, took Steve as his last man.

"Yuh'll hafta play outfield," Jabbo said. "What's yuh name?"

Steve was glad to introduce himself. It didn't look as if he was going to have any trouble with this bunch.

A square was marked in chalk at the center of the roadway for homeplate. A telegraph pole thirty feet away on the right curb was first base, a fireplug opposite it, on the left curb, was second. Steve went to his lone station in the outfield, three other boys covered first, second and home, and Jabbo began pitching, with shouted encouragement:

"Blitz 'im, Jabbo, he stinks on wheels!"

"Attastuff, Jabbo, you got 'im flatfooted!"

The game went on through a couple of innings with continual shouting and an expertly reckless disregard for traffic—what traffic there was. Gas and tire rationing had made street play much freer than it had been formerly.

The sky clouded as the afternoon waned and it grew chilly, but the boys, running about, felt warm enough. It was Steve's turn to be up. Simple, pitching for the opposing team, threw the ball so that it bounced a few feet in front of Steve, but it had "english" on it, and went off peculiarly to one side. Steve let it go by; only one strike was permitted, but the batter had the right to wait until he got a pitch he liked.

"Whadayuh want?" Simple jeered. "I should smack it fuh yuh?"

"Quit phutzin' aroun'," Steve said. "You know what I want."

Contemptuously, Simple threw an easy one that bounced just right. "'At's duh one," Steve announced, and hit the ball squarely with his clenched fist. Knuckles stinging from the impact, he ran exultingly for first base. The fielder ran after the soaring ball. Coming down, it hit an ashcan, glanced off, rolled to the corner—and vanished.

"Downuh soor!" shouted the fielder. Steve stopped in disgust at second base. Just his lousy luck. It should have been a home run. All the boys went to the corner. Steve bent down and looked into the curved slot under the granite paving block which formed the corner of the sidewalk. Sometimes a slot was choked with refuse and a ball stuck there, b this slot was unobstructed.

"'At's what we git fuh lett kids play," Simple said.

"Gwan, it mighta happened anybody," Steve protested.

"Jus' when duh game was g tin' hot," a boy said. "Well tough luck." He and some of t others went to seek amuseme elsewhere. Steve, Simple, a Jabbo remained at the corner.

"Noo ball—jus' boughd i Jabbo said. "Las' one dey h too—'n' wid duh rubber shortag we might not gitny more fuh d duration."

Steve felt like a criminal; ac dent or not, it was he who h lost the ball. "Maybe we cou fish it out some way," he sa lamely.

"Naah, yuh can't fish it o how kin yuh fish it out?" Sim said. Then with a secret wink Jabbo: "He oughda go after i

Steve looked at him incred lously.

"'At's right, kid," Jabbo sai

"Heh?" Steve asked. "Yu mean yuh want me to go fer it *downuh soor?"*

"Atsee idea, and dere's nutt to it," Simple said. "We done lotsa times—didn' we, Jabbo?"

Jabbo carried on: "Sure. It duh law on dis block. Anybod

Continued on page 1

STAGE DOOR ESQUIRE

Backstage at the Greatest Show on Earth

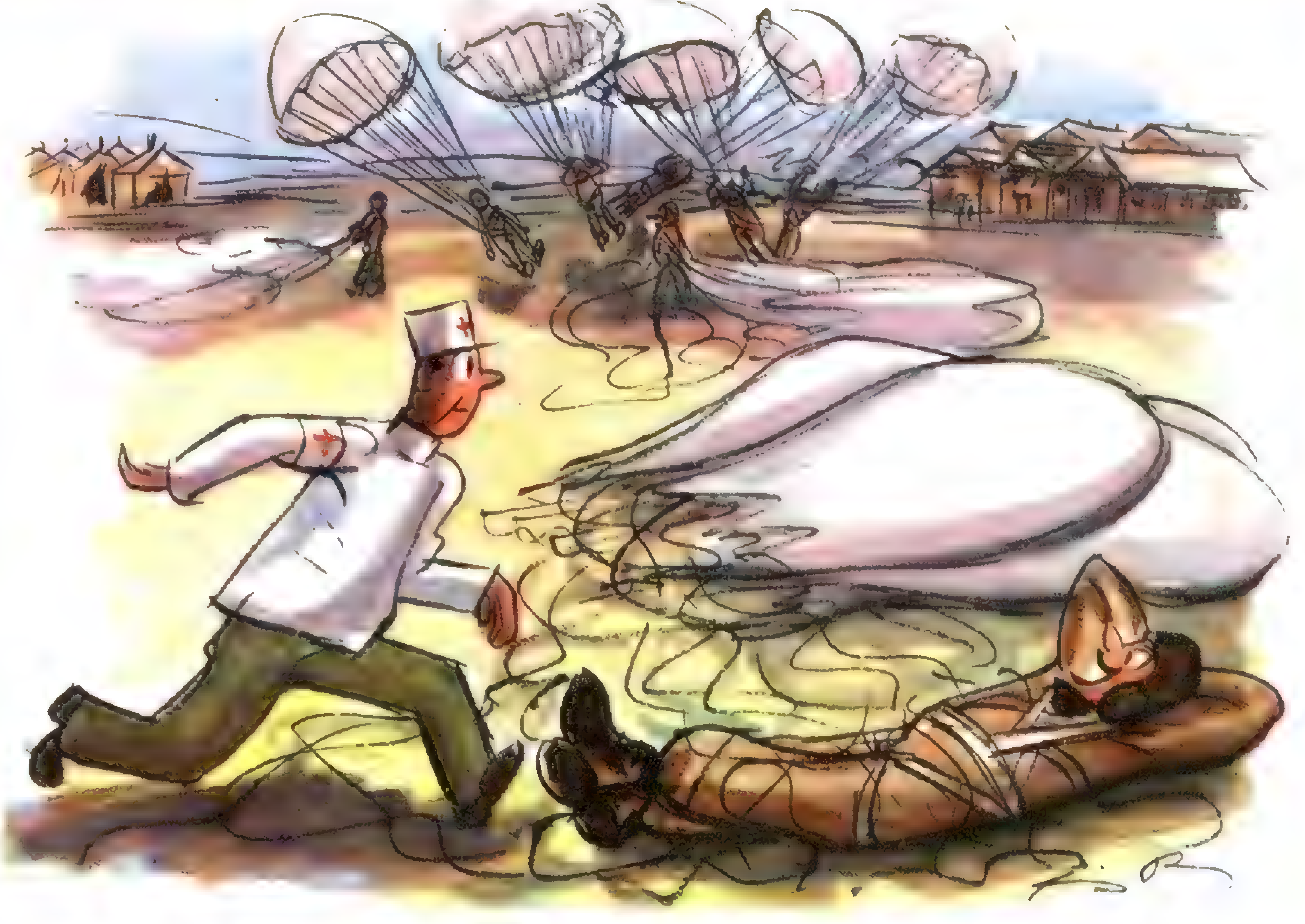
Here we are boys, waiting for our cue under the Big Top—the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. Things look serene from where we sit but the Show has its problems these days. Today, the stars have to pitch in and lug 7,800 chairs down the grandstand tiers. It's a problem to get those hundreds of pounds of clown make-up, used yearly by the Show's hundred funsters. But the gilded cages of wild beasts are still there, the tableaux wagons, chariots, beplumed horses and zebras, and don't forget the high priestesses of rhythm. The great spectacle still gives out with its dazzling immensity for the delight and reassurance of all and sundry.

To come down to brass tacks and gold shoes, the haughty nude in the turban is pretty, appetizing Betty Nitsch. Betty is a dancer, has just turned 18. John Murray Anderson picked this five-feet-three of muscular young womanhood in Philadelphia, introduced her to a carefree elephant, her dancing partner. That was two years ago, and today Bet her elephant are a big hit.

The clown isn't looking cause he's sad. That's his b Woeful Emmett Kelly, st foon, began his active care cartoonist on Midwest n pers. His favorite cartoon ter was a "Weary Willie" tattered and wistful. Ke came so intrigued with t and ink characterization decided to enact it in the fle is now a Ringling sensati of the finest pantomimis seen under the Big Top.

The girl in the blue Elizabeth Wallenda, one famous Wallendas, daredev of the high wire. Ever si days when Grandpapa W operated a permanent ci Brussels, the Wallendas ha tops the world over in hi acts. They practically copyright on words like tional" and "breath-taking ene Parker, next in line, Indian dance number whi sands cheer.

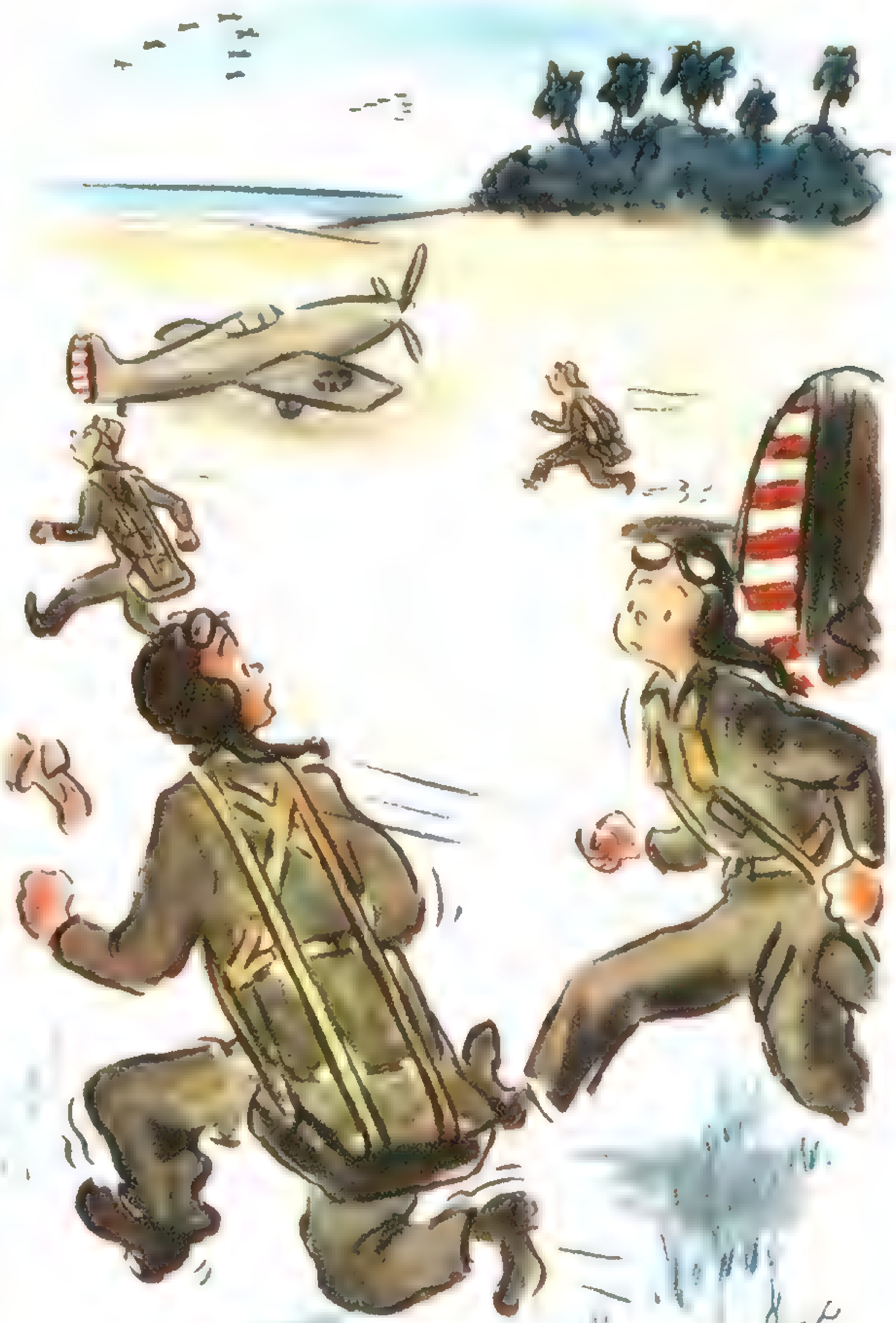
GEORGE SEREBRYKOFF



"Everything is okay—I'm just waiting for my stomach"

U. S. BLIMP PATROLS SEA LANES PLAYING NEMESIS TO NAZI SUBMARINES

THERE are several good reasons why enemy submarines are no longer such a dire menace to Allied shipping, and one of the best of these is the U. S. Navy's Blimp. The crews of Nazi sea raiders which lurk offshore, waiting to prey upon our convoys, are in constant terror of these non-rigid airships. Like great grey ghosts, they suddenly appear overhead without any warning from the submarine's detectors, hovering silently over their victim. Constructed of rubberized fabric, and using helium for its lifting agent, this lighter-than-air-ship can stay aloft for days if necessary. In line with their usual patrol and escort duties, Blimps have saved many lives by going to the scene of sinkings, locating survivors and dropping supplies to them. The K-type Blimp is produced for the Navy by Goodyear. It has two outboard mounted air-cooled engines, with a cruising range of over 2,000 miles. Its control cabin has space for radio and navigation departments, a galley, and sleeping quarters for a crew of ten. There are many ways in which the Blimp's crew, on constant watch, can spot a submarine. In clear water the silhouetted cigar-shaped shadow of a U-boat is visible as deep as seventy feet below the surface. Then there are the telltale periscope feather, the trail of bubbles, the eddies of mud, the smear of oil and the phosphorescent glow in the dark—all familiar signs that may betray the U-boat's presence. Seagulls following a periscope are to a Blimp as a pointer dog to a hunter. Once a submarine has been sighted, the Blimp may dispose of it in either of two ways. She can stand by, staying out of range of the submarine's guns, summoning airplanes and surface craft by radio, trailing her quarry until help arrives. Thus she saves her explosives for another enemy U-boat. Whereas a plane, geared for high speed, would have to fly in circles, the Blimp can match her pace to the submarine's, traveling anywhere between 65 knots and zero. If the submarine tries to submerge, then the Blimp herself goes in for the kill, dropping her depth bombs, leaving a mass of wreckage and a slick of oil on the sea to tell the story.



"Seventeen Zeros shot down, a Major at the age of twenty, and legally I won't be a man for another year yet!"

Awarding the Distinguished Flying Cross

For distinguishing themselves by heroism and extraordinary achievement, these AAF officers back from combat are being awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. Spectator, left: tweed jacket, flannel slacks. Right: Glen Plaid worsted suit, Campaign Colors tie, broadcloth shirt and brown hat. Second, Homburg hat, worsted suit, broadcloth shirt, repp tie.

The Coming Fight for the Air

Post-war air travel will be terrific and the rail, bus and truck tycoons now so chummy in Washington know it

by JOHN BURTON TIGRETT

▪ARTICLE▪

IT TAKES no prophet to foresee that after the war America will take to the air. The fellows who now ride the 7:51 to town will hop the local helicopter about 8:45 and still get to the office in time for a second cup of coffee before nine. Businessmen who spend three or four weary days between the branch office in San Francisco and the factory in Massachusetts will flash from point to point in 100-passenger airliners. Even those with slender purses will be able to buy a plane ticket for the price of the old 30-mile-an-hour bus ride. . . .

Hundreds of thousands of war-trained airmen, hundreds of new plane factories, a highly skilled army of aircraft workers, will be at the service of civilians, and a lot of people will be flying who never had their feet off the ground before except to jump for a trolley. This is the prize we are promised by the air age, and as far as the pilots and aircraft workers and plane factories are concerned, there's no reason why it won't be ours.

But before helicopters change from curiosities into public servants and giant planes become commonplace, one of the toughest transportation tangles on record must be straightened out. Now, it seems, everybody wants to start an airline. Applications are pouring into Washington to put in post-war air service to every crossroad in America. The "angels" back of many of these requests are so called ground carriers, railroad, bus, or truck operators. They are determined to break the "monopoly" now held by the airlines under present laws.

Since 1940 the granting of rights to fly between points in the United States has been in the tight grip of the Civil Aeronautics Board. Following a policy of granting new air routes only to lines which were already operating when they took over, the CAB has turned down every individual, railroad, steamship line, bus line, or truck company which wanted to open a new air route or to start in the business of air transport for the first time. This means that the twenty airlines which existed in 1940 are still running the show.

The airlines say this is ideal, because America's future air travel is thus developed only by experienced operators who are solely air-minded. But the bus, truck, rail and steamship companies do not agree that their operators, or their methods, are necessarily so earthbound. They could run airlines efficiently and safely, say they. And besides, they have invested heavily in terminals and personnel—and they need more passengers to keep their business going. Whether that business is on the ground or in the air makes no difference to them. They are just as determined to take to the air (if that's where the business is) as the airlines are to keep them out of it.

They are fighting for high stakes. Not counting commuters, Americans in normal times spent about $600,000,000 a year on travel. Of this amount the railroads have got 60 per cent, the buses 28 per cent, and the airlines with other carriers the balance. Naturally the industry keeping the sharpest eye on the pot is the railroads, for they have the most to lose. The backbone of their passenger service was once the local or "short haul" traffic—until buses came along and took it away from them. Then they went streamlined and installed fast through schedules for "long haul" business. Now they are faced with airplanes that can carry these "long haul" customers faster, cheaper, and with more appeal. As one railroad president puts it, "If we don't get a chance at some new cards when the war ends we're going to find ourselves the middle man in this poker game."

When it comes to the showdown as to who will compete in our domestic air, the airlines have some pretty appealing arguments to support their particular hand. They are the pioneers. They literally risked their lives as well as their fortunes in developing a transport system that for many years had far from rosy prospects. They contend that if these more financially powerful surface operators are permitted to enter the field they will protect their present investments and throttle wherever possible the broad vision of development that the air future provides.

Meanwhile, over Washington luncheon tables, the one-time sworn enemies—rail, bus, and truck executives—are burying all hatchets except those they intend to use on the airlines. Their arguments are persuasive. They have huge investments (the railroads alone over $26,000,000,000). If they aren't allowed to convert gradually to air transport as the needs demand, then they will be driven into ruthless, inefficient and costly competition for which, in one way or another, the public must pay.

But their best argument is really two-fisted. Air services need ground facilities. The railroads have them, not only in large cities but in every whistle-stop in the United States. Besides this, they have trained personnel. If the CAB forbids them to start their own airlines, either the existing airlines will have to duplicate all these facilities at tremendous expense, or else stay frozen into certain mainline routes. The railroads' solution is straightforward: Let us start our own airlines, so that air travel will reach into the corners, or let us buy a substantial interest in the existing airlines and thereby "co-ordinate" our services. . . .

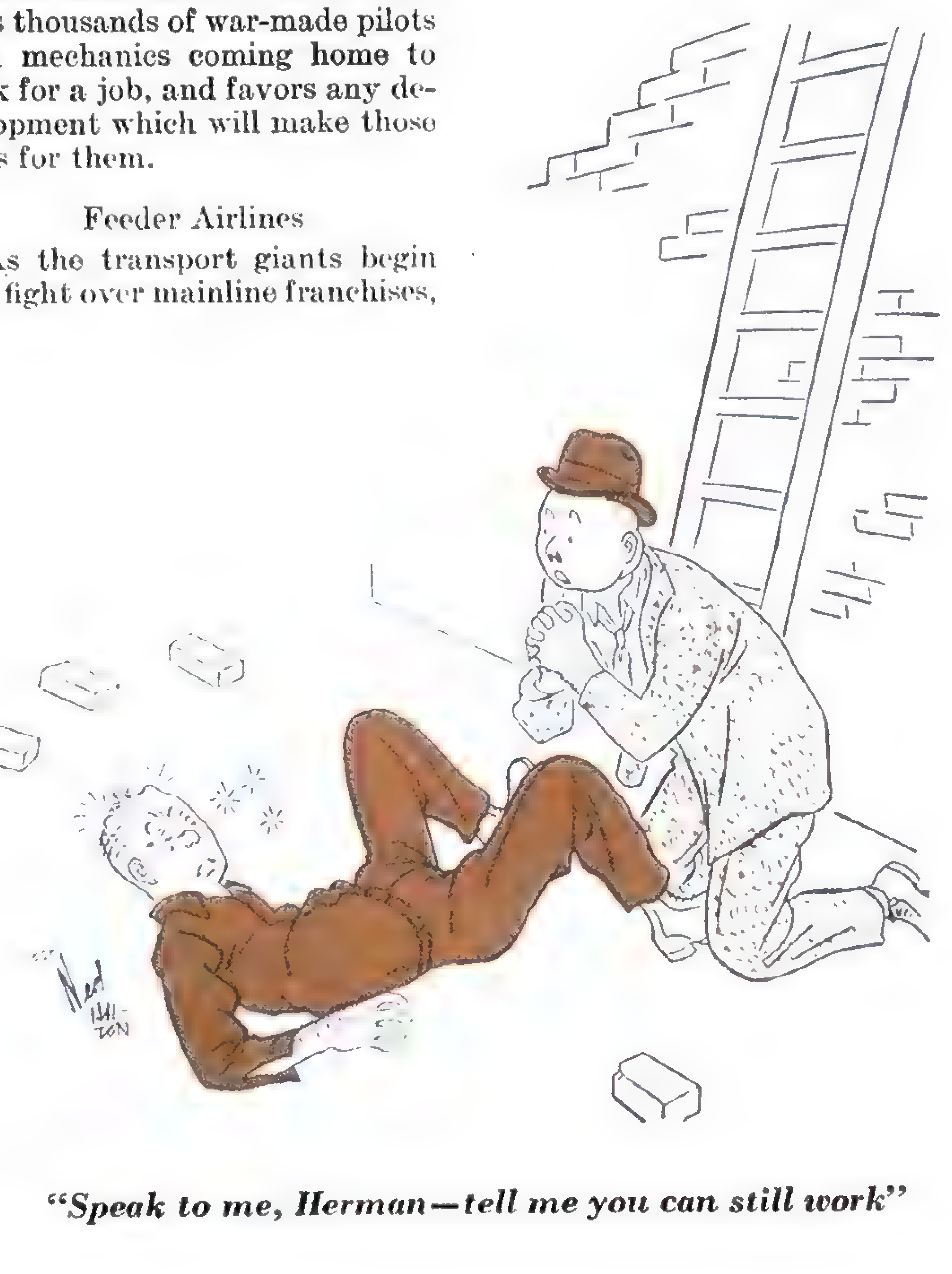
This proposed expansion brings some loud background cheers from aircraft manufacturers and labor. The aircraft industry is now five times larger than the automobile industry was at its peak—if air travel isn't enlarged to meet its output, it will be a kind of Samson with a close haircut. Labor foresees thousands of war-made pilots and mechanics coming home to look for a job, and favors any development which will make those jobs for them.

Feeder Airlines

As the transport giants begin the fight over mainline franchises, a free-for-all is developing for "feeder" rights—the branch lines which will connect small towns and large terminals. Until Dick Dupont's "pick-up" device and Igor Sikorsky's helicopter came along, a feeder service was considered a bottomless investment. Now the CAB receives a new application of this type almost every day. They range from star-broker Leland Hayward's Southwest Airways, with stockholders whose names are splashed on movie marquees, to the Washington high school student who asked for helicopter rights into all towns between Washington and New York. Today there are only 203 points served by our so-called national air system. If the CAB granted the feeder service applications now on file, our domestic airlines would stretch 150,000 miles more, into 5,000 new cities and towns.

But the tangle wouldn't end when these new route franchises were granted. There's still the

Continued on page 142



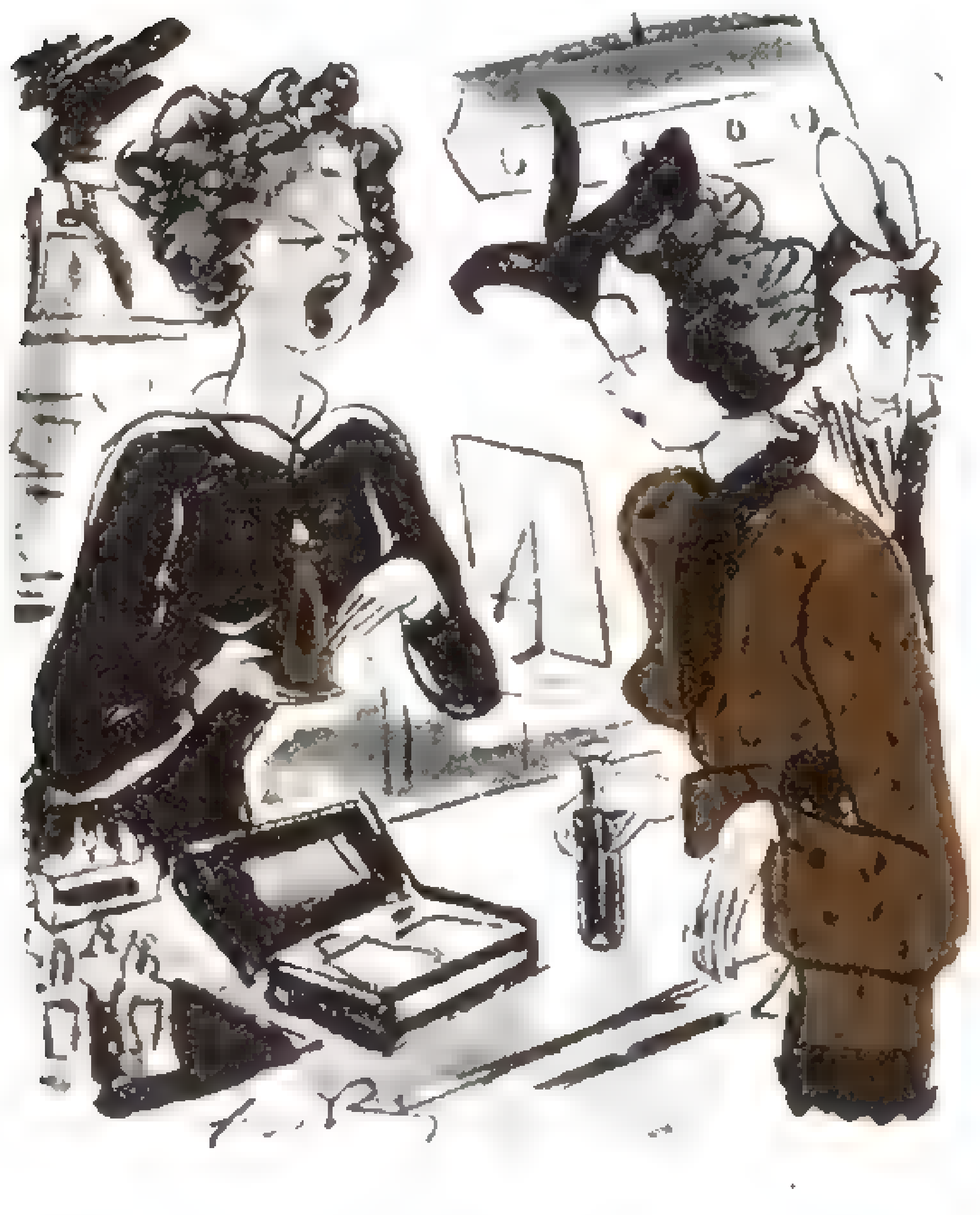
"Speak to me, Herman—tell me you can still work"

Goldbricking With Esquire

***Conducted by* BRUCE PATTERSON**

If you can smile when things go wrong
And say it doesn't matter,
If you can laugh off cares and woe
And trouble makes you fatter,
If you can keep a cheerful face,
When all around are blue,
Then have your head examined, Bud
There's something wrong with you.
For one thing I've arrived at,
There are no ands and buts,
A guy that's grinning all the time
Must be completely nuts.

—Air Base News
Jackson Army Air Base, Miss.



"Here is something that I use myself—it's called 'Sailor Repellent' for girls who are engaged to soldiers"

At a USO dance at this advanced base one night, a young lady noticed a sailor wearing an unusual identification bracelet. Taking the sailor's wrist, she read: "Hands off! He's mine—Julie."

—Henry F. Unger, Y2c,
c/o Fleet Post Office, N. Y. C.

The corporal was going home on a furlough and was lucky enough to have a Pullman reservation. When he got ready to retire and pulled back the curtains to climb in his berth, he was astonished to find two luscious blondes reposing there. He carefully checked his ticket, reservation and berth number to make sure he wasn't wrong, then said: "I'm deeply sorry, ladies, I'm a married man—a man of respect and standing in my community. I cannot afford to have a breath of scandal touch me. I'm sorry—one of you girls will have to leave."

—The Communique
Camp Livingston, La.

The woman at the slip counter in a department store complained to the clerk: "But this isn't a shadow-proof skirt. That's the kind I want."

"Oh," replied the clerk, "they don't make those any more. You see there are no men left on the streets except 4F's and they can't see anything."

—Flight Time
Goodfellow Field, Texas

A boot failed to salute an officer. The officer (merely the Exec.) stopped him and asked: "Do you know who I am?"

"Nope, just got here myself," replied the boot.

"I am the Executive Officer of this station."

"That's a helluva good job, Bud. Don't louse it up."

—Gowen Beacon
Gowen Field, Boise, Idaho

Jeep: "Would you blame me for something I didn't do?"

Sergeant: "Of course not."

Jeep: "Well I didn't get up for reveille."

—The Communique
Camp Livingston, La.

Two KP's were laboriously trundling a steaming kettle from the kitchen. A colonel stopped them. "Get me a ladle," he commanded.

One of the KP's brought the colonel a ladle at once. He dipped it into the kettle. He tasted. He spat . . .

"Do you call that soup?" he roared.

"No, Sir," came the instant answer, "we call that dishwater."

—Ft. MacArthur Alert
San Pedro, Calif.

We stand in line to get a pass
We stand in line to wash
We stand in line to find a place
To stand in line, by gosh
We stand in line to draw our pay
We stand in line to spend it
But fellowmen, we never have
To stand in line to lend it.

—Sandy Hook Foghorn
Fort Hancock, N. J.

S/Sgt. Huber: "Your girl's spoiled, isn't she?"

Cpl. Johnston: "No, it's just the perfume she's using."

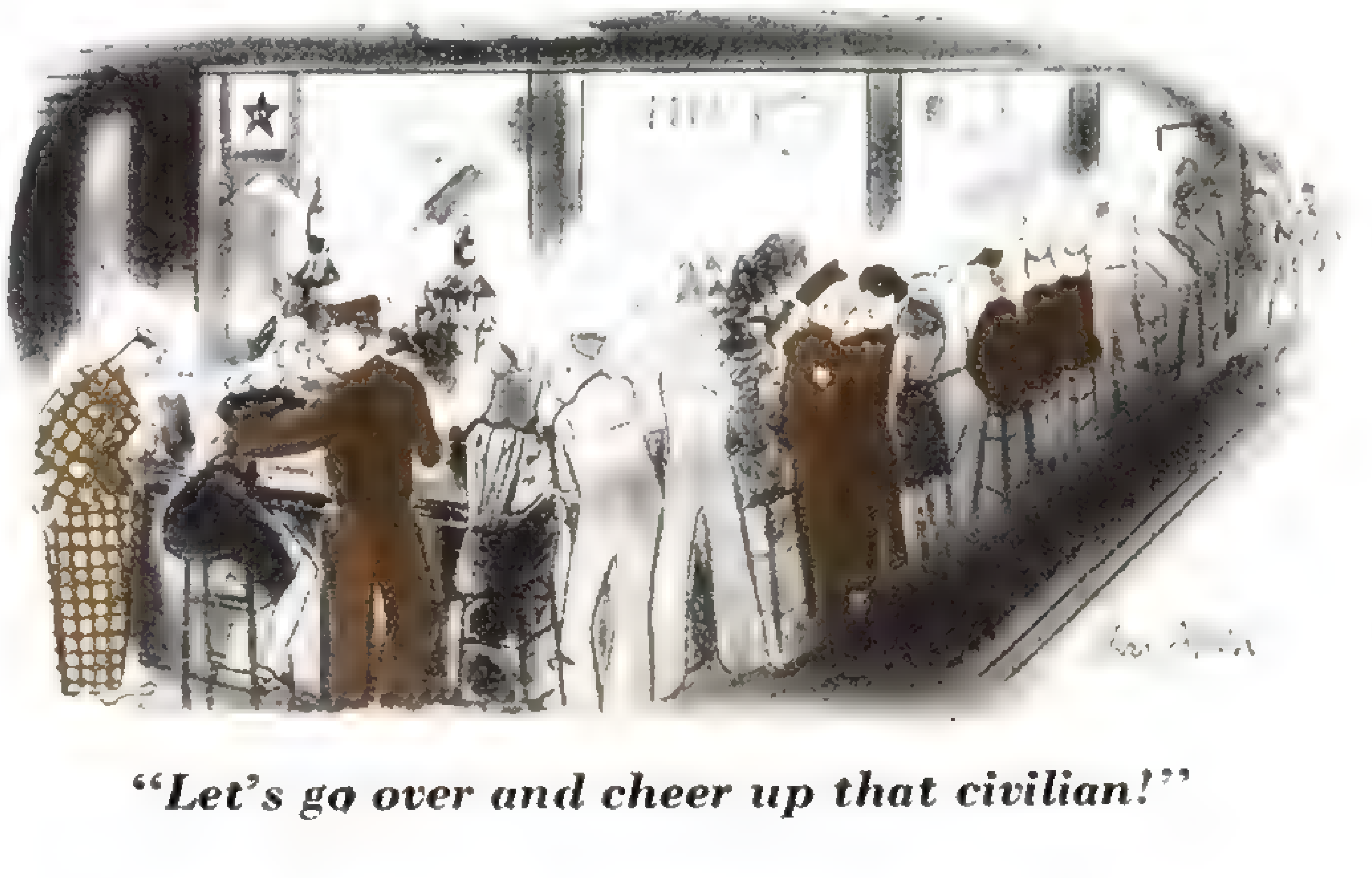
—The Shermanian
Sherman Field, Kansas

A buck private and his girl were riding out in the country on horseback. As they stopped for a rest, the two horses rubbed necks affectionately.

"Ah, me," sighed the private, "that's what I'd like to do."

"Well, go ahead," answered the girl, "it's your horse."

—Aafsatonian
Orlando, Fla.



"Let's go over and cheer up that civilian!"

There was a kicking soldier,
Who kicked the whole year long.
What wasn't, always ought to be,
What was . . . was always wrong.
He didn't like his captain,
He cussed his general, too,
He saw no basic reason
For the work they made him do.
They sent him o'er the ocean
With his rifle and his pack
But no sooner was he landed,
Than he wished that he was back.
At last Death's final transfer,
Took him to realms afar
He drew a post in Heaven
Where the perfect quarters are.
No sooner was he seated
Than he passed around the word
If St. Peter could arrange it
He would like to be transferred.

—Anon in *The Broadcaster*
Scott Field, Ill.

Mountaineer: "Doc, I want you to look at my son-in-law. I shot him yesterday and took a piece out of his ear."

Doctor: "Shame on you shooting at your son-in-law."

Mountaineeer: "He wasn't my son-in-law when I shot him."

—The Communique
Camp Livingston, La.

Sergeant: "So this is a battle of wits between you and me?"

Corporal: "No—I never pick on a man who is unarmed."

—The Target
Fort Sheridan, Ill.

He: "I see your husband has been promoted to a master sergeant. I suppose he's brilliant and knows everything."

She: "Don't fool yourself. He doesn't suspect a thing."

—Flight Time
Goodfellow Field, Texas

GI (sampling the cook's soup): "So you served in the AEF back in 1918?"

Cook: "Yep. I cooked for two years and was wounded twice."

GI: "You're a lucky guy. It's a wonder they didn't kill you."

—The Target
Fort Sheridan, Ill.

Tough Bos'n Mate: "Say sailor, what's the idea walking around the grinder without a hat on? What's your name?"

Sailor: "Stanislaus Kajahslapwshykahowsky."

Tough Bos'n Mate: "Never mind. See if you can find a hat."

—*Terminal Beacon*
NRS, San Pedro, Calif.

GI: "I'm not feeling myself tonight."

Sue: "You're telling me."

—*Flight Time*
Goodfellow Field, Texas

"Darling, you are the seventh wonder of the world."

"Well listen, soldier, don't ever let me catch you out with the other six."

—*Beam*
Hondo Army Air Field, Texas

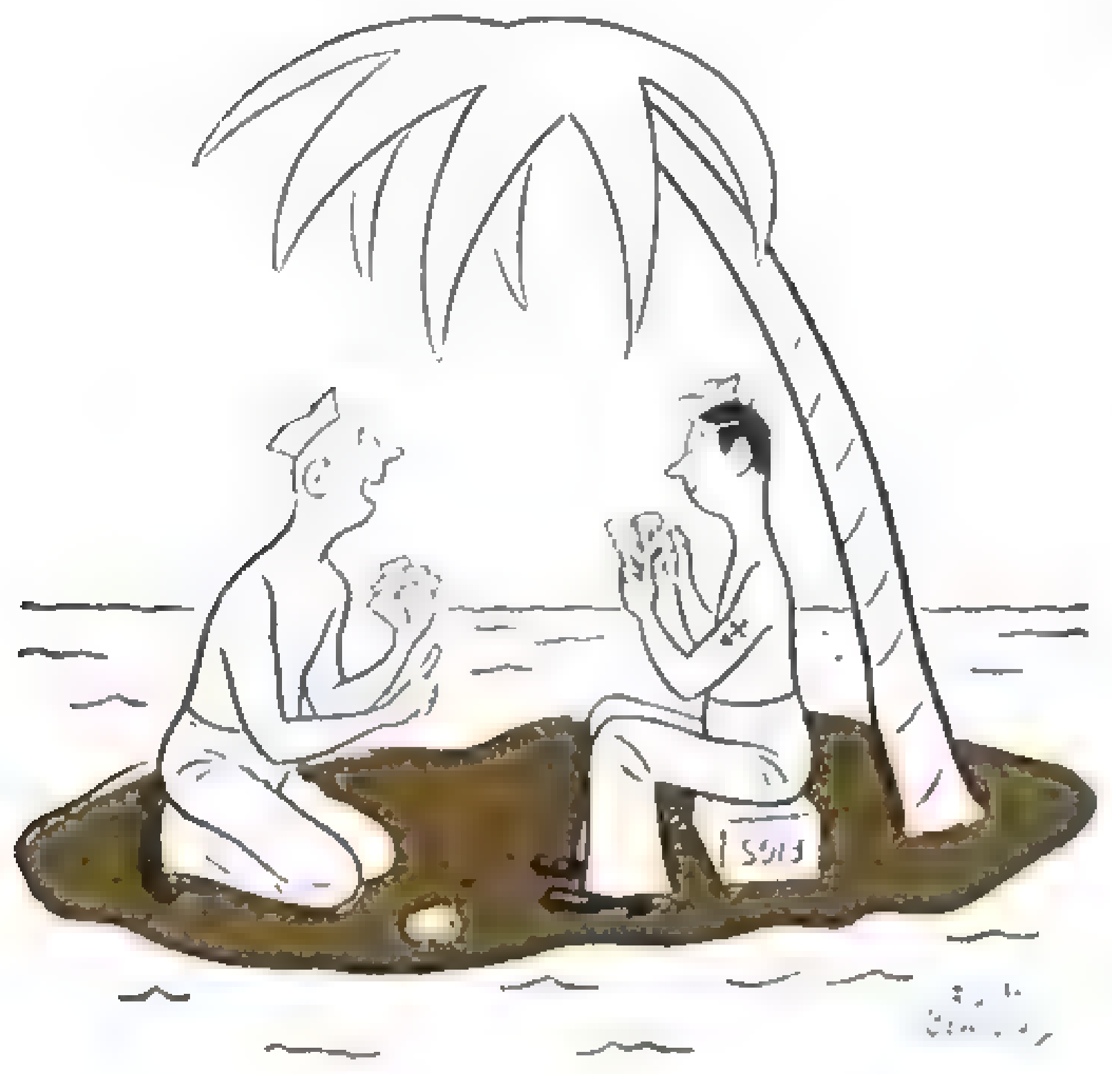
Here's the best excuse yet for an extension of a furlough. A private requested a few more days at home because his mother had undergone an operation and he was needed as an interpreter.

The doctor confirmed that he couldn't understand Serbian, the only language the mother speaks, and needed the son to translate the aches and pains. The request was granted.

—*The Armodier*
Fort Smith, Ark.

A sweet young thing grabbed a taxi downtown the other day and said to the driver: "To the maternity hospital and never mind rushing. I only work there."

—*Hi-Life*
Hendricks Field, Sebring, Fla.

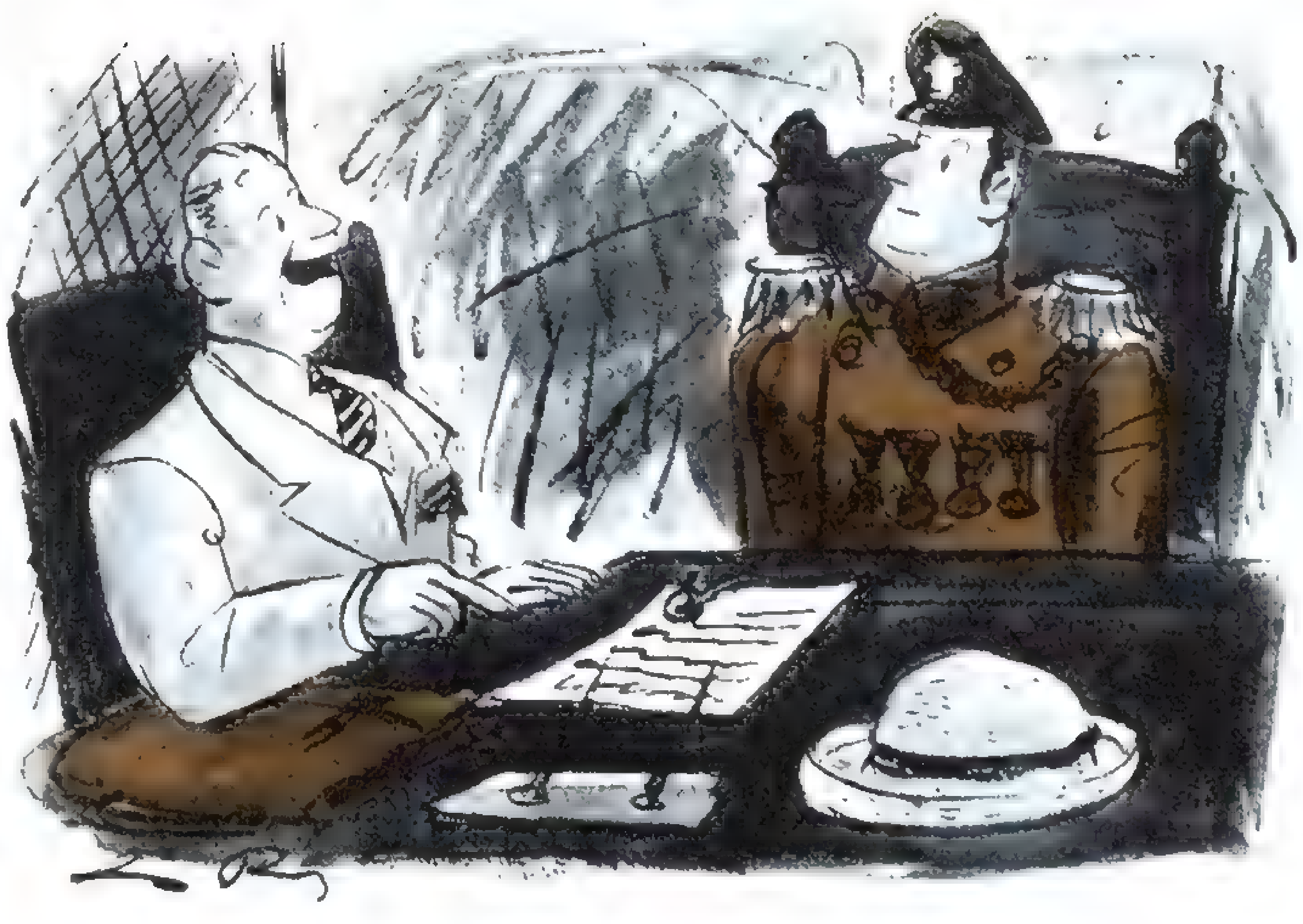


"All right, I'll bet you the continent of Asia against the continent of Africa and I'll raise you the island of Madagascar"

Irate Mother, at 11:30 p.m.: "Young man, do you think you can stay here all night?"

Soldier: "I don't know. I'll have to call my C. O. first."

—*Randolph Rookie*
Randolph Field, Texas



"In this reciprocal trade agreement, the United States will ship you locomotives and generators and you will send us the equivalent in rumba orchestras"

Home on furlough the soldier was surveying his sweetie whom he hadn't seen in months: "Slimmer, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "I've lost so much weight you can count my ribs."

"Where," asked the GI with a gleam in his eye, "do I start?"

—*The Communique*
Camp Livingston, La.

Do not become a hermit, dear,
While you are far away.
Just have a lot of fun, dear,
Slip out each night and play,
Have the girls around, dear,
They too must have their fling;
Be sure you treat them kind dear,
Laugh and dance and sing.
Do anything you will, dear,
Pet and flirt and park,
With Mary, Jane and Ann, dear,
Have fun after dark.
The years are all too few, dear,
Your chasing 'round to check,
But should I find you do, dear,
I'll break your —— neck!

—Reprinted from *Golden Gator* in *Banana Peelings*, U. S. Naval Air Station, Banana River, Fla.

A Jap general rode forward: "I have the honor, Your Imperial Highness, to announce a great victory."

"Well, don't stand there—go and congratulate your troops."

"So solly—there are none left."

—*Beam*
Hondo Army Air Field, Texas

The beautiful Army hostess, newly arrived in camp, thought she would take a nude dip in the clear blue lake while the men were out on drill and no one was nearby. It so happened that a rookie KP was sent down to the lake for a bucket of water, and seeing her pink clothes on the bank, sat down to watch. The beautiful Army hostess remained submerged up to her neck until she could no longer stand the chilling water, whereupon she scampered up the bank and found an old dishpan half buried in the mud. Hurriedly digging the pan out she held it in front of her like a shield and came ashore.

"You wouldn't have such a smirk on your face if you knew what I'm thinking," she said.

"Oh, I know what you're thinking all right," said the KP, "you're thinking that pan's got a bottom in it."

—*Arizona Contact*
Phoenix, Arizona

"Have a good time at the party, daughter dear, and be a good girl."

"Make up your mind, mother."

—*Hi-Life*
Hendricks Field, Sebring, Fla.

"Where's the first sergeant?"

"He's over in the barracks hanging himself."

"Did you cut him down?"

"No—he wasn't dead yet."

—*Flight Time*
Goodfellow Field, Texas

Buck Private: "I'm afraid we can't have much fun tonight. All I have left of my pay is some small change."

Sweet Young Thing: "Well, how much do you think it takes to send my kid brother to the movies—a five dollar bill?"

—*The Randolph Rookie*
Randolph Field, Texas

"Pardon me, Miss, "said the sentry, "but it's against regulations to swim in this lake."

"Well, for heaven's sake," exclaimed the maiden, "why didn't you tell me before I undressed?"

"It ain't against regulations to undress, lady."

—*Armodier*
Ft. Smith, Ark.

The corporal picked up the telephone and dialed a number. "Hello, baby, this is Gideon."

"Who?" asked the girl.

"Gideon," he answered.

"I can't understand you."

"Listen," said the corporal, "it's Gideon—G for gin, I for ice, D for drinking, E for excess, O for off duty, and N for nothing to do, get that?"

"Well, not all of it," said the girl, "but come on over anyway."

—*The Communique*
Camp Livingston, La.

Cpl.: "I'm going to see the medico about my wife. I don't like the way she looks."

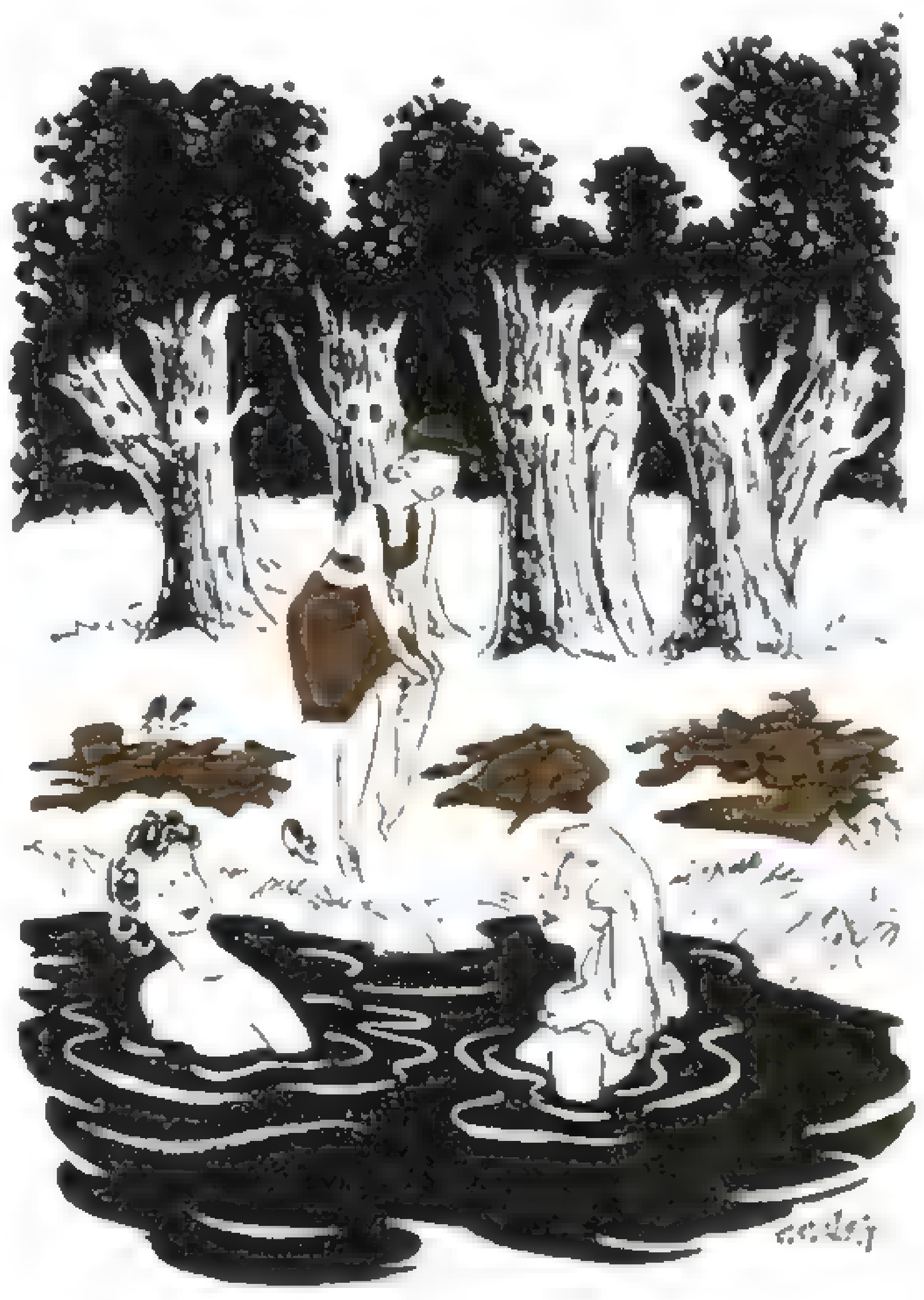
Pvt.: "I'll go along. I don't like the looks of mine either."

—*The Target*
Fort Sheridan, Ill.

First Sailor: "Why don't you laugh when the Chief tells a joke?"

Second Sailor: "I don't have to. I'm being transferred tomorrow."

—*Terminal Beacon*
NRS, San Pedro, Calif.



"You're sure there are no soldiers around here?"

A beautiful young lady went for a swim in a secluded spot but forgot to take a towel. She had a swell swim then came out on the bank and was allowing nature's balmy breezes to dry her when she heard a rustling in some nearby bushes. "Who's there?" she cried in alarm.

"It's Willie," answered a rather high pitched voice.

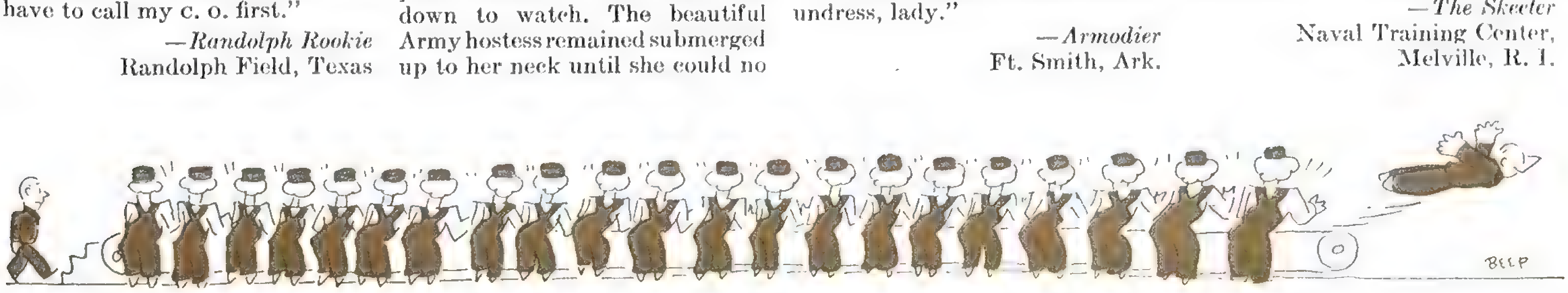
"How old are you Willie?" asked the girl.

The answer came quickly: "Seventy-nine, darn it."

—*The Communique*
Camp Livingston, La.

Boatswain to sailor: "Wipe that opinion off your face."

—*The Skeeter*
Naval Training Center,
Melville, R. I.



Mr. Volstead, Nevermore

This Raven whose croak is heard from the hamlets to Washington is far more ominous than the bird that scared Poe

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

"THERE'S no scarcity that Peace cannot cure" is a nice notion to go on—if the Prohibitionists don't drop a bomb on it. Which is the very thing these ladies and gentry are fixing to do, and soon, with the benefit of an opportunity so phenomenal it intoxicates them.

Their gift offerings are of three types: delayed-action, fragmentation, and instantaneous. An example of the first of these descended upon us during World War I as so-called wartime Prohibition which, whimsically deferring its havoc until after the boys came home, lingered with us through thirteen years of "peace" punctuated by the rat-tat-tat of gangsters' machine guns. The second is designed to demolish law and order, locality by locality, till artificially produced drought dapples the American map from coast to coast. Fragmentation Style A is the putsch at the polls whereby Blueberryville or Hezekiah County is shoved over into the Dry column; Style B, simmering in Congress but not yet foisted upon the public, is the Zone scheme of instituting social and economic scorched-earth areas, of unspecified size, around all camps, forts, and naval bases—which would mean that cities such as New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, and New Orleans wouldn't be allowed to sell a glass of beer, even to a civilian. (Washington, D.C., being a bit special, is the object of specific desiccation intentions.) The instantaneous type, duly Congressional-billed, offers us nation-wide Prohibition for the duration and not a day longer—unless it just happened to be extended by suitable work at the crossroads. The Dry bloc's real buster is a House joint resolution, now on the fire, proposing a 22nd Amendment to the Constitution to replace the unlamented 18th. How these varied attacks will fit into America's war effort remains to be seen and felt.

To narrow-minded guys like you and me it seems odd that issues affecting the rights and privileges of Johnny Citizen, taxpayer, should be pressed while the said Johnny Citizen is off somewhere in a tank, plane, or submarine. Why, we wonder, couldn't these matters wait till Johnny comes marching home?

Ah, that only goes to show our incapacity to deal with big moral principles. We should realize that this benighted Johnny needs to be protected by Prohibition, not consulted as a free citizen. The chances are too great that he might choose wrongly because of his having been contaminated by glasses of the 3.2 beer that is infamously served in Army canteens. Besides, with him out of the picture—and there are going on ten millions of him—the coup at the polls should be a cinch, especially with his father, his uncle, and his sister Susie all gone to work in industrial regions away from home, forfeiting their voting privileges this November, and with his sister Mable similarly disfranchised by removal to the state where her lieutenant husband is stationed. Dry voters aren't such wartime will-o'-the-wisps. They stay put and you can count on them.

BOARD OF CENSORS
Frank BEAVEN

"I'm ruining a masterpiece"

But the most exultant chortles now resounding through the lobbies of teetotaldom are inspired by the statistics of last November, which reveal that more women went to the polls than men; up till then a minority, they in 1942 cast 53 per cent of the total vote. Apparently men working long hours of the night and day in war industries found it difficult to take time for a trip to the booth, whereas milady's crochet needle could be laid down at will. This year, with so many men gone into the Armed Forces, manpower at the polls will be even weaker unless every civilian who *can* get there *does* so in home-front-fighting solidarity.

It has been a shock to some of us to discover that Liberty is merely Responsibility with a flag in its buttonhole, but war has prodded us into a general check-up of our duties as happiness-pursuers. We don't know what our batting average will be when peace is here again, but we hope. And that hope is apt to include a little drink.

Sympathetic to such aspirations are those determined fellows, the bonifaces of the American Hotel Association—determined that amenity and decency shall reign under their roofs. They are horrifying the Drys by actively fostering Temperance according to the original meaning of the word: moderate, intelligent use of alcoholic drinks. A special Temperance Committee of the hostelry industry, with its chair manned by New York's Hotel Astor's Bob Christenberry (vitamins A to Z personified), is doing a nation-wide job of seeing that house rules have tact and teeth in them, and the reports coming in from regional associations tell of co-operation with military authorities, voluntary curtailing of hours of operation, safeguards set up to prevent sales to minors, and employee-signed pledges of fealty to liquor laws.

All of which is good business as well as good citizenship. The hotelkeepers would rather keep their hotels than have the Camel turn them into bondholders' white elephants hardly worth peanuts.

Did you ever stop to think of the influence that a well-run hotel exerts upon manners? Other people's manners, I mean; yours and mine, of course, were perfect from the time we stepped out of the cradle. I'm thinking of the gawk with the heart of gold, who's all feet and hands and nervous around the collar, dragging a gal as splendor-struck as he. He gets a courteous greeting. Is humanely assisted in ordering food and wine. Basks in glory. Absorbs aplomb from his surroundings. And floats out through the door as though cloud-borne. A year or so later, he and the Hotel Magnificent are social-ease pals.

The number of rough-diamond-smoothing assignments handled by the old Waldorf-Astoria, with Oscar as preceptor, was stupendous. But that is history. What matters now is that the new Waldorf-Astoria and other noted hotels strung across the country, are enlightening the anxious to catch on. Service men are apt pupils, impressed by the fate worse than dog-house that awaits the least overbent elbow. Outraged are rawboners from Bigotsburg who prowl in for a sight of the rich debauching in Satan's toils. Shucks, it ain't what those screeching women with the banners cracked it up to be.

Lacking, too, in sensationalism were the wines encountered by the Yanks in North Africa. Any grand hotel wine butler would have considered his key-chain of office compromised by pouring them. A friend of mine from San Francisco who participated wrote me that California wouldn't be guilty of any such. But they were *wines* and hence gratefully gone at by the invaders. In fact, a certain c.o., keen for hygienic education, lined up his men and, explaining that water was scarce and not too salubrious, made them each swallow a morning dose of

Continued on page 149

ROAD CLOSED

— by the Fighting Engineers

When there are tanks to be stopped—watch the Engineers! "Tank block—rush it!" is the order . . . and the photograph at the right *(an actual training test)* shows the result.

Stopping tanks is only a *part* of the job of the fighting U. S. Engineers. They build the bridges . . . blaze the trails through mine fields—yes, *all* the services depend on the Engineers. And, like men in all the other services, you're apt to find that when an Engineer lights up a cigarette—it's a Camel.

They've Got What it Takes!

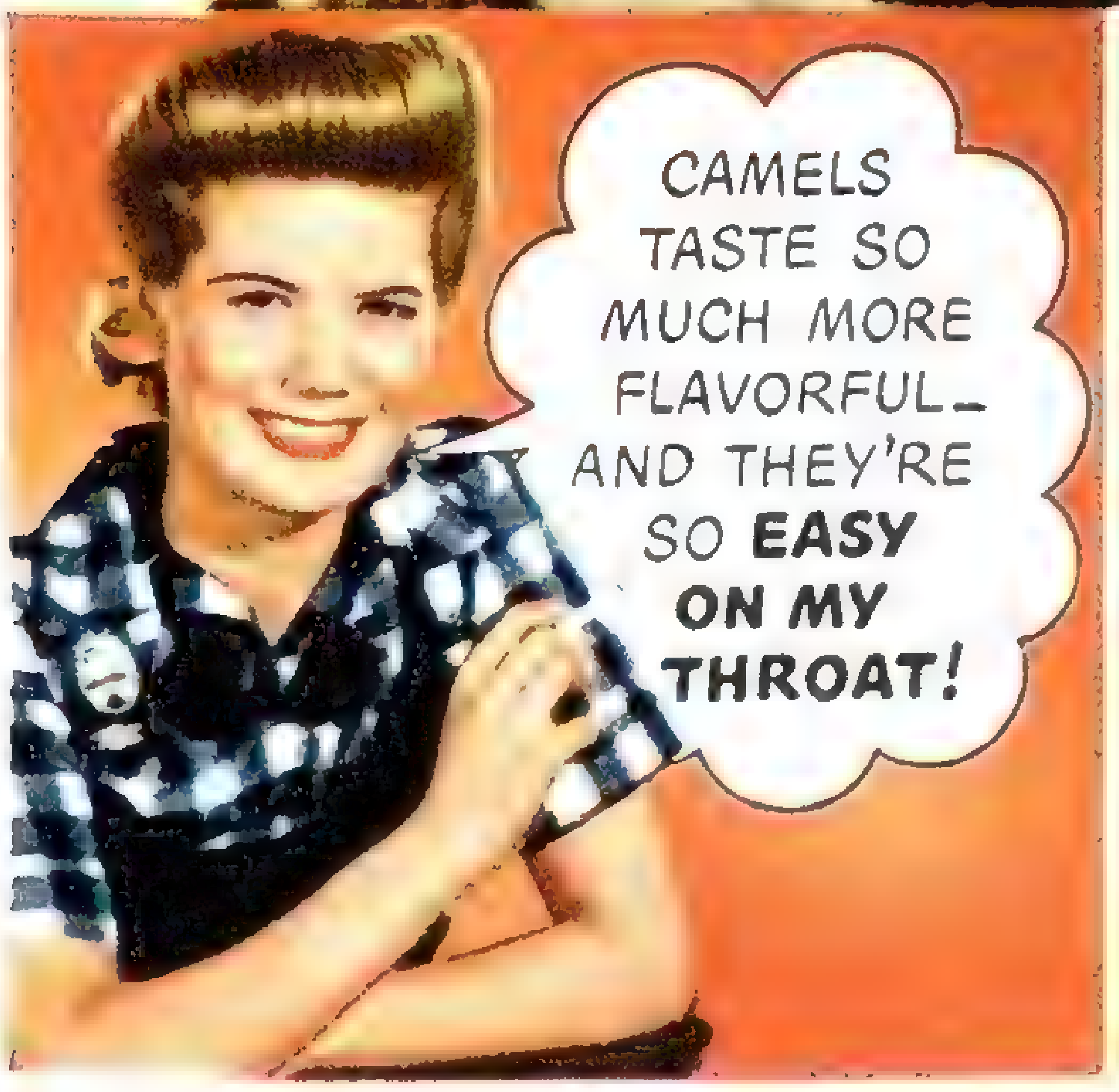
CAMELS SURE STAND THE TEST OF STEADY SMOKING! THAT SWELL **FLAVOR** ALWAYS HOLDS UP— AND THEY'RE EXTRA **MILD!**

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

First
IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records.)


CAMELS TASTE SO MUCH MORE FLAVORFUL— AND THEY'RE SO **EASY ON MY THROAT!**

● *"Stopping tanks is my job, too,"* says Amelia Baines, who works on Western Electric signal devices. She has a brother in the Artillery, and smokes the service man's favorite cigarette—Camel. "Camels have always been my cigarette," she says. "They always have a fresh, flavorful appeal—puff after puff and pack after pack."

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company,
Winston-Salem,
North Carolina

Camels

The "T-Zone"—where cigarettes are judged

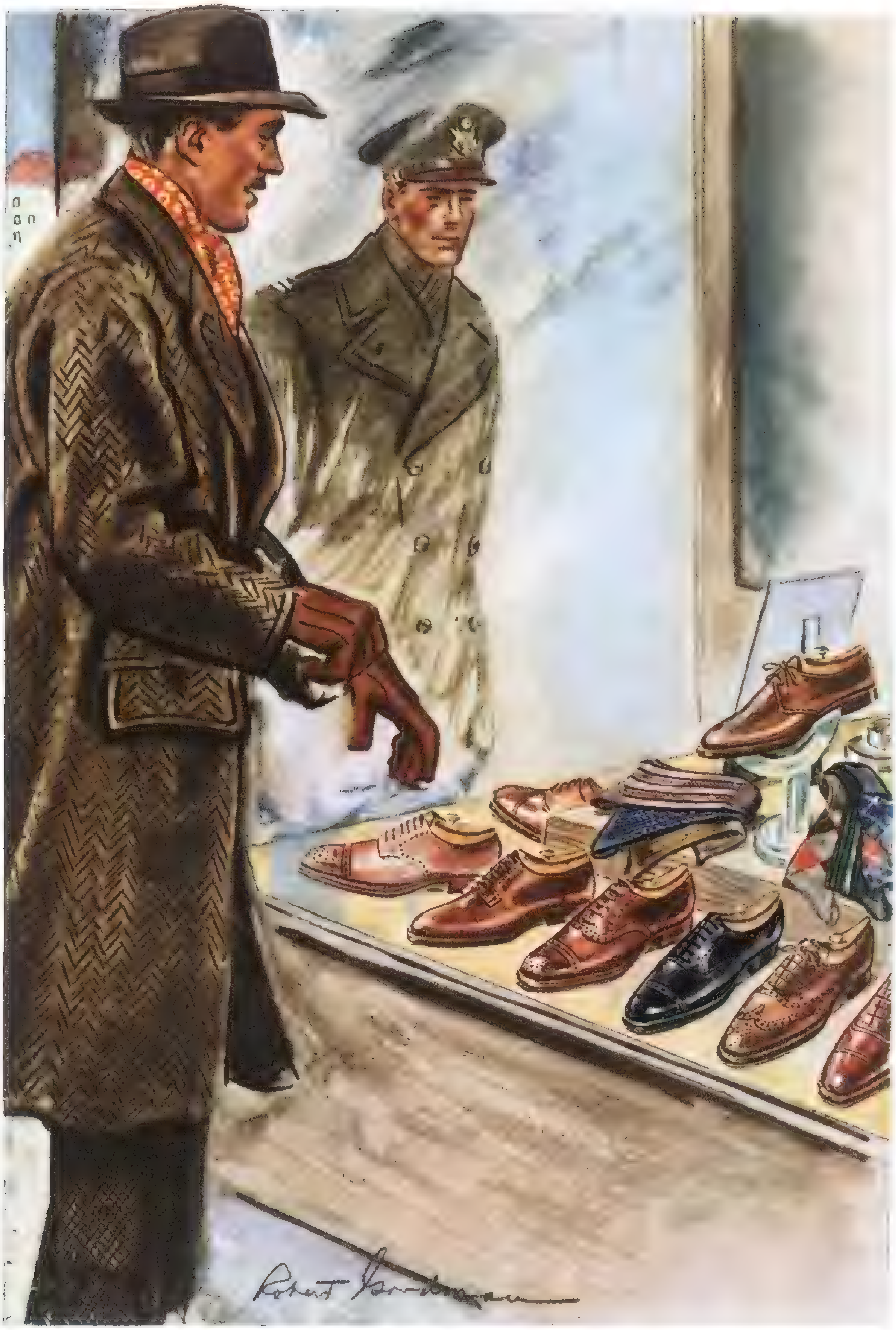
How long since you've smoked a Camel? Give them a try today. Compare them critically . . . for taste . . . for your throat . . . for your "T-ZONE." That's the proving ground of any cigarette.

On the basis of the experience of millions of Camel smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that Camel's costlier tobaccos give. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers. So try Camels in *your* "T-Zone."

For Men of Wisdom....LORD CALVERT

“CUSTOM” BLENDED for the enjoyment of those who can afford the finest ... Lord Calvert has been for years the most expensive whiskey blended in America. So *rare* ... so *smooth* ... so *mellow* ... it has never been produced except in limited quantities. Each bottle is numbered and registered at the distillery by Calvert.

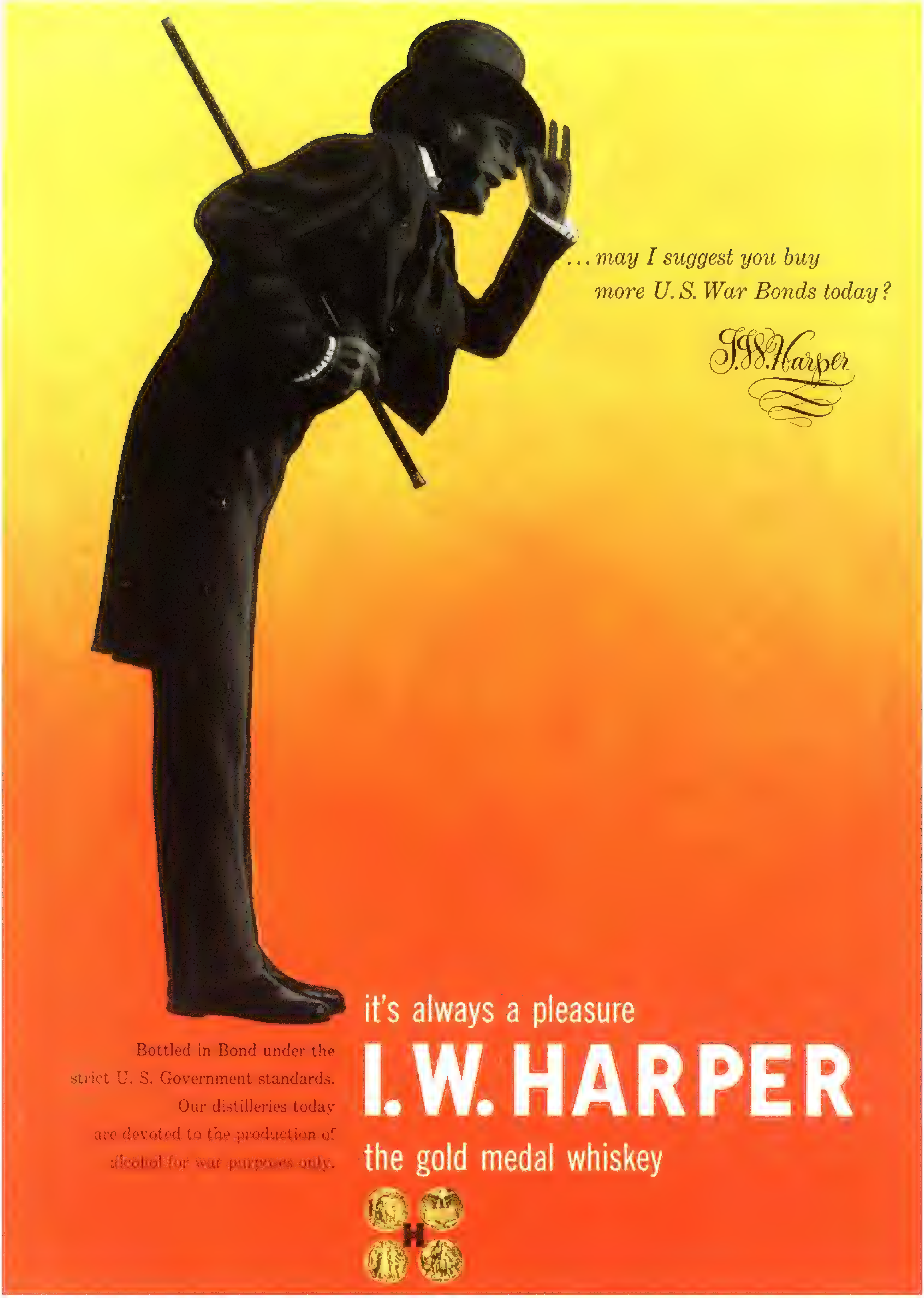
LORD CALVERT IS A “CUSTOM” BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY.



boots, boots everywhere . . .

But not a pair to wear? Well, yes—one little teensy-weensy pair. But how about the wife's coupon? Ha, ha—we're laughing. Well, the kiddy's, then? Now we're getting some place; tell him he's daddy's little barefoot boy. . . . The captain is eying the two-eyelet model possessively. The civilian selection includes the straight tip blucher with medallion toe cap at extreme left, a plain toe blucher in a military model, a straight tip shoe with medallion toe cap and a black town last model. Next in order is a simulated wing tip model that conserves material by dispensing with the usual extra layer of leather for the perforations; this shoe has a composition sole. The socks displayed represent a cross-section of the latest patterns in wool and rayon. The civilian's outfit consists of a brown tweed overcoat with figured rayon muffler, brown snap brim hat, capeskin gloves and sharkskin suit.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



. . . may I suggest you buy
more U.S. War Bonds today?

I.W. Harper

it's always a pleasure

I. W. HARPER

the gold medal whiskey

Bottled in Bond under the
strict U. S. Government standards.
Our distilleries today
are devoted to the production of
alcohol for war purposes only.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

***Tune in** Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival Every Wednesday Evening C.B.S*

Man the Kitchenette

How to know capellini, ziti and other paste and how to prepare *Risotto alla Pilota*

by ILES BRODY
EDIBLES

"How can you sit there while I slave out in the field harvesting all day—"

If you think that there is a more important culinary nation in Europe than Italy, you are wrong. The French, admired for their gastronomy, owe their basic training to the Italians. More than a millenium ago the Gauls, while besieging Naples, lifted many of the enemy's kitchen secrets. Let us hope that the American occupying forces will also come back with some of that sound Italian culinary wisdom. Of course, America is already permeated by Italian cooking, for the best restaurants, especially in New York, are run by Italians.

And if you think that Italian cooking comprises only macaroni, rice, bread and cheese, and red wine, you are also wrong. Italian cookery is extremely versatile, varied, and complex. Every hamlet has its special dishes.

In Sicily the food is rich and swims in olive oil, but is less renowned than that of other parts of the country. The best cuisine is found in Bologna; in fact the Bolognese are the greatest gourmets of Italy. Mortadella, that excellent large salami, made mostly of horse and donkey meat, comes from Bologna. The best small salami is made in Cremona, of violin fame. Parma is famous for its ham and cheese, the tasty prosciutto and Parmigiano, the only cheese that we cannot successfully imitate. If you haven't tasted *scampi*, newborn baby lobster no bigger than your thumb, fried in Lucca oil, you haven't lived. In America we can't get *scampi* for our laws protect the lives of infant crustaceans.

As you probably know, the basis of Italian cookery is olive oil. However, in Lombardy and Piedmont, they use butter, while in some places they use half butter and half olive oil. The latter is healthier, for the oil is the oil of a fruit, but butter signifies an elegant cuisine, and you'll agree it's no use arguing with elegance.

The uninitiated think that in the northern part of Italy the people eat nothing but risotto; and in the south only macaroni (*maccheroni* is the correct Italian spelling). It is not divided with such precision, but the best risotto does come from Milan and Pavia and Mantova. The risotto from Mantova is called *Risotto alla Pilota*, and I'll tell how to make it. (The recipe was given to me by Gene Cavallero, owner of the Colony Restaurant in New York, who hails from Mantova).

Fill a large metal pot three-quarters full of boiling water. Pour rice into this out of a paper bag; do it slowly, never moving your hand, so the rice in the water will form a mountain, until its summit will stick out above the water like a pyramid. Tightly cover the vessel with a lid and put around it a burlap, or any other cloth (an old skirt will do) that prevents the heat from escaping. Leave it for one hour and forty-five minutes and the rice will cook to perfection by itself; every kernel becoming hard and dry and separated. The whole operation takes place in the kitchen but not on the stove—on your stove you cook your fish or fowl or meat or game in olive oil in a pan, while the rice cooks in the hot water alone. When your pan broil is finished, pour the sauce that remained over the cooked rice, and mix well. But do observe those one hundred and five minutes for the rice.

Milanese risotto is made like this for four hungry men:

Wash a cup of rice well. Cook the rice in a cup of chicken broth under a lid, until all the liquid disappears. Put the rice aside, and brown a well-chopped onion in a little butter. Now add the rice to this, and stir constantly, adding a cup of hot water, salt and pepper, and after a couple of minutes stirring, add more butter. Dissolve a little saffron in a quarter of a cup of broth or hot water, and add to the rice to make it a nice yellow color. Sprinkle grated Parmigiano cheese over it and serve piping hot.

Of course, no matter how good a cook you might be, you'll never get risotto made as good as at Peppino's, which is the best restaurant in Milan, and according

Continued on page 102

Tripler's Distinctive
YORK STREET HAT
in Three Colors for Fall
$7.50

ROAN TAN *is an ideal soft shade to complement tan and brown clothing. Right for business or off-duty wear*

TEAK BROWN, *this dark shade of brown may be worn not only with brown, but also with blue and grey clothes*

CARIB GREY, *a medium shade, goes well with both grey and blue clothes. The York Street with brim up becomes a modified Homburg for town*

The York Street is a favorite hat with many businessmen and sportsmen from coast to coast. It is noted for its correct proportion of crown and brim

When ordering the York Street hat by mail, be sure to give color and correct hat size to assure perfect fit. Mail orders shipped promptly upon receipt of check, money order, or C.O.D. instructions

☆

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Outfitters to Gentlemen · *Established* 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 · NEW YORK

Give your neck a break!

1 Smoo-ooth! Collar can't pucker—it's woven in one piece instead of usual 3 layers of cloth. Looks starched, is soft!

2 Like magic! Always folds right, irons perfectly for the foldline's woven in. Keeps a clean curve around your neck.

Only the Van Heusen Shirt has the famous Van Heusen collar *attached!*

HUNT high, hunt low... one shirt and *only* one has a collar woven—not just sewed but *woven*—to fit the human neck. A collar that can't wilt, can't wrinkle, that *looks* starched but *isn't*. That has no lining to buckle, and always irons *right*. It's the Van Heusen white shirt—quality tailored throughout, Sanforized and laundry-tested. Get some today... **$2.25** *and up.*

Van Heusen Shirts also come in a wide variety of patterns and collar styles. Phillips-Jones Corp., New York

Van Heusen Shirts

SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS • COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 101

to many Italians, in the whole country. Other connoisseurs swear that Italy's best restaurant is the *Pappagallo* (meaning parrot) in Bologna.

Then again some say that Alfredo's on the Piazza della Scrofa in Rome is best; in case you get there, don't miss *fettucini al burro*, a broad sort of spaghetti, a masterpiece at Alfredo's.

Some experts say that macaroni, pasta, farinaceous food, is best in Naples; others cite the Abruzzi mountains or Genoa. I can only tell you what Italian housewives tell me: the finest pasta is made right here in New York and Chicago.

Pasta is, of course, a collective word for macaroni and its myriad relatives. Spaghetti is the most widely used pasta in this country. Spagettini is finer than spaghetti; vermicelli is still finer and used mainly in soups; vermicellini is about half the width of vermicelli; capellini is as thin as hair; tagliatelli is a wide noodle; ziti is a fat pasta and has a hole in it; and so on endlessly to cravatte which is shaped like a bow tie, to gnocchi which are tiny balls made of dough, to ravioli, which you know and like well. Marco Polo brought the noodles to Italy from China, where it was mentioned in Chinese cookery books more than two thousand years B.C. The simple Chinese noodle, however, blossomed into a thousand shapes with the help of Italian imagination. For even the most humble Italian has as much imagination in his cuisine as Pirandello had in his plays.

Here is that famous *alla marinara* sauce for six. It's authentic Neopolitan, comes from Anthony Mele, famous Italian restaurateur in New York.

Take a half cup of olive oil, three cloves of garlic chopped finely, and a sprig of chopped parsley and fry together for a few minutes, stirring the mixture but not allowing it to get brown. Add a large can of tomatoes, salt and pepper, and a kind of sage, called aregano, that you can get in any Italian grocery store, and cook for three quarters of an hour over low flame. After it's ready, mix it together with your pasta, and use grated cheese on top. Any kind of pasta is good with *marinara* but the best is spaghetti. If you cook your *marinara* sauce together with your meat, the dish is called *pizzaiola*. Of course, your pasta must cook separately.

My favorite pasta is tagliatelli, especially if it is made with the above sauce minus tomatoes and aregano, and with small cooked clams added (do not cook the clams too long!). This dish is called tagliatelli *alla vongole*, and the best I've ever had was right here in New York, in an old, inexpensive Italian restaurant on West 46th Street, called Barbetta's. I think this culinary wonder costs forty or forty-five cents at this benevolent place. Their marvelous *zuppa Inglese* (English trifle), a frivolously light sponge cake, made with rum, almonds, cream and brandy, is twenty cents.

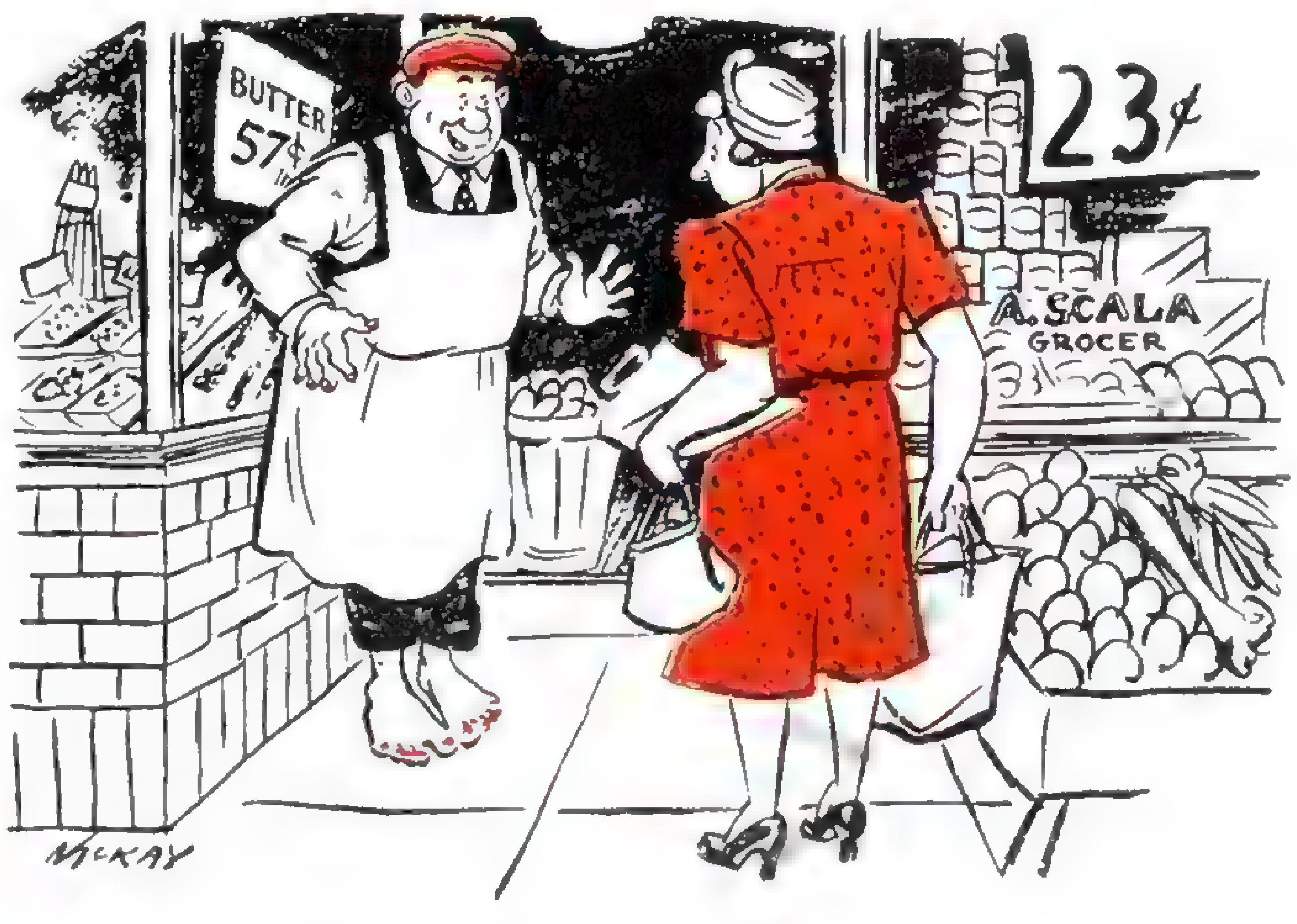
Spaghetti with meat sauce, or with meat balls, can be delicious. So can spaghetti Caruso, designating the addition of chicken livers and mushrooms, which, by the way, Caruso never liked. He ate his spaghetti plain, with butter and cheese only. Spaghetti *al pomodoro* just means that the pasta is re-enforced by fresh tomatoes while green noodles are simply steeped in spinach juice.

The secret of spaghetti eating is to take only a small amount on the prong of your fork, which is held in your right hand while you hold a tablespoon in your left. Then you place the spaghetti that's on your fork in the spoon, and twist your fork around until it is secure. The spoon is merely there as a helper.

If you take too much spaghetti on your fork, the operation will be unsuccessful, and you'll make a mess of it.

Osso Bucco, veal knuckles braised, is a modest Italian dish, usually found in the small bistros of Italy. A few years ago in Milan, when I got tired of the rich, elegant fare served under the Arcades in those fine restaurants, I set out and discovered just such

Continued on page 104

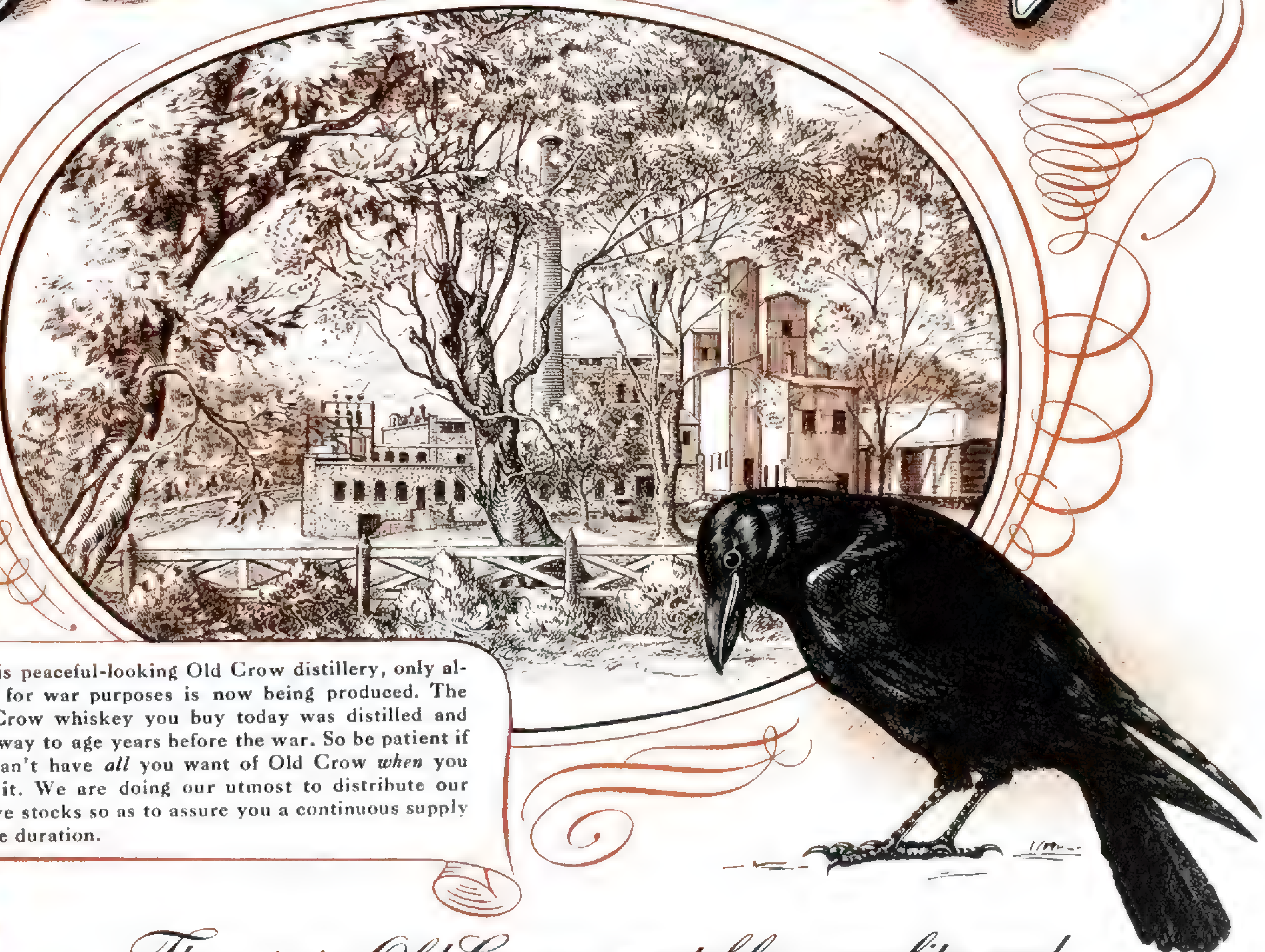


"For me it works very well—I figure the money on my fingers, and the ration points on my toes"

Today, as for the past hundred years, men enjoy the mellow goodness of this famous whiskey

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW



At this peaceful-looking Old Crow distillery, only alcohol for war purposes is now being produced. The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. So be patient if you can't have *all* you want of Old Crow *when* you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

There is in Old Crow a matchless quality and taste which only rigid adherence to time-honored methods and standards can preserve.

OLD CROW
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Bottled-in-Bond

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof • Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old

Marlboro
America's Luxury Cigarette
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Philip Morris
PHILIP MORRIS & CO LTD INC
MADE IN U.S.A.
Bouché

Dressed as HE loves to see her . . . smoking the cigarette he too prefers. Distinguished MARLBOROS. Smarter . . . more luxurious . . . blended of rare, richly pleasurable tobaccos. *Yet mere pennies more!*

IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 101-102

a place; for a few lire I had marvelous *Osso Bucco* with risotto, a piece of divine cheese, a glass of Bardolino, and a cup of espresso coffee, very strong and good, as is usual in Italy. Or, rather, was . . .

Piccata di Vitello is a dish of veal medallions, made like this:

Pound the small pieces of veal until they are quite flat and put in a pan with hot butter, brown them well, add a little thinly sliced ham, salt and pepper and a little fresh sage. A couple of minutes before it is ready to serve, add a few drops of white wine.

Busecca alla Milanese is simply tripe, sliced, and roasted with vegetables in butter, anointed with stock or broth, and sprinkled with the inevitable grated Parmigiano, but it is a great dish. Chicken *alla Cacciatora* is delicious but in the United States they embellish it too much. *Alla Cacciatora* means hunter style, and a hunter has no time or place to get pickled sweet peppers, tomatoes and champignons, and all the other condiments they add here in America. This is the real way to prepare it, explained to me by Mons. Raymond of the Passy Restaurant in New York:

Cut up a chicken into eight or ten pieces and fry the pieces in a little boiling olive oil. When they are nice and brown (in about twenty minutes), salt and pepper them, and after a few minutes more cooking, squeeze the juice of a lemon over them.

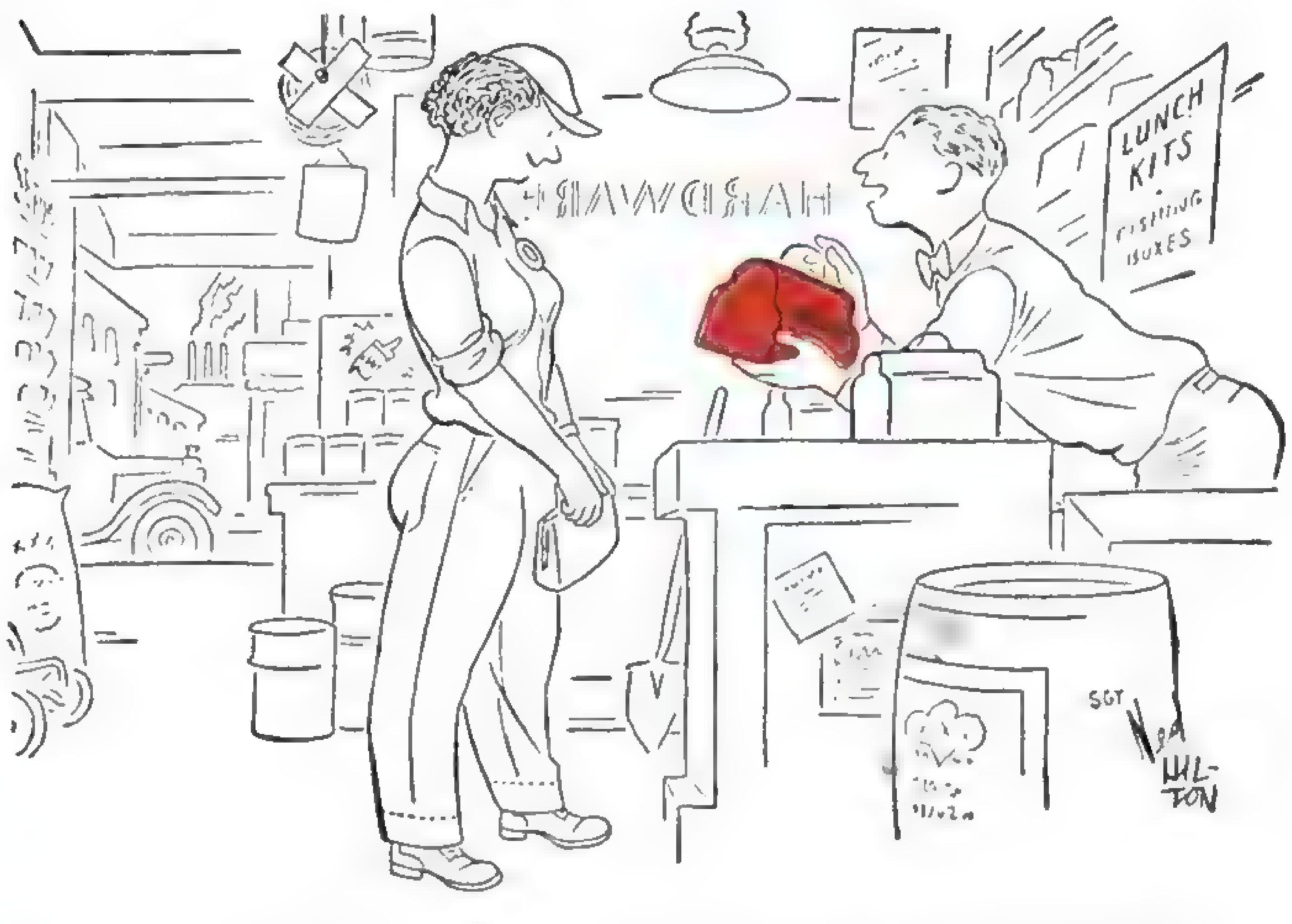
Minestrone is a very good Italian soup, as you know, and its secret is not merely that the vegetables must be judiciously blended but a kind of paste must precede the vegetables in its preparation. It is made of olive oil, cheese, salted bacon, parsley, garlic and sweet basil. *Polenta* is the food of the very poor in Italy, made of cornmeal, salt and water, sometimes filled with a mushroom paste, spinach, or ground meat, or eaten with milk. In Sicily the poor eat toast fried in oil and smeared generously with garlic. There are literally thousands more fine Italian dishes. Italian cuisine is one of the best in the world.

It all started with the Romans who considered the following fare a frugal dinner: oysters, sea hedgehogs, asparagus, shell fish, fowl, fig-peckers, roebuck, a wild boar's head, river birds, and Ancona cakes, called *pane picene*. Emperor Maximus consumed forty pounds of meat in one day, and drank an amphora of wine, containing forty-eight quarts. Milo the Crotonian used to eat thirty loaves of bread at a single meal. Aurelianus Phago devoured a whole wild boar, a suckling pig and a hundred loaves of bread daily. The ideal of the Romans was Hercules, who according to mythology, filled and drank the contents of the same vessel in which he was carried around. Great culinary luxury hit Rome after the conquest of the Near East; the wealthy thought of nothing but sumptuous dinner parties, and finally ate themselves out of house and empire!

The influence of Italian cookery attained its height in France under Henry III, about 1580, when Italian culinary culture, refined customs, and delicacies made their appearance on the Parisian table. Catherine de' Medici was also responsible for influencing the French cuisine with the cultured Italian. The Italians not only showed the world how to cook, but also invented table manners, tablecloths and the fork.

Italian hospitality has no peer anywhere. To my mind Italians are among the best and happiest people of Europe. Here in America some of my best friends are former Italians, now patriotic Americans. They are proverbially good hosts, and this is probably the explanation of why, while the French were the best chefs, the Italians were the best liked purveyors of food. Their character and temperament suited them admirably to this job; they knew food thoroughly, besides being kind by nature, they were quick-witted, polite and diplomatic.

How could these good people, blessed with such a long cultural history, make such a mistake as to subjugate themselves to the gross Germans, who never even invented a decent dish? #



"This one comes complete with thermos bottle, lipstick, powder puff and built-in mirror"

RADIONICS*

" the impossible we do immediately the miraculous takes a little longer"

ARMY SERVICE FORCES—

The Army is...men...trained men...equipped and maintained. On the home front...in factories and on farms...civilians produce the armament and food and supplies. The bridge between civilians who furnish and soldiers who use...is...the Army Service Forces. Wherever the soldier is...whatever he does...the Army Service Forces are charged with seeing that he lacks no essential thing. To fulfill the task outlined in the twenty-one words above...literally...the "impossible" and the "miraculous" become daily routine with the Army Service Forces.

—in days of civilian radio, Zenith was proud of its long series of "firsts"—improvements which made radio history and established leadership in the industry.

—today our viewpoint has changed—materially.

—engaged exclusively in war production, the things we have been called upon to do—the tasks we have succeeded in accomplishing, make past improvements in civilian radio literally look like "child's play."

—the work of our engineers in radionics has made the "impossible" possible and accomplished the "miraculous."

*—mark that word "RADIONICS" (with its subdivisions of Electronics, Radio, etc.)—it has brought into reality and being, devices which only a year or so ago came in the "impossible" and "miraculous" categories.

—today Zenith works in the science of radionics for our armed forces alone.

—in that bright "tomorrow" when peace returns—

—we can only say—the post-war radios that Zenith will produce will contain many interesting new developments.

—that statement is based upon experience which we can not now reveal—but you may take our word that it is a fact.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO

"AYE, AYE, SIR"

In old English, "Aye" meant "yes." It means far more in the Navy. "Aye, Aye, Sir," means that the order is understood and will be obeyed.

The Navy has given Zenith many "orders" since this war began.

Our prompt "Aye, Aye, Sir," has, we believe, been justified by the "intelligence and initiative" (as the Navy says) with which these orders have been executed.

BETTER THAN CASH

U. S. War Savings Stamps and Bonds

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE **RADIO**
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

Nunn-Bush
Ankle fashioned
Oxfords

BUY
SAVINGS
BONDS

Parade Last
Style No. 2124
Dura-Sole
Rubber Heel

Nunn-Bush
Ankle Fashioned Oxfords
FOR ADDED STYLE MILEAGE

DURA-SOLES outwear leather of equal thickness. They are available on several Nunn-Bush styles.

Parade Last
Style No. 2329
Dura-Sole
Rubber Heel

They also serve who give their shoes good care. Nunn-Bush shoes usually get good care, from men who respect fine craftsmanship—but right now it is every man's duty to conserve leather. Ankle-Fashioning, a Nunn-Bush development, helps by adding extra miles of smartness.

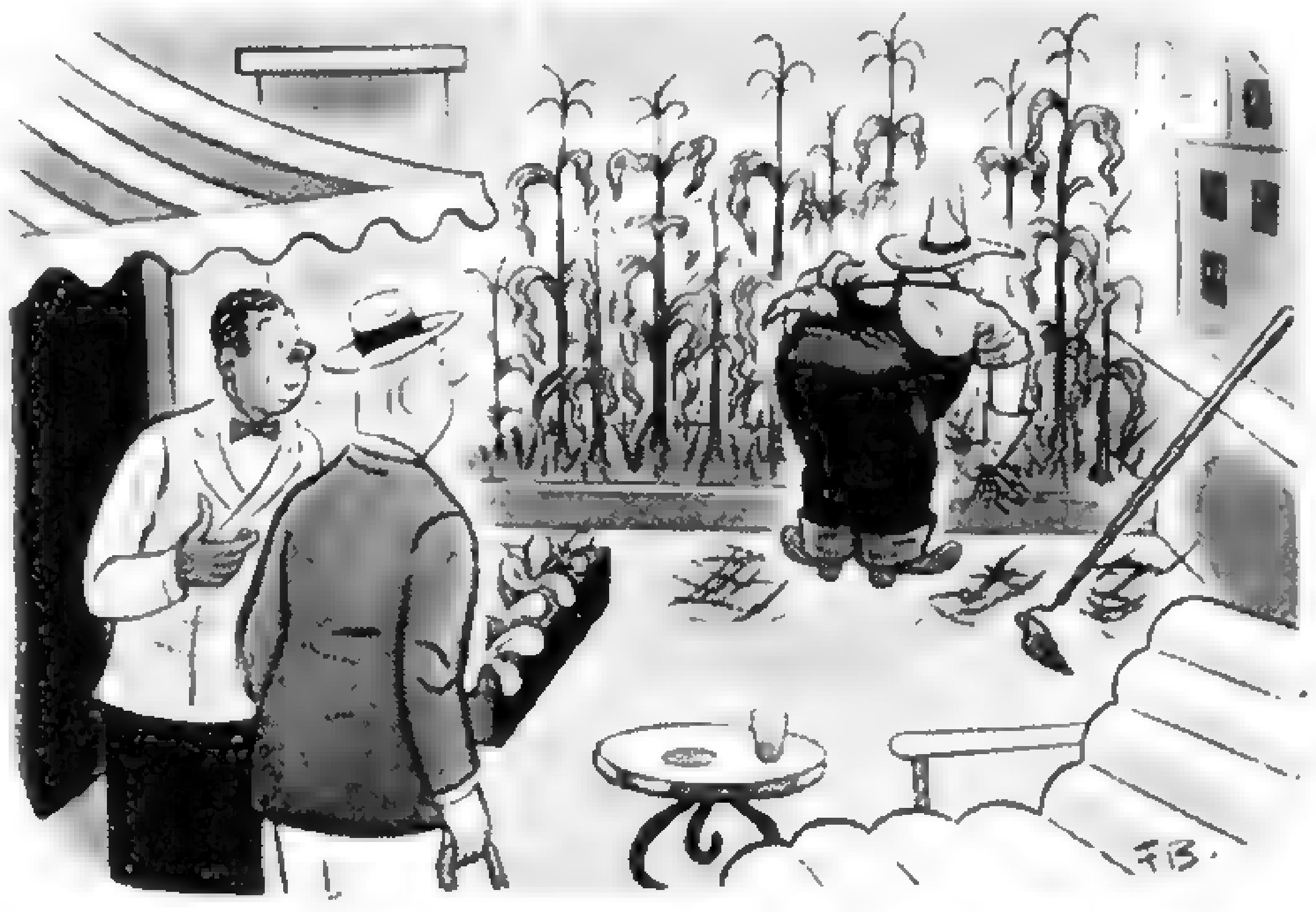
Most Styles $10 to $13.50

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY · Manufacturers MILWAUKEE, WIS.
See Your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant

The Sporting Scene

Muscle Bureaucrat Lloyd hopes our physical fitness program won't be arrested by success

by **HERB GRAFFIS**
• SPORTS •



"You'll find Ole Massa Stotesbury down yonder in the corn field"

Recovering a fumble has made Dr. Frank Sidney Lloyd quite a fellow.

He is executive director of Physical Fitness in the Office of Defense, Health and Welfare Services. That bureau fell heir to the Physical Fitness division of the OCD, the operation for developing fighting fitness among Americans not subject to the edicts of sergeants and chief petty officers.

In getting the nation awakened to the need of paring the bunions off its rump, the OCD contributed a new sport to the U. S. called Kicking Kelly Around. Jack Kelly is a handsome ex-Olympic athlete, who once laid bricks for a living and now lives on Philadelphia's Main Line. Kelly was in the physical fitness program from the kickoff.

When a dancer was hired for recreational work, politicians and public kicked Kelly. When bowling had a well-intentioned roll slip into the gutter, Kelly was kicked again. Those who didn't fancy Eleanor, those who wanted to derail Paul McNutt, those with any bellyache about the government all took a kick at Kelly. Kelly was the muscle Harold Ickes, standing up to be punched by punks who took no other exercise in national defense.

But while it was all fun Kelly and others reminded themselves that the original idea was national physical fitness. The ball had been lost somewhere in the melee.

It was then that Lloyd, who was brought into the game, came up with the ball held snugly. Lloyd has the label of Doctor by virtue of a Ph.D. from New York University. He had come to Washington to be Assistant Director of Recreation in the Office of Defense, Health and Welfare Services in the Federal Security Agency.

Lloyd was one of two specialists who saw the clear picture of what the nation needed in physical fitness. The other was Louis C. Schroeder, assistant chief, State and Local Organization, the Committee on Physical Fitness.

Frank Lloyd was born in London. He had gone into the British Army in 1914. He'd fought in the Balkans, been with Allenby during the Jerusalem campaign, and sent back to France late Autumn of 1916. November 8, 1916, Lloyd became a casualty.

In a military hospital he thought things over. It occurred to him that an athlete had a better chance in war than the fellow of only average physical qualifications. When he got repaired he became Director of Physical Education and Recreation for the YMCA and went with the British Fourth Army Corps and American Army of Occupation into the Rhineland.

After World War I he spent two years as senior director of physical education for the YMCA at Yorkshire, England. He came to the United States in 1921 and got his bachelor's degree in physical education at Springfield College. From Springfield he went to the faculty of Clark University in Kansas. He joined the New York University faculty in 1926 as an instructor in education.

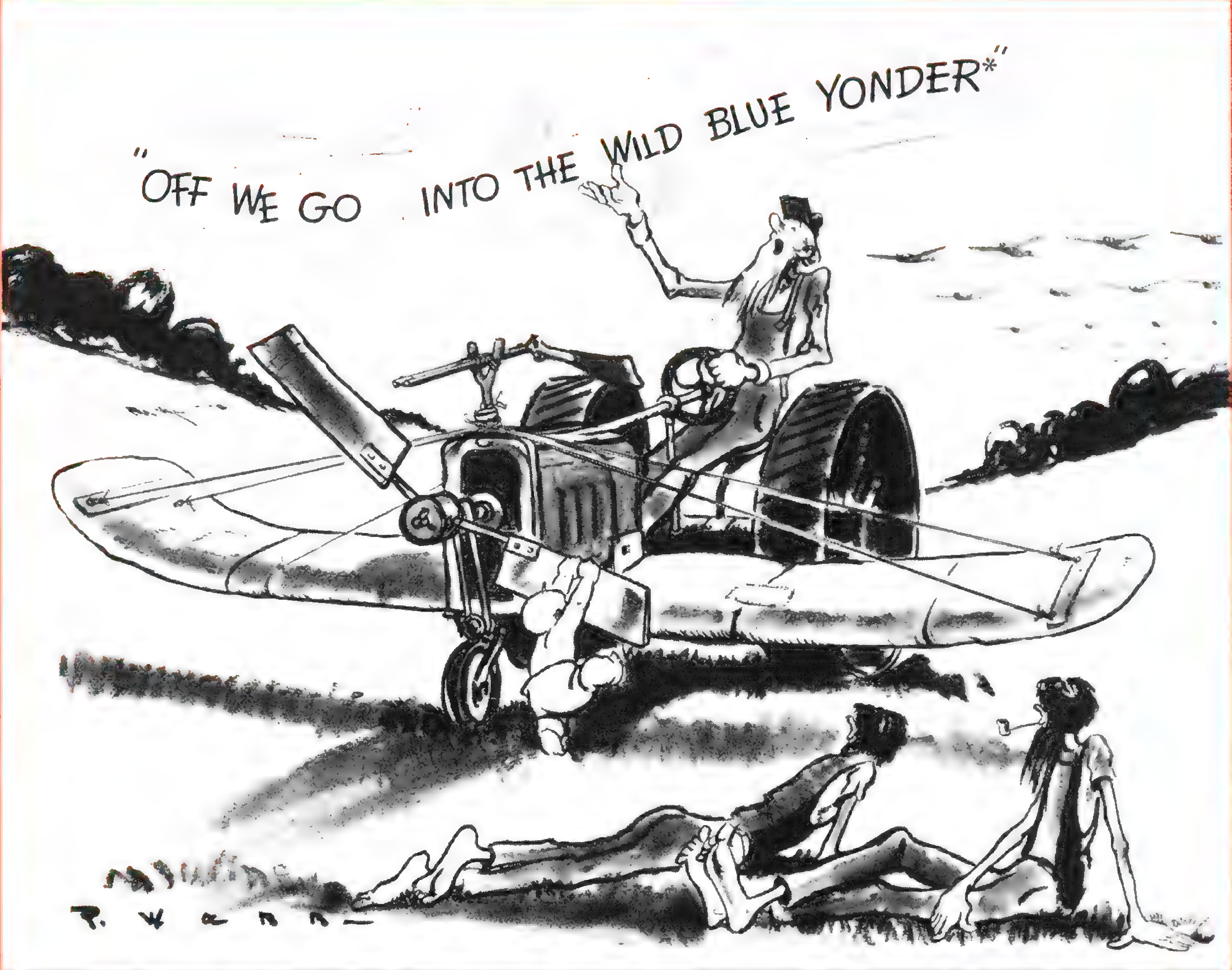
Among his extra-curricular activities, Lloyd has included jobs as a member of the American Football Coaches Association, making surveys of physical education and recreation situations in various American and foreign communities, conducting safety-in-athletics campaigns, and helping joint Army and Navy committees establish physical fitness and recreation programs.

He maintains that absenteeism, with the exception of cases of women workers staying home to give their kids and living quarters intermittent attention, is a matter of physical condition. If a person is in good condition to work it is

Continued on page 108

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT


"OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER*"

THE GAS YOU SAVE HELPS KEEP 'EM FLYING

Every car owner can help to keep 'em flying . . . by saving gasoline. And you may increase your gas mileage as much as 12% with Auto-Lite's "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service, according to tests conducted by the American Automobile Association.

As simple an operation as cleaning and regapping your present spark plugs may be all that is necessary to help you stop gas waste.

Stop for a "Plug-Chek" today—the service offered exclusively by Auto-Lite spark plug dealers. And if new plugs are needed, insist on Auto-Lite—the spark plug that is ignition engineered for better performance.

AUTO-LITE
"PLUG-CHEK"
INDICATOR
AUTO LITE

GET A "PLUG-CHEK" TODAY

Auto-Lite's sensational inspection service helps you keep spark plugs giving top performance. Act now to help get more miles of essential transportation.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
SARNIA, ONTARIO • *Merchandising Division* • TOLEDO, 1, OHIO

IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING A LONG LIST OF ITEMS FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS

*Copyright 1939 by Carl Fischer, Inc., New York

"Working Hard, Pard?"

COWBOY: You said it, Jockey! Branding is just *one* extra chore I'm helping with since most of our hands are in uniform. How about you?

JOCKEY: Busier than ever. The makers of Jockey Underwear—of which I'm the trade-mark—are working hard on war contracts. And because Uncle Sam rightly gets first call on raw materials, civilians often have to hunt for Jockey. Yet the demand is the greatest in our history!

COWBOY: You tellin' me? I've had plenty of trouble getting Jockey myself—and that's true of just about all the branded things our outfit buys.

JOCKEY: It shows how much trade-marks mean to the American people, Pard. Trade-marked merchandise is first with them because they know that the manufacturers stand behind it, and that they'll get full value for their money. The brand you're putting on that calf is a good illustration.

COWBOY: How do you mean, Jockey?

JOCKEY: Well, that brand is *your* trade-mark. It helps keep rustlers from stealing your cattle because it makes it practically impossible for them to sell through legitimate channels. You wouldn't knowingly put your brand on any steer headed for the black market, and you won't find other brands or trade-marks on meat sold in the alley.

Brands are placed only on products of which producers and retailers are proud . . . and people are willing to shop for them because they know that, through research in design and materials, the manufacturers are giving them the best available under wartime conditions. In general, that's how all types of trade-marks work.

COWBOY: Never did think of it that way before, Jockey, but it's the truth!

Jockey Midway

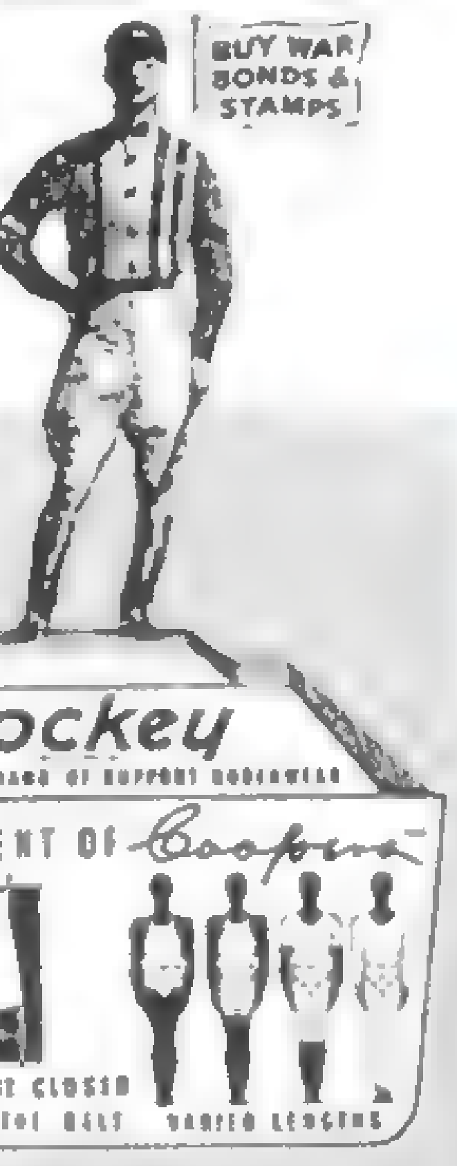
Two-piece—
Contoured Shirts
to Match

Jockey Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE

Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

TRADE MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 106

natural for him to work. If he's not, it's natural for him to loaf when the time clock says he should be working. Lloyd also holds that mechanized warfare demands a higher degree of physical fitness than earlier warfare required, for the machine has become the pacemaker for the warrior.

He saw defeated nations, Germany and Russia, realize in gloom and desperation that they were behind the eight-ball, and as the vanquished, had to regain self-respect, confidence and foundation for vengeance. Physical fitness programs were the obvious answer. Lloyd, and Schroeder, too, saw in the Jap adoption of the American physical training pattern a warning that the Japs had recognized a serious inadequacy in their long-nurtured ambition for conquest of the Occident.

What worries Lloyd is the possibility of having the currently progressing American program for physical fitness get sidetracked by success. He remembers the Germans in the first World War being beaten by the errors they made when winning. He remembers Britain lapsing in athletic activity after the preliminary World War.

In the brawl between the competitive and calisthenic camps, Lloyd took a hot spot in the middle with the result that the armed service physical training programs were equalized, although his job officially is concerned only with civilian physical fitness.

Physical education had been getting in wrong with the noncombatant public and armed combat authorities alike. A considerable portion of the public got the idea fighting was to be done by noted athletes, if at all, when it didn't interfere with spectacle sports. Many prominent ex-athletes had to be killed and maimed athletically until that misconception was corrected.

On the other hand the trained athletic specialist who went into physical conditioning work in the Army, Navy, Marines or Coast Guard wasn't any too highly regarded by veteran ranking officers. The specialist in making a fighter better able to handle himself in a man-to-man pinch was regarded in the light of a social worker in a very rough neighborhood.

Lloyd is of the belief that success in making athletics a part of the American plan for security lies in adapting athletics to the people, rather than vice-versa.

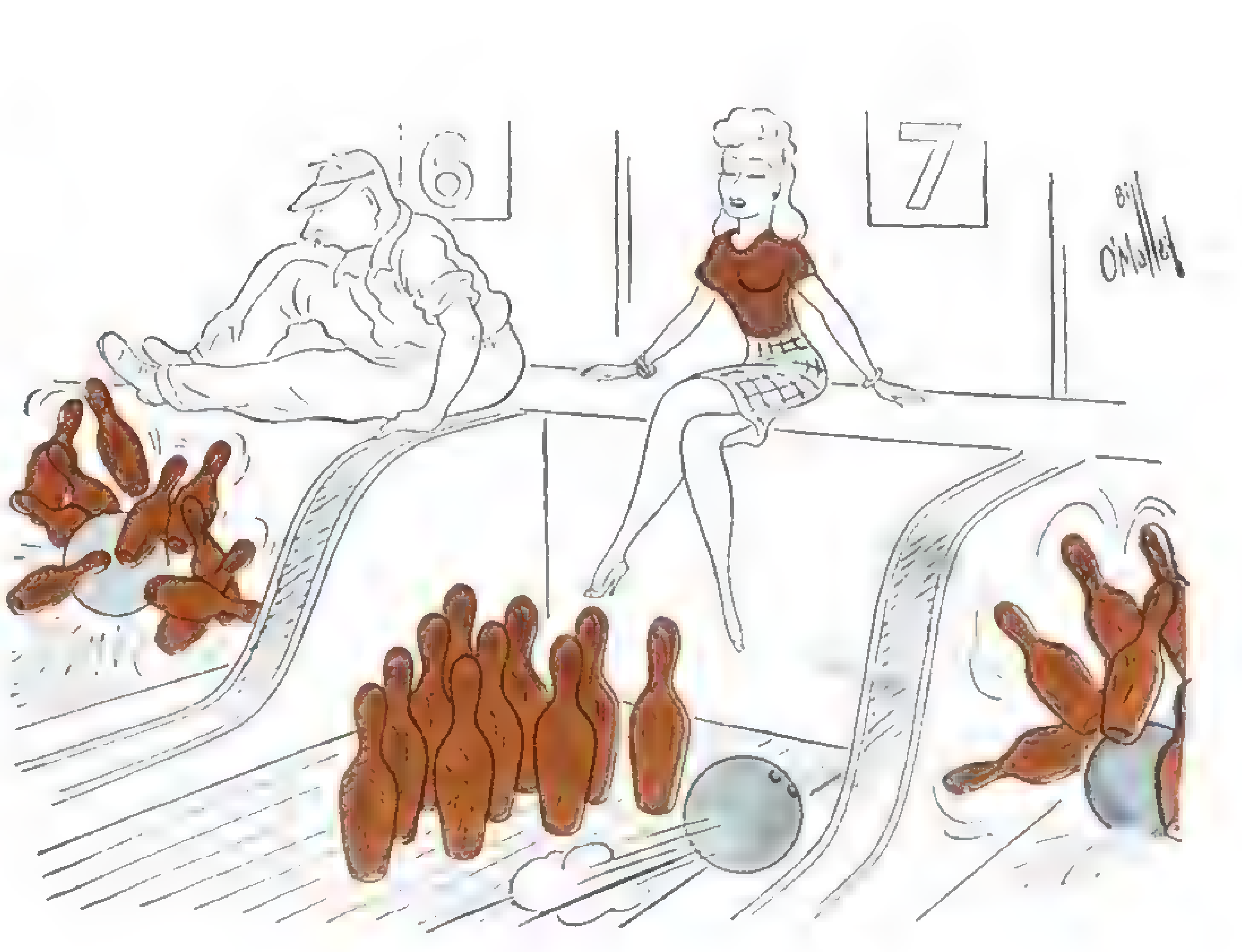
He doesn't kid himself that athletics will win the war. The best he expects of those three elements is that they will help in getting Americans in better shape to do a bigger job than they've ever had to do before. And what we'd be denying ourselves by failure to use American athletics to the limit in wartime is a powerful weapon ideally suited to the American nature.

Some nations simply haven't got this capacity to co-ordinate athletics effectively with national defense. German prisoners engage in setting-up exercises but they have no mood for competitive sports. In competitive sports somebody gets defeated publicly and the Master Race can't stand that risk of exposure.

In conquered Holland the Germans have had to forbid participation of Dutch competitors in sports events with Nazis. When a Nazi finished first against a Dutchman trained on second-table rations, the Dutch crowds cheered the loser rather than the winner. That beat the Nazi athletes even in victory.

No other nation has been able to adjust itself to sports tests of character as competently as the Americans, according to Frank Lloyd.

How Lloyd will do in his assignment with a small departmental staff, a budget no larger than the change left on the government counter, is anybody's guess. But with more than 100,000,000 civilians as needful patients for the treatment he prescribes, and without the handicap of tangled planning and ballyhoo that was imposed on the pioneering Jack Kelly, Lloyd has a chance to engineer the working of a muscle miracle in his adopted land. ###



If you're wondering...

WHEN CAN A MAN BUY SCHENLEY ?

Royal Reserve

1. **Your dealer:** "Cheer up! We still have SCHENLEY. Not every day—but more often than you'd think! SCHENLEY isn't making a drop of whiskey; what you buy today comes from pre-war reserves. So it's got to be portioned out... and used *in moderation*... to see us all through."

2. **You:** "Yes. I've read that SCHENLEY is making only alcohol for war. But I suppose that means they've had to increase prices on a fine whiskey like Royal Reserve?"

3. **Your dealer:** "Mister, are *you* wrong! SCHENLEY Royal Reserve prices haven't gone up a nickel, except for State and Federal taxes. Don't hesitate to ask for some, any time. When we have any, we want you to have it... Shall I wrap up a bottle for you now?"

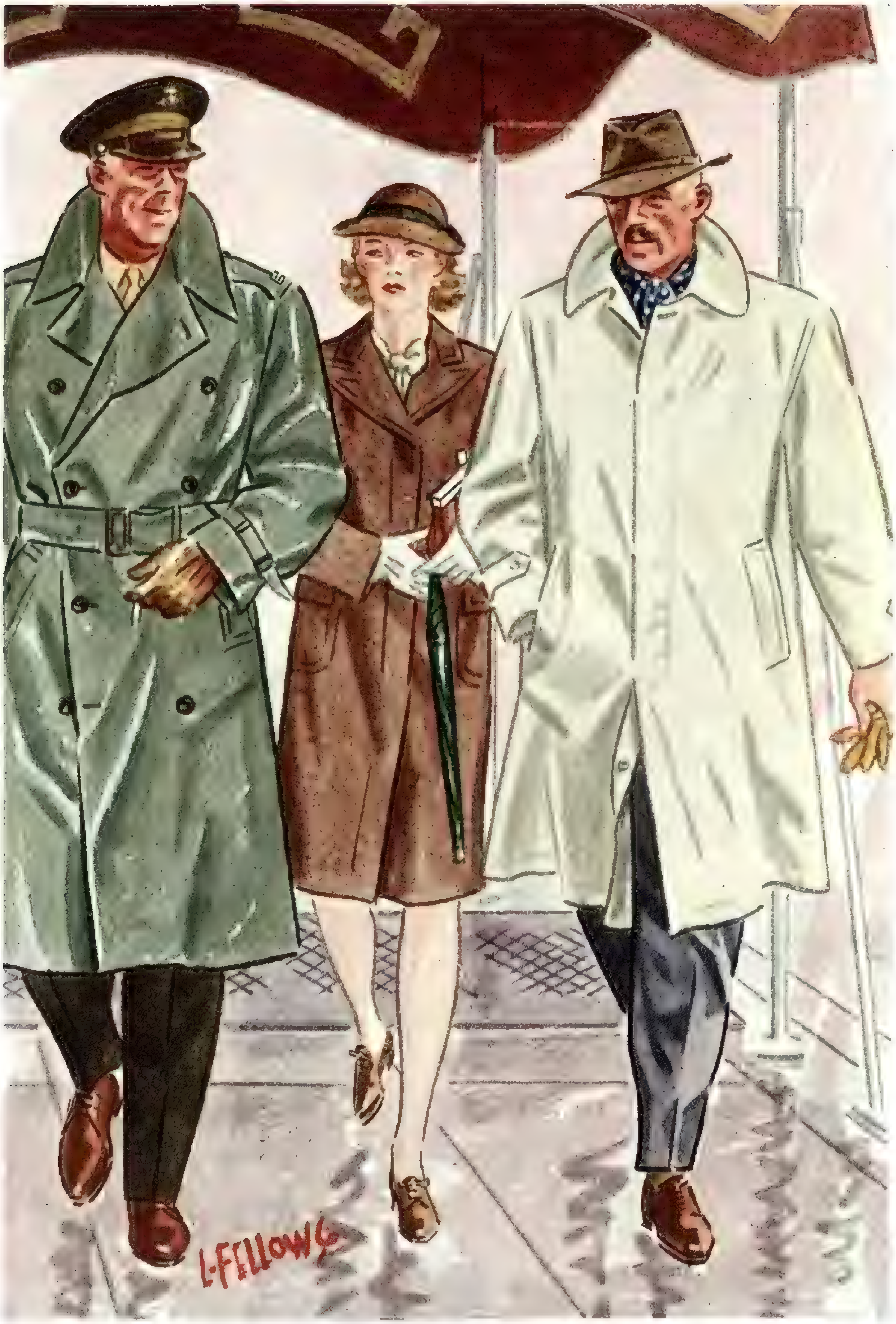
4. **You:** "You bet! I don't mind making a bottle of SCHENLEY go a bit farther, when it means I can continue to get some for the duration!"

Back The Attack—
buy MORE War Bonds!

SCHENLEY
ROYAL RESERVE

There's still enough available *to enjoy in moderation!*

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 years or more old; 40% straight whiskey. 60% neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains. 23% straight whiskey, 6 years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.



amphibious like a Marine

The Marine has landed—and still it's wet. So he whips out his trusty green raincoat—and still it's wet. But at least he can keep most of the wetness out and the dryness in with this roomy double-breasted garment with set-in sleeves. That's *one* way of fending off the raindrops. Then, on the other hand (her left one), there's that fly-front processed coat, also with set-in sleeves. This type of sleeve, incidentally, offers a variation from the conventional raglan effect, making the shoulders look broader and bringing the outer garment in conformity with the lines of the jacket for neater fit. The raincoat is knee length and has slash pockets whose design prevents the infiltration of treacherous raindrops. The rest of the outfit consists of lightweight felt hat, polka dot muffler, flannel suit and dark brown shoes. And we're not overlooking the gal—or her mannish fly-front Chesterfield coat.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Time for some GOOD "SOCKS"

COPYRIGHT BY
INTERWOVEN
STOCKING
COMPANY
1943

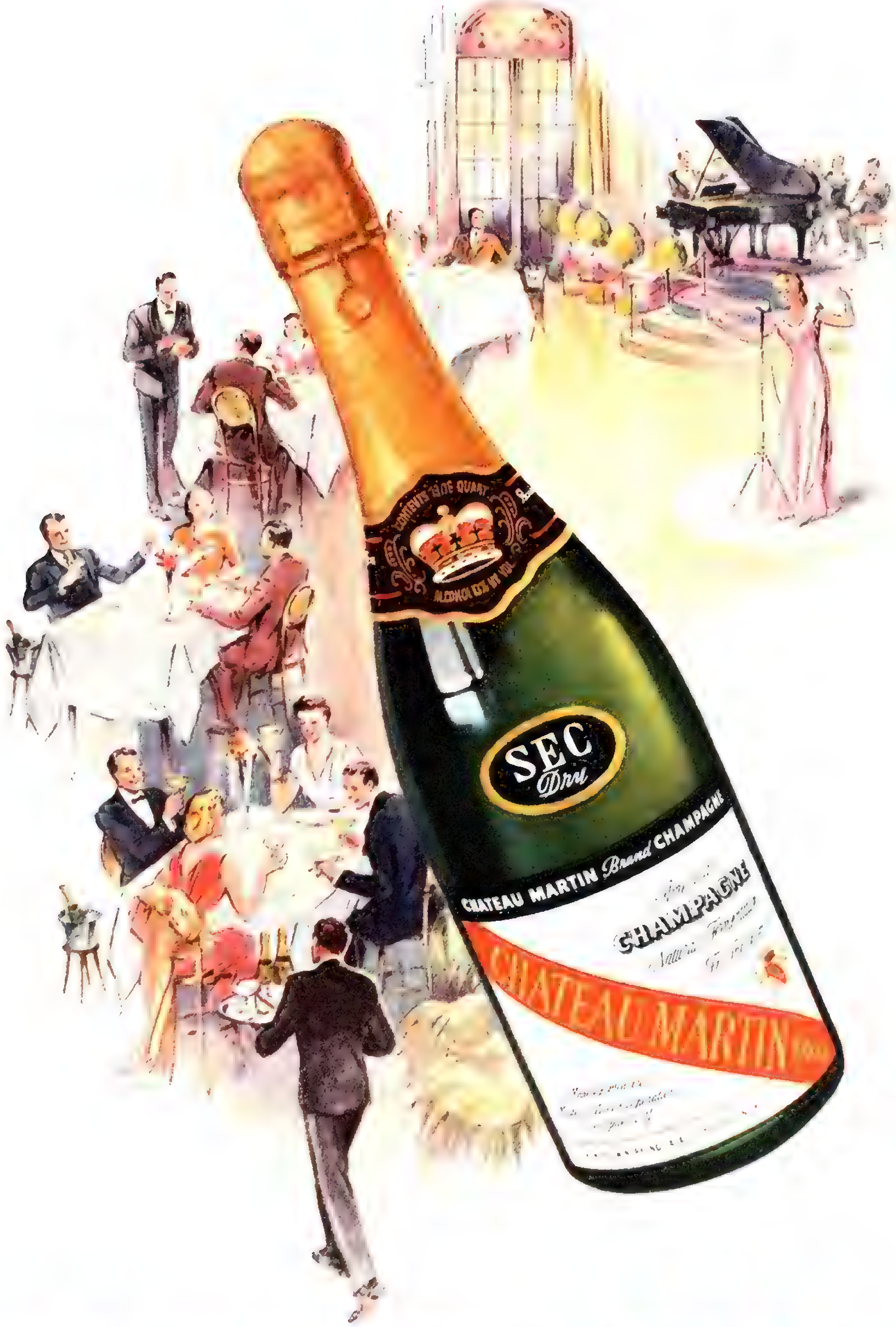
In times like these–
Endurance counts
Keep on the alert–
You can't beat

* **Interwoven**

BY THE LARGEST
MANUFACTURER
OF MEN'S SOCKS
IN THE WORLD

* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Traditional-for Very Special Occasions!


SEC
Dry
CHATEAU MARTIN Brand CHAMPAGNE
CHAMPAGNE
CHATEAU MARTIN

CHATEAU MARTIN

Brand

AMERICAN *Champagne and Sparkling* WINES

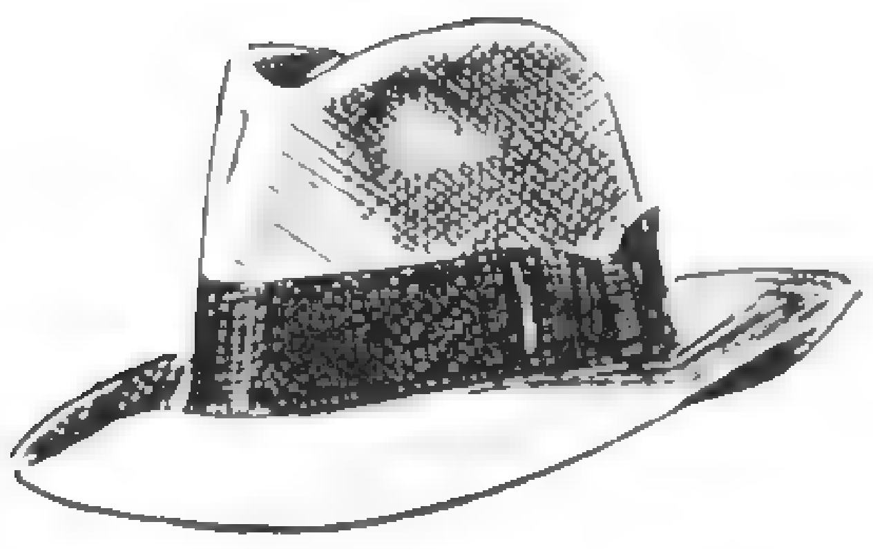
EASTERN WINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Taller Than You Are

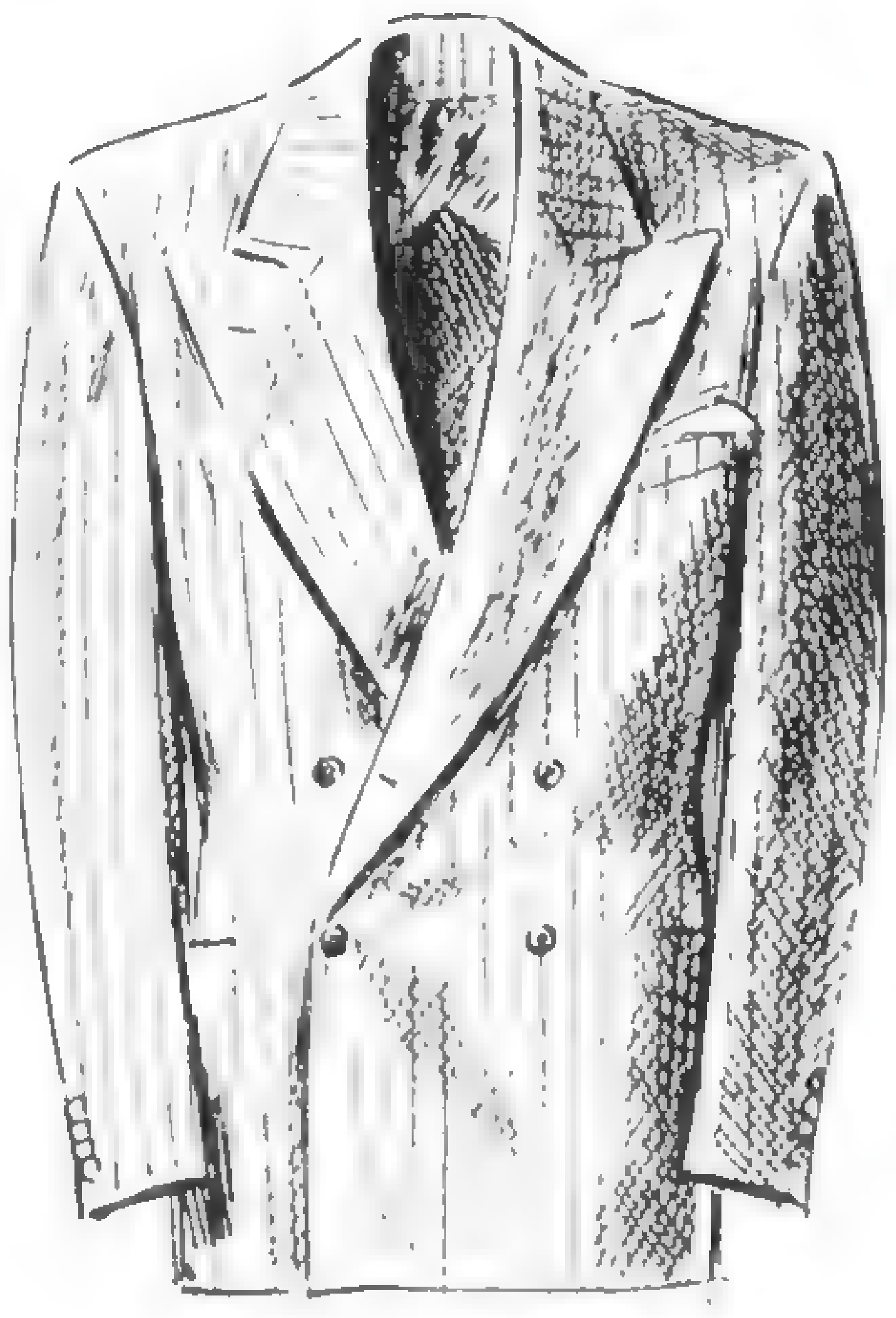
The designer's bag of tricks includes deft ways of making half pints look like quarts

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

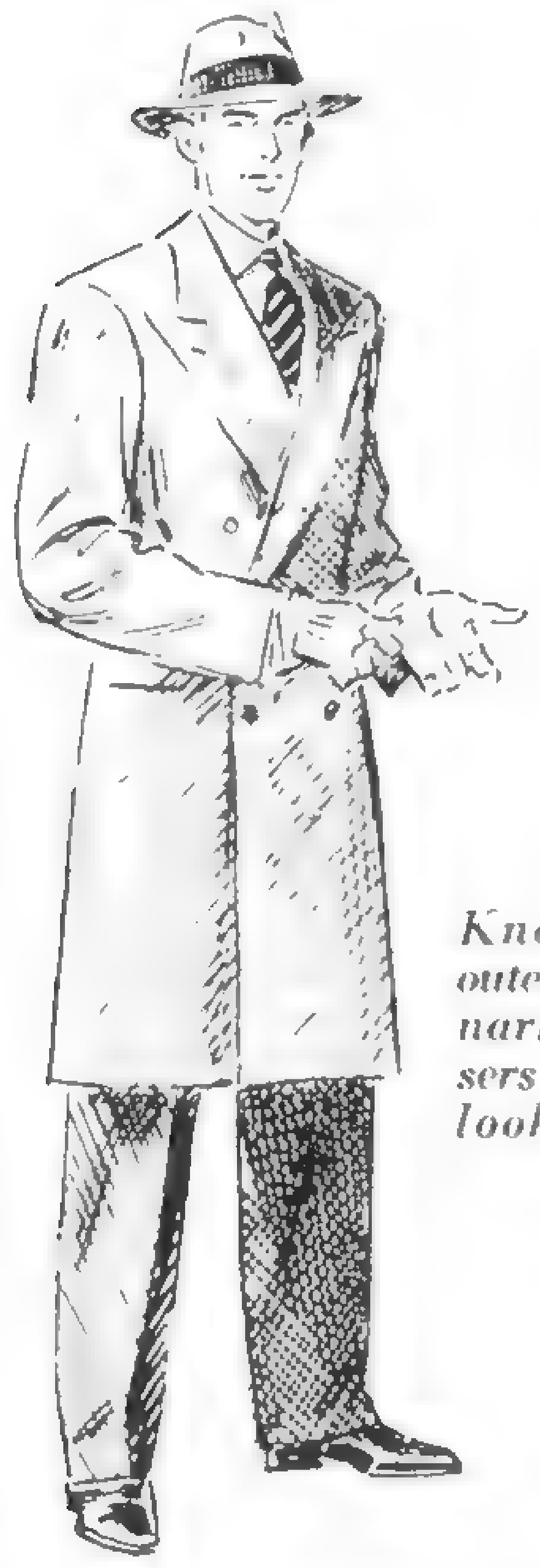
• WEARABLES •



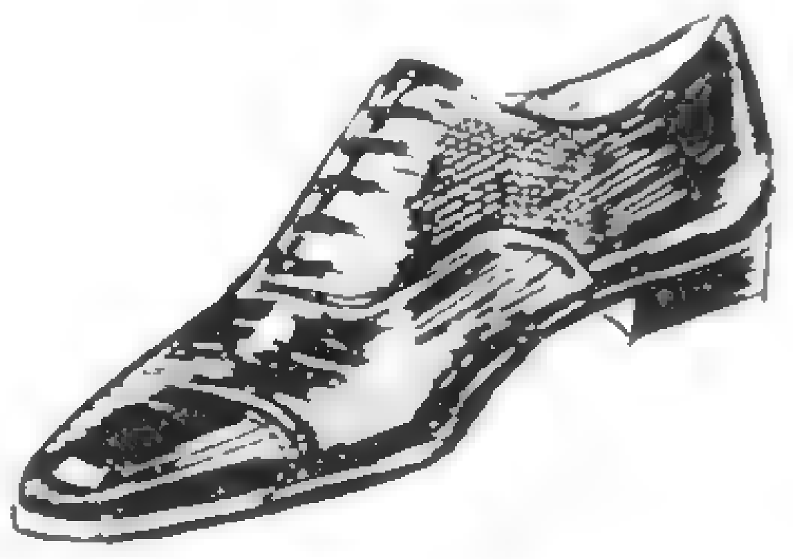
The tapered crown hat with medium brim makes you look taller.



Stripes of fabrics and long roll lapels accent vertical lines.



Knee-length outercoats and narrow trousers make legs look longer.



Shoes with close-trim soles and built-in ramps give you a lift.

Reading military statistics about how much taller and heavier today's soldiers are than our World War I combatants, you might get the idea that we are becoming a race of giants. Moreover, we all know soldiers past thirty who have actually grown an inch or so during their basic training. But as you watch the troops go marching by, you will notice the downward slant from the heads of the first squad to those in the last. Whether soldiers or civilians, men can never, thank God, be standardized quite like ears of corn. Still the herd instinct is so strong that men below the average stature usually yearn to look taller. This department has recently received several communiqués from readers seeking advice about clothes to create the illusion of greater height. And so we are glad to pass along these recommendations.

It is wise to choose a hat with a noticeably tapered crown, and a brim of moderate proportions. Pass up the low-crown model with the very wide brim.

Patterns of fabrics as well as the designs of suits can serve as heightening agents. Stripes tend to accent vertical lines, and long roll lapels carry out the same impression. On doublebreasted jackets, lapels rolling to the bottom button offset the broadening effect of the two rows of buttons. Jackets of medium length, or even those on the short side tend to make your legs look longer. Trousers of fairly narrow width seem to add inches to your legs.

The same line of reasoning applies to the selection of topcoats and overcoats. Long-roll peaked lapels will build you up. And knee-length coats, like short jackets, make your legs look longer. Skip lengthy coats, because they naturally make your legs seem shorter than they are. Thanks to WPB, long coats are scarce these days.

In sport jackets, bulky fabrics are not recommended. Herringbones are woven perpendicularly and rate a preference. If you like plaids, choose those with pronounced vertical lines.

Shoes can be selected with an appraising eye. Close-trimmed soles are best because wide extensions make your feet look broader. Some shoes are specially constructed with a thick ramp inside that raises your heel from one to two inches. These can be just as comfortable as the ordinary kind. ###

The Support of a Nation

Your best friends have stood the test of time. Same way with Belts. They all look good at first sight—but the best belts prove their worth long after you've bought them. That's when enduring quality, real craftsmanship and solid value prove their worth. On that score PARIS Belts score their success. *Don't let anyone deprive you of your American right to choose the dependable brands you prefer. Trust the Trade Marks which have stood the test of time.* Illustrated—No. 494, Bench-made cushion tubular style—Colors, Suntan, Russet, Brown, $1.50. Other PARIS Belts, $1 and up.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

PARIS ★ BELTS

"TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS

Chicago in 1820
Johnnie Walker
Red Label
HIGHEST AWARDS

This picture is different today

...but he isn't!

1820 was the year Johnnie Walker got his start . . . over in Scotland. Today he's just as smooth and mellow as ever. Still the same old Johnnie Walker...a good name to have on the tip of your tongue.

Due to British War Restrictions gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the *outside* of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottle —but *inside* Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.

BORN 1820
Still going strong

JOHNNIE WALKER
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL 8 YEARS OLD — *Both 86.8 proof* — BLACK LABEL 12 YEARS OLD

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.
Sole Importer

ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

Compiled by GILBERT SELDES

Transient

Of special interest to collectors who move in herds and like it are these indications of popular demand. The more egregious choosers, on the other hand, can enjoy a good sneer.

You'll Never Know (Columbia 36678 with Frank Sinatra) (Decca 18556 with Dick Haymes and The Song Spinners) *All or Nothing at All* (Columbia 35587 with Frank Sinatra)	Transferring the agreeable Sinatra voice to records does not speed his tempo. He is for you, if you want to die slowly. Haymes has the advantage of not being a crush.
Comin' in on a Wing and a Prayer (Victor 30-0815 with the Four Vagabonds) (Decca 18553 with The Song Spinners)	Hill-billy plus memories of an adagio Jingle Jangle—and yet, it's attractive. We can take a semi-religious, semi-hot patriotic song once every six months.
In the Blue of Evening (Victor 20-1530 with Tommy Dorsey) *It Started All Over Again* (Victor 20-1522 with Tommy Dorsey)	Here begins the choice-of-orchestra department. *The Blue of Evening* is rescued from its usual melancholy by nice orchestral color.
In My Arms (Decca 18557 with Dick Haymes and The Song Spinners) *It Can't Be Wrong* (Decca 18557 with Dick Haymes and The Song Spinners)	Challenge to adagio-singers: try the Hut-Sut Song. *In My Arms* is like something else—but its words are amusing. *It Can't Be Wrong* can be—not particularly so in this version.
I Heard You Cried Last Night (Columbia 36677 with Harry James) *Goodbye, Sue* (Victor 20-1538 with Glenn Miller)	James has been denounced by the hot-purists; he's the top-bandsman in big city movie houses. Obviously the man for moderate adolescents. The Glenn Miller has a terrific minute.
I'll Be Around (Decca 18318 with the Mills Brothers)	Sound stuff—not vintage, but nothing the Mills Brothers do is negligible.
You're So Good to Me (Columbia 36676 with Kay Kyser) *Caribbean Clipper* (Victor 20-1536 with Glenn Miller) *All or Nothing at All* (Victor 20-1537 with Freddy Martin)	Personal choice—*Caribbean Clipper.*

Permanent

New music—new recordings of old music—new issues of old recordings—or whatever is popular that isn't "popular."

Concerto No. 5 in E Flat Major for Piano and Orchestra by Beethoven, op. 73 (Victor DM-939 with Artur Schnabel and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra)	Popularity would indicate good taste among buyers. Schnabel is the nonpareil.
Scheherazade by Rimsky-Korsakov, op. 35 (Victor DM-920 with Pierre Monteux conducting the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra)	It can't be wrong. Every orchestra should try it—most of them do. There are other recordings you may like as well.
Rhapsody in Blue by Gershwin (Victor DM-358 with Sanroma conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra) (Columbia MX-196 with Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra)	When the war is over—or sooner—ask Columbia to ask Kostelanetz to record his St. Louis Blues—to compare with these.

Looking Ahead

Things being even worse than they seem in the record-making industry, no one is any too sure of future issues and recordings; but the following will be worth looking for:

Beethoven: *The Archduke Trio* (No. 7) with Artur Rubinstein, Jascha Heifetz, and Emanuel Feuermann. (Victor)	Ten sides of sheer genius; Feuermann is not so famous as the other two; but if they work with him, he's in.
Beethoven: *Moonlight Sonata.* Played by Rudolf Serkin. (Columbia)	"Moonlight" is usually put in quotes, to show that the piece stands on its own merits, without the story. Serkin can be trusted to do right by it.
Harlem Jazz, 1930. 8 sides of virtuosity. (Brunswick)	An album of great swing bands, the early ones: Ellington and Don Redman, Fletcher Henderson and Luis Russell. The classic band group: five brass, four reed, four rhythm.
The Face Is Familiar, by and with Ogden Nash. An album of three records. (Decca)	Mr. Nash, having taken to the air, now is imperishably recorded. Among the gems are *The Common Cold* and *Bankers Are Just Like Everybody Else, Except Richer.*

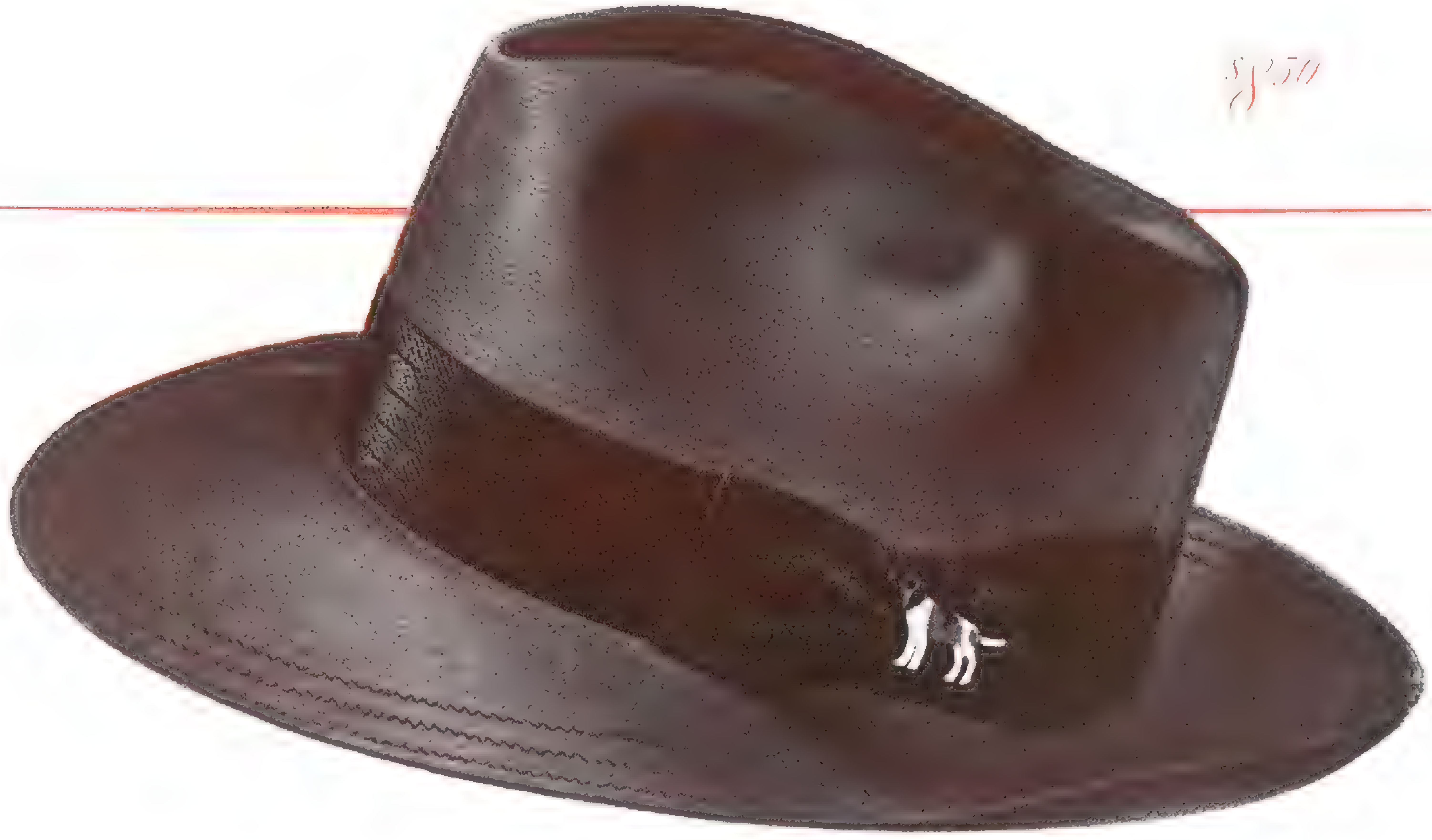
Sheer Sentiment

This month, see the remarks on recordings beginning page 72. Next month, a few other personal recommendations will appear—regardless of sales, age, or critical doubts.

Knox "Foxhound"

New Autumn and Winter "edition" of this exceedingly popular Knox sport-type hat, in silk-soft felt of blended Landscape Tones . . . featuring miniature foxhound band ornament and silk Hunting Print lining.

$8.50



KNOX HATS

KNOX

If your Knox merchant does not have the "Foxhound" today, please bear with him, and us. For Knox is now making a large part of the officers' caps for the armed forces. You can be sure, however, that, no matter what style you buy, if the label is Knox the hat is right.

KNOX THE HATTER • FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

Precious... Distinctive
A Swank "Classic"...the wearer's own initials proudly wrought in sterling silver jewelry for men. $2.50 and up.
SK
SWK
SK
SK
SWK
ARISTO-GRAM
SWANK

South Sea Football

The only spectators were the island natives who must have thought these Americans mad

•

by RUBE SAMUELSEN

"Maybe the men think we are rationed"

Every football fan has his own idea of the greatest game he ever saw—games that have been played in every part of the country—and if a goodly dose of sectional prejudice is thrown in, arguments on that score often carry far into the night. But if you ask "Barnacle Bill" Busik, one of the greatest halfbacks in Navy gridiron history, who played his last season at Annapolis in 1941, he'll tell you the greatest game, the most vicious, he ever saw—or played in—didn't even take place in the United States.

Recently back in the U.S.A. on leave, Lieutenant (j.g.) Busik says that game took place on a small island in the South Pacific. No crowd of 100,000 persons, which had seen him play in the Army-Navy game, was present. In fact, the only onlookers were a bare handful of natives, who wondered what in the world could be going on out there on that makeshift rectangular field, hastily marked off. It looked pretty silly to them—two groups of white-faced Americans butting their heads together, laying each other low as they hit the dirt with a heavy, resounding thud, going back and forth, back and forth, and yet going nowhere at all.

Yes, to the natives it didn't make sense—none whatever—but to the men in that game it meant plenty. All the chips, every one, rode on the outcome.

It all came about as an outgrowth of the determined, deep-seated rivalry that existed between the deck hands and the ordnance gang of Busik's squadron. It was that kind of rivalry that whetted competitors into doing more than they thought, upon sober reflection, humanly possible. In this case, a climax was reached after the squadron had tasted all-out action in actual battle. The men's nerves were taut, bursting for some release. Again that rivalry showed itself, and, with the captain's approval, it was decided to settle the issue with a football game—one game they knew would be played "for keeps."

The fact that there wasn't a speck of equipment within miles was only a minor matter. So—shoulder pads, moleskins, jersies, even shoes and cleats were out. For uniforms, dungarees had to suffice and the twenty-two men had no alternative but to play barefooted. But, fortunately, they DID have a football. That was something. Enough, in fact.

And so, officials were chosen, and the two "name" football players in the entire lot, Busik and Donald Cohenour, a tackle on Texas' great 1941 team, were purposely placed on opposite sides. Besides Busik and Cohenour, it is doubtful if a single one of the other twenty players involved had ever played in a football game before. And yet, Busik, who has played against such teams as Notre Dame, Pennsylvania and Army, declares he has never seen, or felt, such tackling. Awkward, certainly, but reckless, wild and all-out. Crude, but terribly effective. Men, deprived of combat for the nonce, but ready to fight the Japs at the drop of a hat, let go in that game and hit with such fierce abandon that Busik's teeth shook as never before. Strangely, too, even barefooted, he had never punted better in his life.

Back and forth—as the natives put it, going nowhere in particular—the two teams went for the full sixty minutes, the time of a regulation game, until every player was ready to drop in his tracks. And the score? Oh, yes. 6 to 6! They couldn't lick each other, but when they're together, as a team, the Jap opposition won't have a prayer. ⧺

FIRST BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND

For you who are active in war work or civilian defense—doing more walking —facing a heat-rationed winter—the cold weather comfort of these superb coats, the warmth of hardy woolens and the wind-resistance of rich leathers are now especially important.

Eighty-six years of experience have taught us just what men like in jackets of wool, leather, poplin, gabardine. You'll find unique comfort in Glover's larger, shaped armholes, naturally curved collar, shoulder and body lines—the generous cut—the fine Glover tailoring. Glover sportswear brings all this to you, or to the friend to whom you wish to make the perfect gift, this year—as always.

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY, Dubuque, Ia., Makers of Men's Wear for Night and Day . . .
Sportswear, Pajamas, Shirts

Sportswear by Glover

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 87

quite a few other voters believed.

III

Do you feel that this situation is critical enough that all followers of sports should organize to foster continuation of sports in every place possible and in every way that can be done without hampering our progress in the war? YES 62.50%

What sort of organization do you believe should be created for this purpose, and along what lines could its actions be directed?

Those who voted in the negative were almost altogether of the opinion that winning the war will be followed by a great revival in sports. **George S. Cooper,** *Tribune*, Johnstown, Pa., said: "The situation will right itself as soon as the war ends." **Ben Greenstein,** Wilmington, Del., agreed: "When the war is over sports will take care of itself." "Win the war first, then sports will rebound and people will be interested," came the comment with the votes of **Lambda Chi Alpha,** Vermilion, S. D.

The majority believed that for the sake of what sports can do for the nation in war and peace, some organized action should be taken to clarify and strengthen the position of sports. It was noticeable among suggestions that the sportswriters and sportscasters were not enthusiastic about any government body handling the situation, but voters of the general public were inclined to recommend a government body.

The voters suggest as existing and proposed organizations for fostering sports during the war national and regional committees, alumni groups, local quarterback clubs, coaches' associations, American Legion, Junior Chamber of Commerce, sportswriter and sportscaster national association and a joint committee of collegiate, other amateur, professional and military officials.

Harry F. Zimmerman, Collingswood, N. J., was of the conviction that failure of commercial and amateur sports to work as a team has been responsible for absence of public and government understanding of sports service. Zimmerman advocated withholding a small percentage of all sports gates income to finance national sports development. **Jimmy Delmont,** KATE, Albert Lea, Minn., **George A. Molnar,** Perth Amboy, N. J., and **Al Spokes,** WJTN, Jamestown, N. Y., suggested all-embracing national sports promotion bodies.

Paul H. Aurandt, Kalamazoo, Mich., considered that formation of a national sports direction and promotion organization now would be premature in view of the probability that post-war plans for compulsory military training and a world police force might call for "the most complete athletic conditioning of young Americans."

There were many who took the position that we already have enough commissions, committees, conferences, and administrations. **Jimmy Dolan,** noted sportscaster of CBS, New York, remarked: "I thought that a sports committee appointed by the President might help clear up the sports picture but as time went on and no word came from Washington I gave up on that hope."

IV

Do you believe that since the Navy and Marines permit their personnel assigned to colleges to compete in athletics, the Army should have done likewise? YES 87.43%

This question produced the hottest controversy of the poll, despite the score of the affirmative.

Representative of those who thought the Army should have been quick to adopt the Navy policy:

"There was no excuse for Army ban. If the boys have time they should be allowed to play. Difference of attitude of two branches of service does not look good to public. Gives impression of large difference of opinion which to some persons might imply similar difference of opinion on military matters of actual combat. Only now is public being made to realize that petty differences between Army and Navy do not exist and that the two branches are co-operating 100% on military tactics. Such a difference of attitude on permission for athletes to participate in sports can serve to make public doubt unity of the two branches,"

said **Don Hill,** WAVE, Louisville, Ky.

"Particularly in Michigan do we find that the reluctance of the Army has kept at least two of our schools from fielding presentable teams, Michigan State and the U. of Detroit,"

wrote **Al Tyler,** WCAR, Pontiac, Mich.

"If the Army would permit its trainees to play, almost every college in the country could continue its athletic program. In this manner, thousands of dollars could be obtained for Army relief, etc.,"

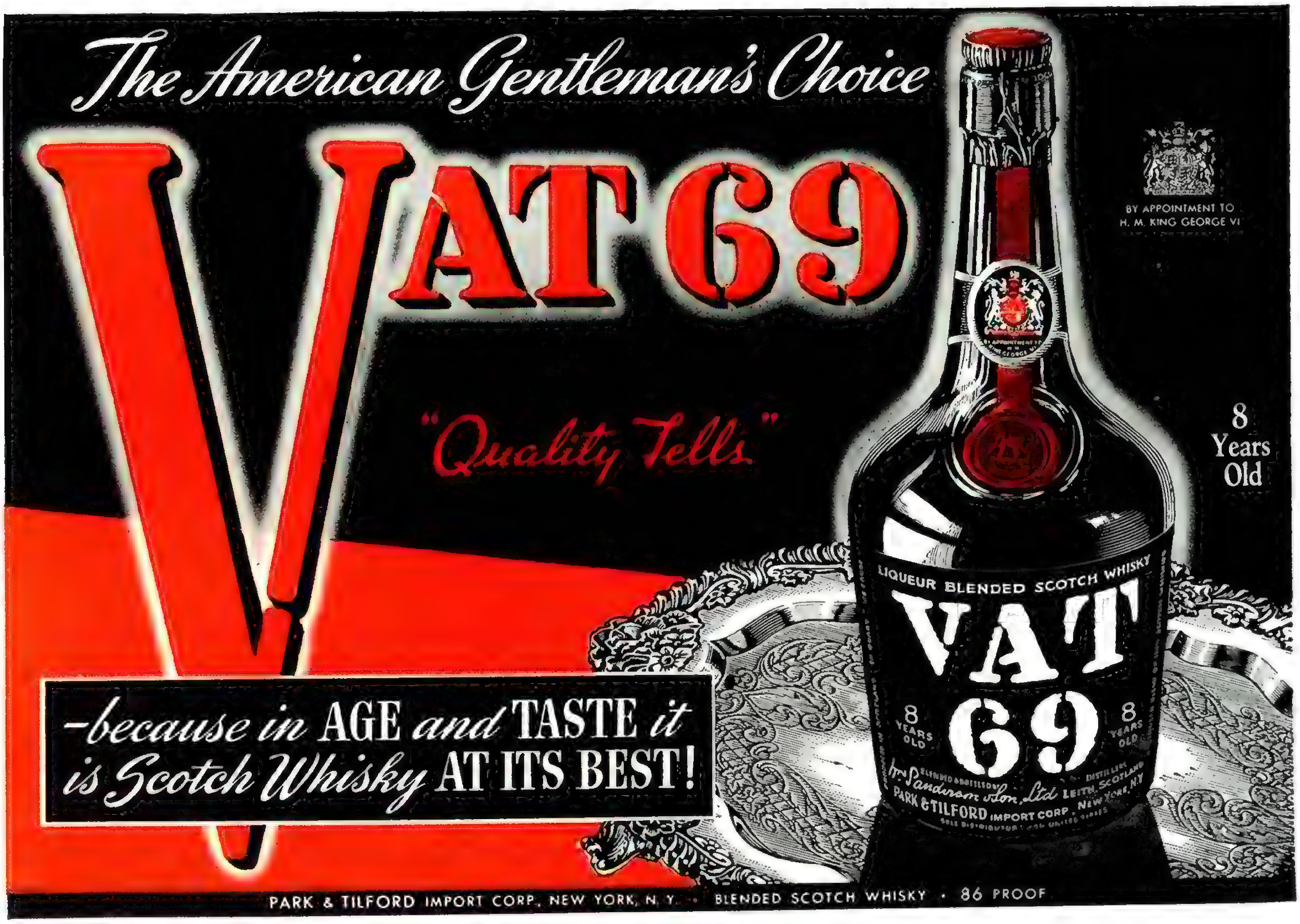
opined **Bill Moeller,** Hamilton, Ohio.

Now, the opinions of those who endorsed the Army's ruling:

Earl Ruby, *Courier Journal*, Louisville, Ky., thought:

"The Navy is the gentleman's side of our fighting force. It plays football while it learns to fight, it also probably plays badminton and shuffleboard. The Army is the rough and ready, every man's side of the service, and the men in charge have said 'No football during concentrated courses in the colleges.' And when the Army says 'no' that means 'no,' and any man who opposes the decision not only is injuring civilian morale—but bloodying his own noggin against a stone wall. I say you can't learn all those boys have to

Continued on page 120


The American Gentleman's Choice
VAT 69
"Quality Tells"
BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
8 Years Old
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
8 YEARS OLD
8 YEARS OLD
Wm Sanderson & Son Ltd
LEITH SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y.
-because in AGE and TASTE it is Scotch Whisky AT ITS BEST!
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

When you advertise in Chicago choose the BASIC time and the BASIC place

Even in the days when our houses had only candlelight this was true: evening is America's reading time and home is America's reading place. . . A basic truth in the lives of our forefathers. . . A basic truth today.

Thus, The Chicago Daily News became Chicago's BASIC advertising medium. . . The Daily News has sold billions and billions of dollars' worth of merchandise for merchants and manufacturers. . . All in direct response to its advertising columns. . . All because its audience is Chicago's basic key-audience that reads The Daily News at night (the basic time) and at home (the basic place).

Response—results—not bought extravagantly, but happily obtained with economy. . . Wasteless circulation because ONE copy of The Daily News covers the entire family. . . Concentration of readers in contrast to costly spatteration.

Basic-thinking advertisers confirm our statement that The Daily News is Chicago's basic advertising medium. . . For 42 consecutive years they have placed MORE TOTAL DISPLAY linage in the basic Daily News than in any other Chicago paper, morning, evening or Sunday.* . . . An expression of advertiser confidence matching the confidence of a million reader-friends who have chosen The Daily News for their family newspaper.

**Source: Advertising Record Co.—Media Records, Inc. For fair comparison liquor linage omitted since The Daily News does not accept advertising for alcoholic beverages.*

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

**FOR 67 YEARS CHICAGO'S *HOME* NEWSPAPER
ITS PLACE IN THE HOME IS ONE OF
RESPECT AND TRUST**

DAILY NEWS PLAZA: *400 West Madison Street*, CHICAGO
DETROIT OFFICE: *7-218 General Motors Building*

NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza*
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*

TILL WE MEET AGAIN
BUY WAR BONDS

COUNT ON 'EM
For years to come

Make tomorrow's plans with the War Bonds you buy today! Buy, and buy again, until the war is won! And, as you save for Victory, guard your health and clothes in your smart, long-wearing Alligator Raincoat. It, too, is one of the wisest investments you ever made—truly, "the best buy in rainwear"! Finest quality through and through, skillfully tailored, dependably processed for maximum wind and rain protection. If you don't yet own an Alligator, see your dealer, as limited stocks *are* available.

The Alligator Company,
St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

Featured at Better
Dealers Everywhere

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 87-118

and also play intercollegiate football."

"The Army is right when you consider it is sending men to school to learn how to be soldiers and not football players. Any officer, Army, Navy or Marine, who graduated from a course to become an officer will emphasize that the speed and the thoroughness with which a four-year course is gone through hardly leaves time for study and sleep—to say nothing of football drills and Saturday afternoon games," said Porter Wittich, Joplin, Mo.

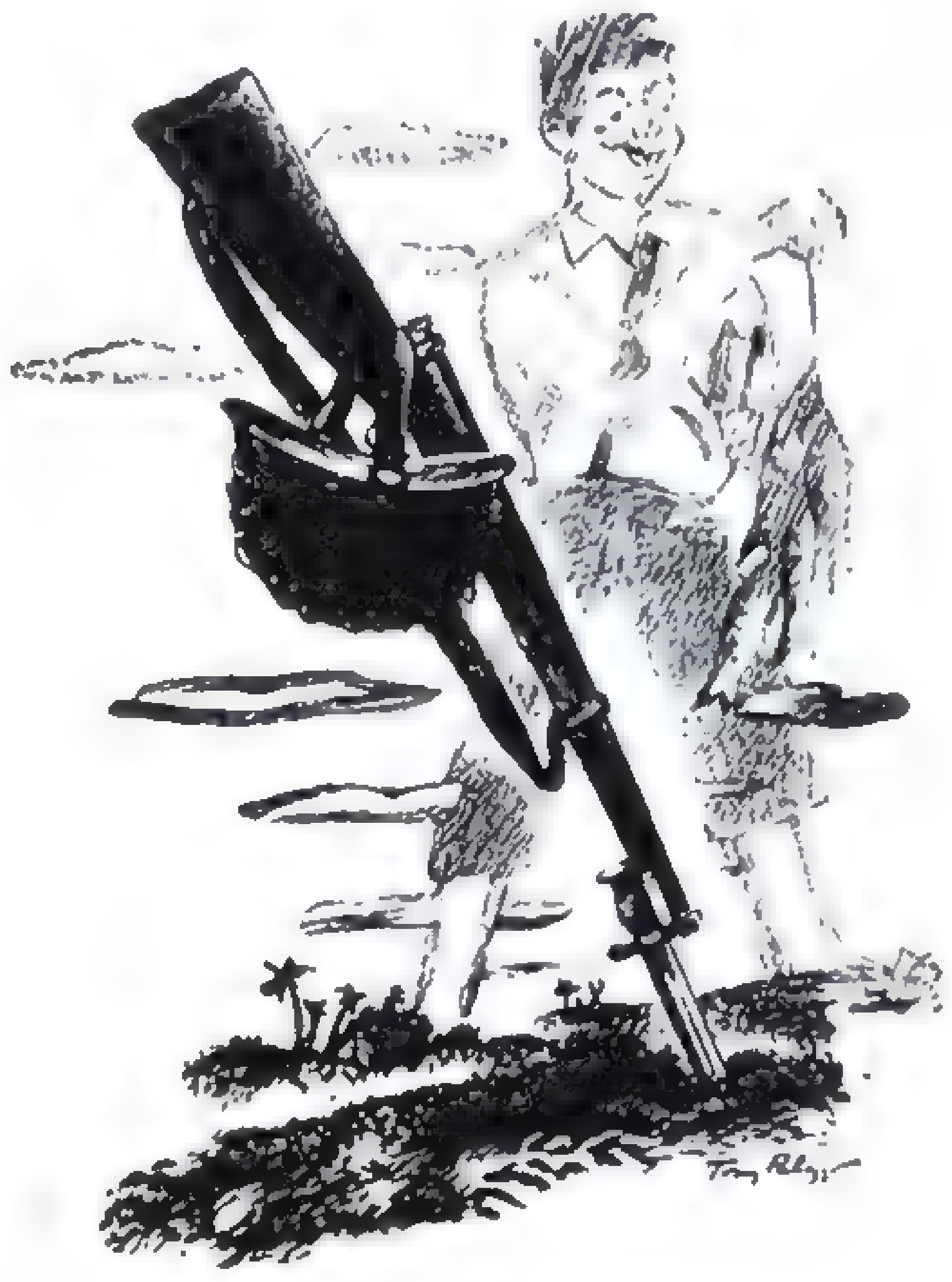
"I suggest we leave it to the Army. It must have a reason. I would guess that one reason is it needs more men faster than the Navy or Marines and don't have time to let them have their training interfered with by outside interests," reckoned Gene Humate, KSO, Des Moines, Iowa.

"I am not in favor of exerting pressure on the military in behalf of sports. Sports is strictly a secondary consideration and if, for example, the Army believes its men assigned to colleges should not compete in athletics, the Army's decision is good enough for me. From personal information, I know most of them are too busy to devote much time to competitive sports," commented O. G. Willoughby, Iron Mountain, Mich.

Among those voting yes were Jack Brickhouse, WGN, Chicago; Royal Brougham, Seattle *Post-Intelligencer;* Ed Scannell, Worcester *Evening Gazette;* Pat Harmon, Champaign, Illinois, *News-Gazette;* W. N. Cox, Norfolk, Virginia, *Virginian-Pilot;* Guy Butler, Miami *Daily News;* B. A. Bridgewater, Tulsa *World;* Joseph P. Val, New York *World-Telegram;* Jerry Nason, Boston *Globe;* Chuck Thompson, WIBG, Philadelphia; Braven Dyer, Los Angeles *Times;* and Hy Turkin, New York *Daily News.*

The military guest on this poll was the Naval Air Training Center at Pensacola, Florida. Founded in 1914 as the base of the Navy's first organized aviation training program, this air station now trains 30,000 pilots annually. It is rivalled only by its sister station at Corpus Christi, Texas, as the largest naval air training base.

The Pensacola center with its eleven training squadrons specializes exclusively on the basic and advanced training of flight students. Upon completion of the course, Naval Aviation Cadets are designated Naval Aviators, with commission as Ensigns in the Naval Reserve or as Second Lieutenants in the Marine Corps Reserve. ##



A Sister Writes

by MAXWELL BODENHEIM

But yesterday I heard his bantering,
The careless whistle swinging farmyard loads:
His lithe grip on the bay horse cantering
As though it scarcely felt the sloping roads.
But yesterday, he stole a fragrant slice
Of apple pie upon the window sill,
And my pretended anger was the price
That made his mischief small, abruptly still.
But yesterday, he won a ribboned prize
For corn and pumpkins at the County Fair.
He yelled, turned cartwheels—then the quiet size,
The start of manhood broadened in his stare.
He lies within a South Sea Island, killed
In action, one among a thousand graves,
But all that made him real cannot be stilled,
Confined beneath palm trees and alien waves.
No, in the farmyard dawn he can be seen,
A blithe, thin hero striding through old chores,
The whistle fainter now, yet softly keen,
Retrieved beyond all sufferings and wars.

As Smooth as a Waltz

The full, fine flavor of Schlitz is loved all the more because it is neither harsh nor bitter. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, America's most distinguished brew achieves the smoothness so greatly desired by those who want fine beer without bitterness.

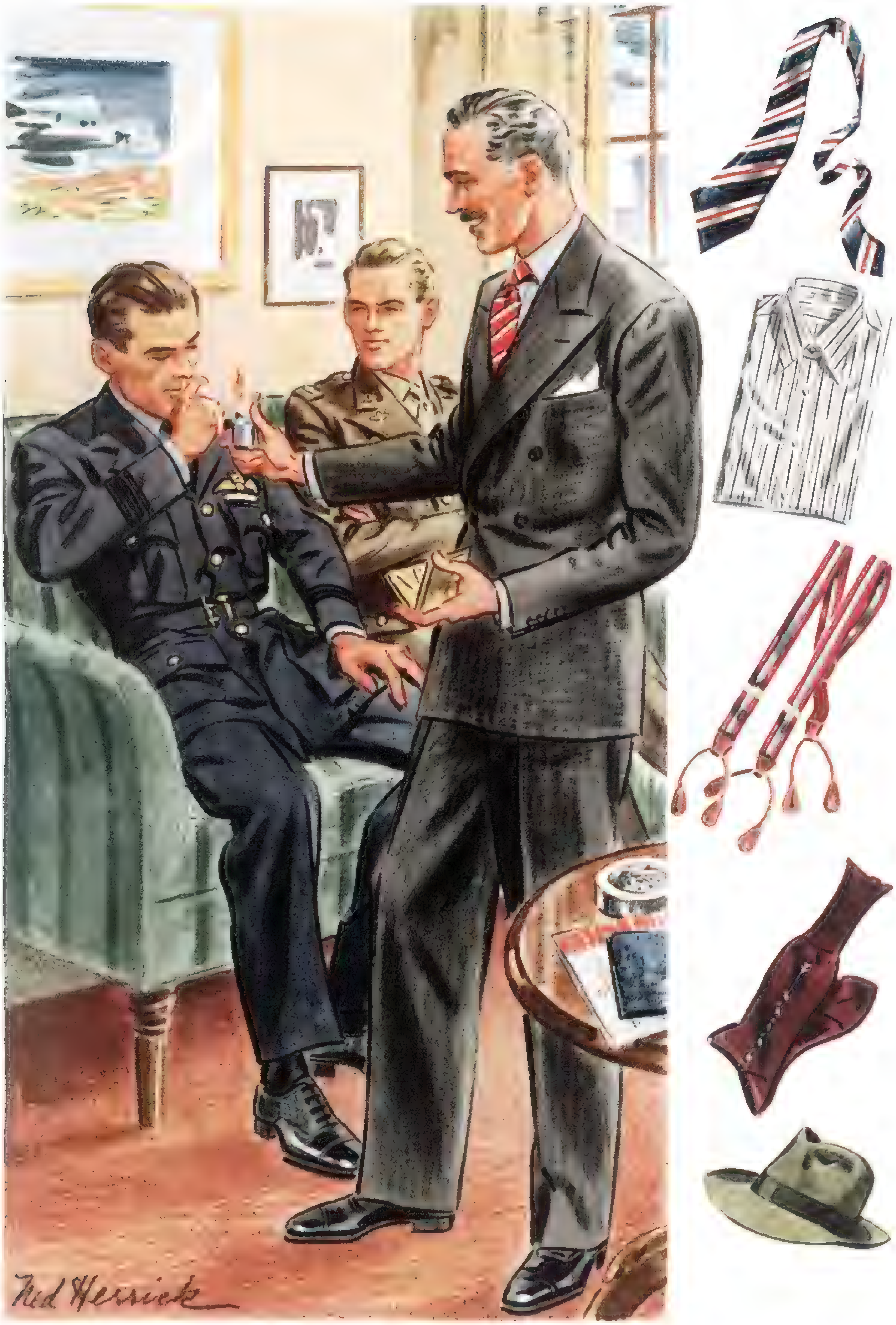
Copyright 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



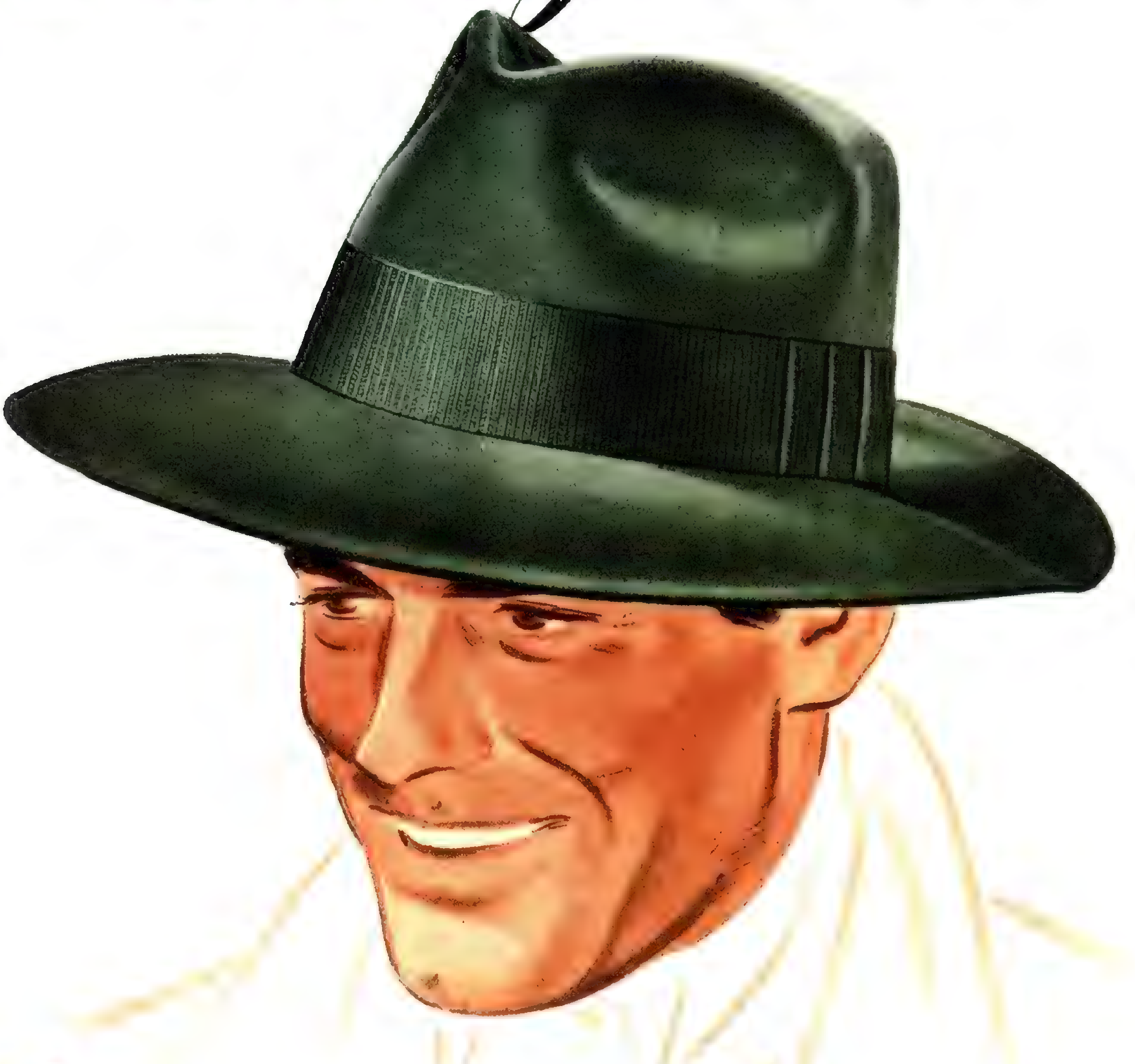
warbirds of a feather

In this quaint domestic scene one of our AAF boys has brought an RAF friend home to roost with him. The pater is cheerfully lighting up the Anglo half of the Anglo-American *entente cordiale.* Houdini could easily have accomplished this suspended upside down in a strait-jacket; but our man does it standing on his feet in a hairline-striped grey unfinished worsted suit. The most interesting accessory is his Campaign Color tie, a blend of Middle East Maroon and Pacific Blue, with silver grey as an accent color. Alternative accessories are illustrated in the panel at the side: a Campaign Color tie of Pacific Blue and Middle East Maroon with silver grey; red, black and white striped broadcloth shirt; Campaign Color suspenders; Middle East Maroon and Atlantic Blue hose; and green felt hat. Incidentally, there has been a pronounced trend lately toward this shade in headwear.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

DOBBS Gamebird

IN THE NEW DOBBS GREEN



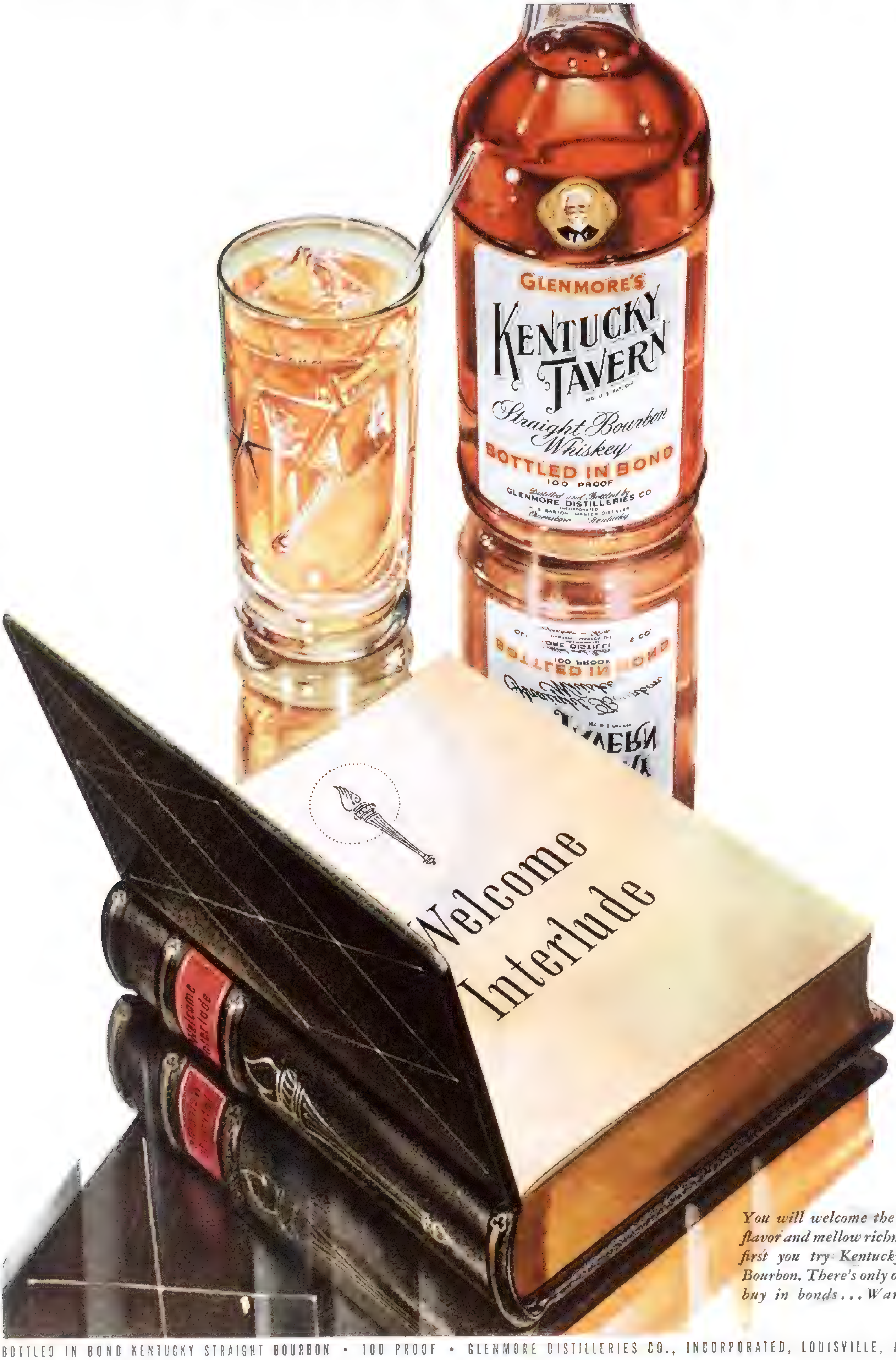
On a pheasant, the first thing you see is the ring around its neck. On a man—his hat. For a man's head is the "zone of attention." The Dobbs Gamebird on almost any man's head is a clue to his personality, his good taste, his sound judgment. Not for the downhearted, this Gamebird... but for the men who'll see it through. Men who top the bond sales, run the Red Cross drive, put in licks at a bench after office. The Gamebird is a beauty in the new Dobbs Green above a pair of determined American eyes; or you can choose among a number of other handsome colors. **$10.**

Other Fine Dobbs Hats—$6.50 to $40

New York's Leading Hatters DOBBS *Retail Store: Park Avenue at 53rd*

AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS


GLENMORE'S
KENTUCKY TAVERN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO
INCORPORATED
R. S. BARTON MASTER DISTILLER
Owensboro Kentucky
Welcome Interlude
Welcome Interlude

You will welcome the heartier flavor and mellow richness when first you try Kentucky's finest Bourbon. There's only one better buy in bonds . . . War Bonds!

BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON • 100 PROOF • GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Football's Greatest Backfields

Continued from page 69

Beta Kappa. The 1925 team was as high in scholastic rating.

Oberlander as a passer was an unforgettable star. He played tackle in the 1924 team but Jess Hawley took him out of the line and put him in the backfield for his great year. Miles Lane was high point scorer of 1925.

The first and foremost famous backfield combination in football history was Knute Rockne's Four Horsemen at Notre Dame who reached their peak in 1924. Rockne once told me that the secret of these boys' greatness was the fact that "their strengths and weaknesses dove-tailed perfectly." Where one boy was a little shy, the other had a little extra.

Notre Dame didn't use the right half for short side plays so much in those days. They shifted to the left and then operated to the strong side almost as often as they did to the right. This gave the right half about as much ball-carrying as the left half, and Don Miller did plenty of it. In the Georgia Tech game of 1924, for example, he made touchdown runs of 88, 60 and 30 yards in his team's 34-to-7 triumph.

At left half was Sleepy Jim Crowley, 155 pounder, a typical left half of the Notre Dame system. He was the break-away runner.

Fullback was Elmer Layden; his teammates called him "The Mole," for at times it seemed that he could almost scud along under the sod when every other avenue of progress was blocked.

At quarterback was Harry Stuhldreher, present Wisconsin coach, a fine sound football man, a real leader and general. The late Judge Walter P. Steffen, All-American quarterback at Chicago in 1907 and for many years head coach at Carnegie Tech, told me that one year in preparing his team for a game with the Four Horsemen, he gave his Carnegie team four trick defenses to try to stop the scintillating onslaught of this great backfield. He related that Stuhldreher would rise up in giving his signals, take one glance at this continually changing defense, and not one single time during the entire ball game did he fail to call exactly the right play to take fullest advantage of the weakness of the radical and unusual defense he was facing. That is a quarterback.

During the other war, Georgia Tech in 1917 came up with one of the all-time great backfields of history, with Hill at quarterback, Harlan at full, and Strupper and Indian Joe Guyon at the halfbacks. Guyon, big and fast, was a great blocker and ball carrier, while Strupper, his running mate, was a jack-rabbit. Guyon did the punting. All four of these backs were good ball carriers.

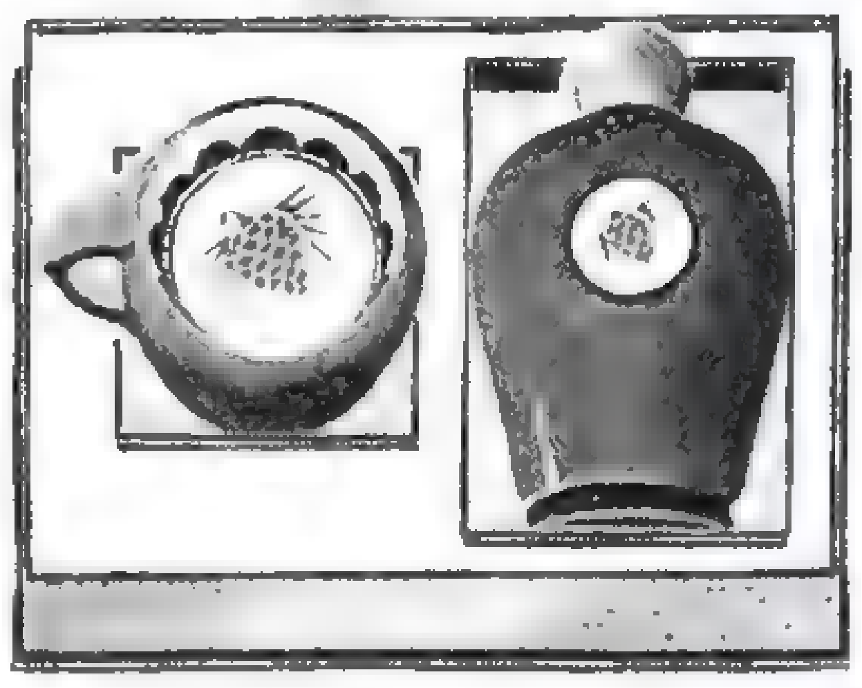
In the period of 1910-1915 Har-

Continued on page 126

spruce!

cool as a mountain wind . . . a man's fragrance from a man's world! blue-green ceramic mugs and flasks.

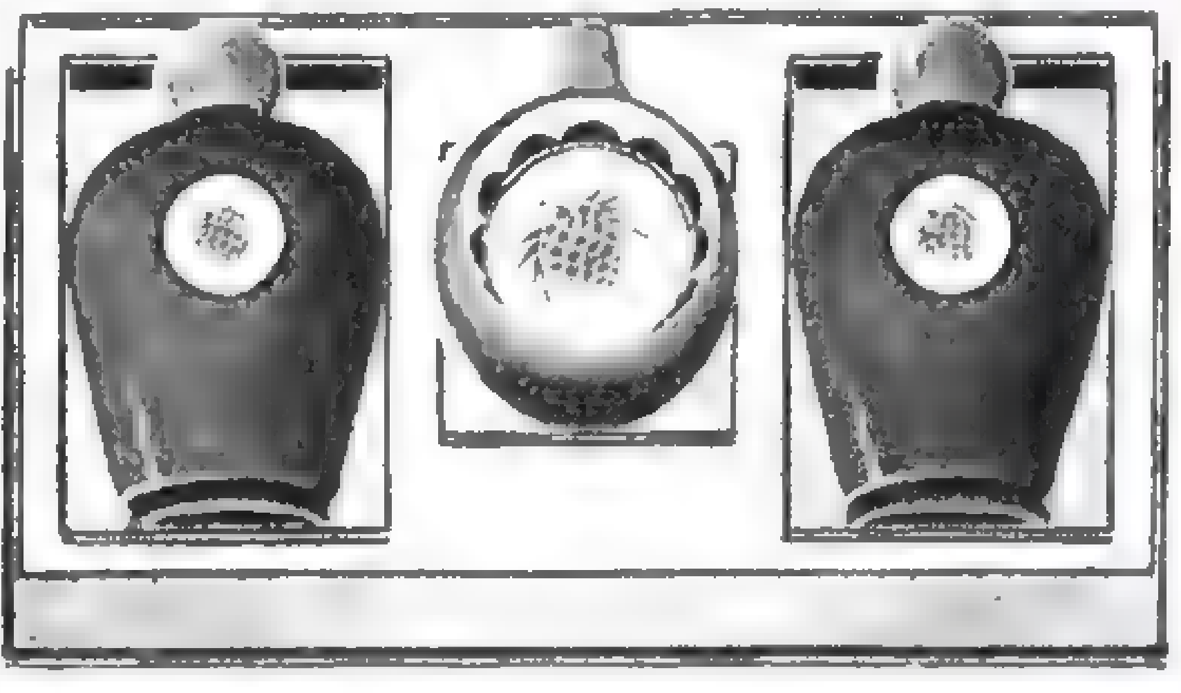
LOTION 1.00



SHAVING SOAP AND LOTION 1.95

SHAVING SOAP 1.00

LOTION SHAVING SOAP TALCUM



Wrisley

men's toiletries

MAN . . . get into FIGHTING shoes!

Mister, the shoes *you* fight in may not be the same as army shoes, but they're just as important. They've got to have looks. They've got to last. They've got to be comfortable. That's why Matrix Shoes are fighting shoes! See for yourself why Matrix gives you the most for each ration coupon. The exclusive Matrix "Footprint in Leather" feature will give you such comfort you can forget your feet and concentrate on your job.

AMERICA'S LEADING RETAILERS SELL MATRIX SHOES FOR MEN

ABILENE
Thornton's Dept. Store
ALLENTOWN
H. Leh & Company
ALTOONA
A. Simon & Company
ASHEVILLE
Edwin Burge, Inc.
ATLANTA
Davison-Paxon Co.
BALTIMORE
Hutzler Bros. Company
BATTLE CREEK
[illegible] Shoe Store
BEAUMONT
Kyle-Lyons Company
BINGHAMTON
Sisson Bros. Welden Co.
BOSTON
R. H. White Company
BRIDGEPORT
Meigs & Company
BROOKLYN
Abraham & Straus, Inc.
BUFFALO
The Kleinhans Company
CANANDAIGUA
Davidson & Son
CHARLESTON, W. VA.
May Shoe Company
CHARLOTTE
Belk Bros. Company
CHICAGO
Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
CLEVELAND
W. B. Davis Company
COLUMBIA, S. C.
Harrison-Parks Shoes, Inc.
COLUMBUS, GA.
Miller-Taylor Shoe Co.
COLUMBUS, OHIO
The Union Co., Inc.
DALLAS
Volk Brothers Co.
DAYTON
Rike-Kumler Co.
DENVER
Denver Dry Goods Co.
DES MOINES
Younker Bros., Inc.
DETROIT
J. L. Hudson Company
ELIZABETH
Harry Greenberg
EL PASO
Popular Dry Goods Co.
ERIE
[illegible] Shoe Store
EVANSVILLE
Schear's Dept. Store
FALL RIVER
John's Shoe Store
FLINT
Smith-Bridgman & Co.
GENEVA
[illegible] Shoe Co.
GRAND RAPIDS
Herpolsheimer's
GREENVILLE, S. C.
Patton, Tilman & Bruce
HARRISBURG
John Kelley
HARTFORD
Battey's Shoe Store
HOLYOKE
Thomas S. Childs, Inc.
HONOLULU
M. McInerny, Ltd.
HOUSTON
Krupp & Tuffly, Inc.
INDIANAPOLIS
L. S. Ayres & Co.
JACKSON, MICH.
Furman's
JACKSON, TENN.
Bond Shoe Company
KALAMAZOO
Bell Shoe Company
KANSAS CITY
Showalter's Shoe Store
KNOXVILLE
Spence Shoe Company
LANCASTER
[illegible] Shoe Store
LANSING
J. W. Knapp Co.
LINCOLN, NEB.
Ben Simon & Co.
LONG ISLAND
Gertz—Long Island
LOS ANGELES
C. H. Baker
MACON
R. S. Thorpe & Sons
MEMPHIS
John Gerber Company
MERIDEN
[illegible] Co.
MILWAUKEE
T. A. Chapman Co.
MINNEAPOLIS
Home Trade Shoe Company
MOBILE
J. J. Damrich Co.
NASHVILLE
Frank Scott's, Inc.
NEWARK
L. Bamberger & Co.
NEW BEDFORD
M. J. Leahy Co.
NEW HAVEN
Besse-Richey Company
NEW ORLEANS
[illegible] Shoe Store
NEWPORT NEWS
Adams Shoe Store
NEW YORK CITY
Bloomingdale's
Lord & Taylor
NIAGARA FALLS
John Flynn & Son
OAKLAND
Kahn's
OKLAHOMA CITY
Lewinsohns
OMAHA
Drexel Shoe Company
PEORIA
Myers & Myers
PHILADELPHIA
Gimbels
PHOENIX
N. Porter Company
PITTSBURGH
Gimbels
PONTIAC
R. V. Todd Shoe Store
PORTLAND, ORE.
[illegible]
PROVIDENCE
[illegible] Co.
QUINCY, MASS.
[illegible] Shoe Store
RICHMOND
Meyer Greentree
ROANOKE
Mitchell Clothing Co.
ROCHESTER
McFarlin Clothing Co.
ST. LOUIS
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
SALT LAKE CITY
Z. C. M. I.
SAN ANTONIO
[illegible] Shoe Company
SAN DIEGO
The Marston Company
SAN FRANCISCO
C. H. Baker
SAN FRANCISCO
The Emporium
SCHENECTADY
Patton & Hall, Inc.
SEATTLE
[illegible] Shoe Company
SIOUX CITY
H. & H. Shoe Co.
SOUTH BEND
Paul O. Kuehn
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
Reisch Shoe Shop
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Albert Steiger Co.
SYRACUSE
W. H. Lynch Shoe Co.
TAMPA
Barker & Tully
TRENTON
Allen's Boot Shop
TUCSON
N. Porter Company
TULSA
Street's
UTICA
C. Sautter's Sons
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Woodward & Lothrop
WATERTOWN
T. F. [illegible], Inc.
WAUKEGAN
Cohn's Shoe Store
WICHITA
Spines Clothing Co.
WORCESTER
Heywood Shoe Store
YORK
[illegible]
YOUNGSTOWN
J. W. Smith & Sons Co.

"your footprint in leather"

MATRIX
Shoes for Men

THE HOUSE OF HEYWOOD
Worcester, Mass.

"SO I TOOK THE $50,000...

KING SIZE Cigarettes

and bought a Package of Cigarettes!"

Sounds fantastic, doesn't it?

But it could happen here... if the monetary disease called "inflation" ever gets started.

Preventing inflation from getting started during this war is next in importance to smashing the Axis. Those are two good reasons why U. S. War Bonds are the finest investments you can now buy. Yes, dollars invested in war bonds *do* fight inflation... dollars invested in war bonds *do* buy the weapons our fighting men must have to win back peace and to come back alive!

And don't forget the bonus every war bond dollar pays you... at maturity every $18.75 war bond will become $25.00 in good solid American bucks!

Today, Rolfs craftsmen are proud to be doing a job for our Government. Notwithstanding this fact, it's quite likely your dealer can supply the Rolfs Billfold shown here... as well as other distinctive leather accessories by Rolfs.

FROM $3.50 UP

Rolfs "IDENTIFIER" Billfold

Pass Case Detaches Instantly

DISTINCTIVE LEATHER ACCESSORIES BY Rolfs

WEST BEND, WISCONSIN
330 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Football's Greatest Backfields

Continued from pages 69-125

vard assumed the scepter for its brief rule in the changing realm of football. Percy Haughton, a coach wonderfully systematic in little matters, was the man behind Harvard's rise. This era of supremacy centers around the years of Charley Brickley and Eddie Mahan. In 1913 Harvard was the leading team of the country.

Brickley in 1913 was rated by Walter Camp "back of the year." In addition to his numerous field goals, he was a fine running back.

Mahan was an ideal all-around type of back to go with him. He was greatest as a punter, where his distance and accuracy were marvelous. He was also one of the fine early passers, and great as an end runner.

In the period of 1905-1910, Yale, it seems to me, reached its peak. It was the full-throated expression of all that one of its most honored sons, Walter Camp, had to give to the game.

This Yale backfield of 1909 had power in the beautifully-muscular Ted Coy, called by Camp the "best all-around kicking fullback of his time." Coy gave them their punch. But almost as sensational was Philbin at halfback, the breakaway type—ideal to pair up with Coy. Philbin had speed and dodging ability. In every game that year he had long runs to his credit, many of them setting his team up for scores.

Of the four "Heston backfields," which dominated western football from 1901 through 1904, that of 1902 was the best four-man unit, according to Coach Fielding H. Yost himself. Willie Heston, left half; Albert Herrnstein, right half; and Harrison Weeks, quarterback; were all splendid open field runners. Although Heston scored 16 touchdowns during the season when the Wolverines ran up 644 points to 12 for the opposition, Herrnstein topped his mark with 27.

Of Weeks, the quarterback, Yost insisted at the time he was playing that: "As a leader of forces and strategist I believe he has no equal on the gridiron today." Everett Sweeley, the fullback in this mighty backfield, was a great kicker, who in four years of play never had a kick blocked. All of the backs in this backfield could handle punts and return them. It was a backfield of breakaway runners from Heston right on through.

The football season of 1898 is noteworthy because it marked the first appearance of a western man on the All-American. To Clarence Herschberger of Chicago went

Football's Twelve Greatest Backfields

1940-4-
Stanford, 1940
Quarterback—Frank Albert*
Left Halfback—Pete Kmetovic
Right Halfback—Hugh Gallarneau
Fullback—Norman Standlee

1935-40
Pittsburgh, 1938
Quarterback—John Chickerneo
Left Halfback—Dick Cassiano
Right Halfback—Harold Stebbins
Fullback—Marshall Goldberg*

1930-35
Minnesota, 1934
Quarterback—Glenn Seidel
Left Halfback—Pug Lund*
Right Halfback—Julius Alphonse
Fullback—Sheldon Beise, Stan Kostka

1925-30
Dartmouth, 1925
Quarterback—Bob McPhail
Left Halfback—Miles Lane
Right Halfback—Jim Oberlander*
Fullback—Hooker Horton

1920-25
Notre Dame, 1924
Quarterback—Harry Stuhldreher*
Left Halfback—Jim Crowley
Right Halfback—Don Miller
Fullback—Elmer Layden

1915-20
Georgia Tech, 1917
Quarterback—Hill
Left Halfback—Guyon
Right Halfback—Strupper
Fullback—Harlan

1910-15
Harvard, 1913
Quarterback—M. J. Logan
Left Halfback—C. E. Brickley*
Right Halfback—F. J. Bradlee*
Fullback—E. W. Mahan*

1905-10
Yale, 1909
Quarterback—A. Howe*
Left Halfback—S. H. Philbin*
Right Halfback—F. J. Murphy
Fullback—Ted Coy*

1900-05
Michigan, 1902
Quarterback—Harrison Weeks
Left Halfback—Willie Heston*
Right Halfback—Albert Herrnstein
Fullback—Everett Sweeley

1895-1900
Chicago, 1898
Quarterback—Walter Kennedy
Left Halfback—Clarence Herschberger*
Right Halfback—J. R. Henry
Fullback—F. L. Slaker

1890-1895
Pennsylvania, 1894
Quarterback—Carl Williams
Left Halfback—George H. Brooke*
Right Halfback—Arthur Knipe*
Fullback—Charles S. Gelbert*

1885-1890
Princeton, 1889
Quarterback—E. A. Poe*
Left Halfback—R. H. Channing*
Right Halfback—J. S. Black
Fullback—Knowlton L. Ames*

*All-American.

★

REWARD FOR SEEKING

★

The more you demand of a pipe and a match, the sooner you settle on Walnut . . . mild, fragrant, friendly Walnut . . . the choice of experience since John Middleton confected his master-blend in 1856. Unlike mass-production brands, Walnut is *naturally* aromatic, a blend of 7 select tobaccos from the world's most favored crops. Its fragrance comes from *Nature.* Fill your pipe with Walnut, and fill your hours with a pervading peace.

John Middleton's
WALNUT
The Choice of Experience

Walnut comes in pound and half-pound glass jars at $2.25 and $1.15, and the handy pocket-pack at 30c. As a gift, it is welcome as rain in the desert. Send 6c for ample sample. John Middleton, Philadelphia 7, Pa.

that honor. Herschberger was the outstanding man in a strong backfield that played together two years at Chicago, in 1899 winning the first championship for Amos Alonzo Stagg.

Pennsylvania was the first big school to move into the charmed circle of the Big Three—Yale, Harvard, and Princeton—in football. George Woodruff, star Yale guard of 1886-87, went to Pennsylvania to coach in 1892. There he developed the famous "guards back" play, in which the guards would drop back out of the line into the backfield and drive as massed interference on the point to be hit by the ball carrier. In 1894 his teams won 12 straight, scoring 366 points to 20 and opened a winning streak that ran to 34 in the next three years before Lafayette finally broke it in 1896 in a 6-to-4 game.

Both George H. Brooke and Arthur Knipe made the All-American in 1894, along with C. S. Gelbert, who also played end. He is the father of Charley Gelbert, the big league shortstop.

Charley Gelbert was regarded as the miracle man of his day. He never weighed over 160 pounds and was a deadly tackler, a superb leader of interference and was impressive because he wore a long, wavy, blonde moustache and a leonine mane of tawny hair.

George Brooke, twice All-American, was only nineteen when he was selected as an All-American in 1894. Brooke developed in his punting a long, low spiral that was hard for the opposition to handle and easy for the ends to charge down the field.

Arthur Knipe, All-American left half, is now a physician and a fiction author of note. He resides in New York. Carl S. Williams, who was captain of the 1895 team and a member of the 1894 team, is a former football coach at Pennsylvania and is now a famous eye specialist in Philadelphia.

When you go back as far as the 80's in football, you are dealing with almost a different game. The rules were different, the ball was different, the uniforms were different—everything was different. Old pictures of E. A. Poe show him holding a ball that is almost like a soccer ball.

The reason I specify Princeton's backfield of 1889 as the best of the period from 1885 to 1890 is that three of the men in it—Edgar Allan Poe, R. H. Channing and Knowlton L. "Snake" Ames—were picked on the first All-American team in 1889. R. H. Channing was a fine running back, Poe was a fiery little leader, and Ames was an outstanding punter and deceptive runner. J. S. Black probably was left off the All-American that year in favor of Lee of Harvard only because the selector didn't want to appear too partial! This backfield slaughtered Harvard 41 to 15, and also beat Yale 110 to 0 when Yale had such men as Stagg, Heffelfinger, Gill and McClung. #

PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
"The Blend of Experience"
Your assurance
of Good Taste
– because it is
the finest-tasting
Whiskey of its type
in America
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. · 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · 86.8 PROOF

APRON KIT of water-repellent twill with complete toiletries, $4

"GOB" MONEY BELT of water-repellent twill, concealed pockets, $1.50. Others, $1

"FURLOUGH" collapsible bag of water-repellent twill, 16 inches, spacious, ideal for weekend trips, $5

UTILITY KIT, water-repellent twill for toilet articles, $3.50. Others, $2.50

Sea-worthy Gifts for your Sailor

Handsome, useful, serviceable gifts to bring good cheer to a navy man on ship or ashore. Designed with the typical Swank flair for masculine smartness... quality assured by the name of Swank. Attractively packaged.

SWANK

famous for Men's Jewelry

© Swank Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

✰ BUY MORE WAR BONDS···TODAY··· ✰

The Hunter's Return

The autumn woods seemed alive and he knew this was the best squirrel country in Arkansas

by M. E. DUNHAM

• FICTION •

Frank Beaven

"Now you fellows come on out and drill—I know you're there"

The ringing of the alarm clock awoke him. He swung out from under the blankets immediately, without so much as a yawn, and his strong body, naked despite the sharp Fall air, was outlined against the dark window as he looked at the weather. It would be a fine day, he saw; the night stars were paling now in the four o'clock light that crept up from the East.

Walking quietly so that he would not disturb his mother in her bedroom beneath him, he dressed quickly. Then, carrying his shoes in his hands, he went out into the hall and down the stairs to the kitchen. When he opened the door he saw his mother, in a bathrobe, busy at the stove.

"I thought I told you not to get up," he said, smiling. He sat down in a chair beside the stove and pulled on his shoes.

"I was awake anyway, Honey," she said. "And I didn't want you to go out without a good breakfast."

Cakes were frying in a skillet on the stove and the coffee pot was sending up a cloud of fragrant steam. The boy sat down at the table. He ate a good deal, drinking two cups of coffee along with the food. Then he pulled out a package of cigarettes from his pocket and lighted one. His mother watched him from across the table with an uneasiness that puzzled him.

"You'll be back in time, won't you, Honey?" she said anxiously. "Don't go so far you can't get back by eleven."

The boy made a grimace of distaste that wasn't altogether genuine. "Oh, sure," he said. "I'll be back. Don't worry, Maw."

He punched out his cigarette against the side of the empty coffee cup, went around the table and dropped a light kiss on his mother's forehead. Then he went out of the kitchen, into the hall, and from the hall closet he picked up a battered old .22 rifle. He went down the hall and out into the gray light of early morning.

A sleepy hound, curled on the door mat beside the hall door, rose up, wagged his tail once, and sedately fell into step with the boy as he took the trail that led upward into the hills that bulked against the morning sky. For an hour they walked. The grass underfoot was crisp with frost and the dry leaves of the oaks and hickories that forested the slopes made a dry, rattling music. The boy breathed deeply of the air and from time to time he swelled his chest with the deepness of his breathing as if, almost, he had been a long time without air.

The woods were all about him now—the best squirrel country in Arkansas. Mast was deep underfoot, and the footsteps of the pair, boy and dog, were noiseless. But the woods were alive, busy with sound and movement. A jay and a crow yelled at each other from adjacent treetops; a catbird ran through his varied and complex score.

Suddenly a sharp, angry chatter broke out, high above him in a shagbark hickory. Instantly he froze. The hound stopped dead still for just an instant, then his legs folded and he sank to his belly upon the soft mast. They both looked upward, into the treetop. Slowly the boy brought the rifle up to the ready, his thumb unconsciously slipping off the safety catch.

They waited thus a full five minutes, neither moving nor taking their eyes from the shagbark hickory. Meanwhile the angry chatter continued. And, after so long a time, they saw what they were looking for: a big red squirrel, silent now, cautiously poked his inquisitive nose around the tree trunk and peered down at these interlopers upon his preserve.

The boy lifted the rifle. It came to his shoulder so gradually that the movement was scarcely perceptible. The big red squirrel, presenting only a part of his head, was not alarmed. He still looked down, curious but unafraid.

The rifle's sights were lined up;

the boy's round right eye picked them up and went on, in a perfect line, to a spot squarely in the middle of the squirrel's forehead. The boy's breathing stopped; his whole right hand tightened on stock and trigger as he began to squeeze off the shot.

But suddenly something happened. The squeezing of his hand ceased. He still held the rifle sighted on the squirrel's head, but he did not fire. Quite gradually then he lowered the rifle. The boy looked up at the squirrel, frowning a little, a look that was more wonder than anything else. The pent-up air in his lungs was abruptly released; he took a step forward and instantly the squirrel was out of sight. The hound looked up at the boy, then back into the tree, which was again loud with the scolding of the squirrel. The boy was smiling a little crookedly as he turned. A single oak leaf hanging on its dead stem caught his eye and smoothly, almost without sighting, he brought up the rifle and fired. The leaf, cut cleanly from its stem, floated lazily to the ground.

The boy and the dog walked slowly homeward, but even so they were back at the house well before eleven o'clock. The boy's mother, finished with her housework and dressed as if for visitors, was rocking on the porch.

"Well," she said, relief in her voice, "you did get back, Honey. I was afraid you might go too far and disappoint them."

"Not me, Maw," the boy said. He stood the rifle against the steps and sat down.

"You didn't get anything?" his mother asked. "Now, that's funny, Son. Old Man Peters told me just last week he never had seen so many squirrels."

"Oh," the boy said indifferently, "I saw one—a big old red squirrel—but somehow, Maw, I just couldn't shoot him. I started to, and then I just couldn't. It seemed so—well, just kind of useless. Funny, isn't it?"

The boy's mother looked at him for a long moment in silence. Then she began to laugh softly.

"I don't think so, Honey. You always were kind of soft when it came to killing things. I don't really think you ever did enjoy hunting much."

"I reckon you're right, Maw," the boy said. He stood up. "Well, it's time I was getting ready. Time we get downtown for the celebration it'll be eleven."

While he was upstairs getting into his uniform, his mother rocked back and forth, waiting for him. In all her being she felt a deep thankfulness The war, the twenty-five Jap planes he had destroyed and the medal bestowed on him by the President had not changed the boy.

He still did not like useless killing. ‡‡

BUY MORE WAR BONDS
FULL INCH STRETCH
CUT AWAY TO SHOW HIDDEN SPRINGS

EXPANSO Belts

EXPAND AND CONTRACT AS YOU BREATHE

Style Comfort

KNOTHE BROTHERS, CO., Inc., 24 West 40th St., N. Y. C.

We put it to you this way

If a good friend told you that Footsavers would give you far more comfort than the shoe you're wearing—far finer fit and much longer wear—you'd do something about it, wouldn't you? Well, this is our friendly promise that Footsavers—finest of Bostonians—will give you all that and more. Step into *Fenworth*, illustrated — and enjoy the most superbly comfortable shoe you ever wore. $11.50 to $12.95. Made by Commonwealth, Whitman, Massachusetts.

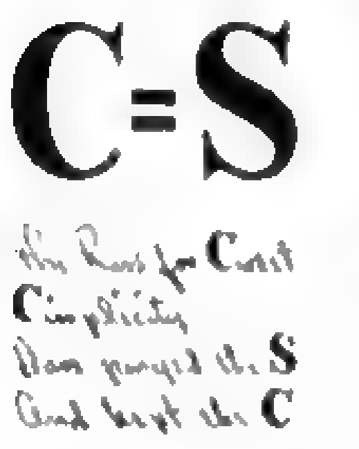
Footsaver Shoes

BOSTONIANS AT THEIR FINEST

Russian Is So Easy to Learn

Continued from page 85

в and z are easily memorized. Take our lower case *b* and draw a line at a right angle to the stem, thus: B (Б) You have the Russian capital letter which is the equivalent of our в. Curve the stem, thus: б, and you get the Russian lower case *b*. The Russian equivalent of our z looks like our script z, thus з and is easily remembered.



For the letter s, the Russians use c. The English c is of course used by us only as an s (as in *city*) or as a к (as in *cat*). The Russians write к whenever they sound the к (o к TEAM) and use nothing but c for the s sound. Therefore they do not need nor have the symbol s.

ii=И=EE
И is
double EE

One more letter, and we are practically finished. For the English sound EE, the Russians use what they call the double E. It looks like this: **И**. Before the revolution, the Russians also had the *i* which looked and sounded quite like our short *i*. The Russian **И** is the best memorized as two of these short *i*'s, joined by the natural upward stroke /, and the dots omitted. Remember that in English, too, we cannot be sure to get the long E sound unless we use the double E.

When the EE (**И**) merges with the preceding vowel, a short sign is placed over it, thus: **Й**. Accordingly, **МОИ** is pronounced mo-ee, whereas **МОЙ** is pronounced moi (rhyme with boy).

You should now be able to read many Russian words, composed of the letters discussed. Try your luck on these:

ДА НЕТ КАРТА МОРЕ
ОКЕАН УРАЛ МОСКВА
СТАЛИНГРАД ЛЕНИНГРАД
ДИРЕКТОР УНИВЕРСИТЕТ

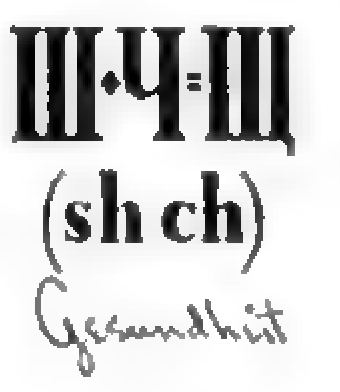
You may find it amusing to grade yourself. The phonetic solution is given at the end of this article. If you get all these words right, the Russian alphabet should no longer hold any terrors for you. If you do not get at least six correctly, you have flunked, and so has teacher.

If you are not yet discouraged, you can all but complete your knowledge of the Russian alphabet by learning the diphthongs. These occur so commonly in their language that the Russians have special symbols for them. They are extremely simple.

Ш
Sh as in
Shutters

First, there are the choo-choo sounds. For *sh*, English has *sh* in *sh*all, *ti* in na*ti*on, *sci* in con*sci*ence, *s* in *s*ure, *ssi* in Ru*ssi*a, etc. Russian uses only one symbol, **Ш**. Perhaps it may be remembered as the *Sh* in *Sh*utters.

The Russians also have a special symbol for our *ch*. It looks like an English *h* in reverse, thus: **Ч**. A good way to fix it in your memory is to think of the English name for *h*, which is of course *aitch*. Then reverse it, and you have *tchai*, which is the exact Russian name for their letter **Ч**.



Then there is a Russian sound which is made up of SH and CH in combination. It is pronounced *sh-ch* as in fi*sh-ch*owder or fre*sh-ch*eese or Swedi*sh ch*urch. The symbol for this hiss of the steam locomotive is **Щ**, or the **Ш** with a little hook at lower right. You might learn the Russian word **ЩИ**, pronounced Sh-chee, meaning cabbage soup. There is a famous Russian peasant saying:

ЩИ И КАША—ПИЩА НАША

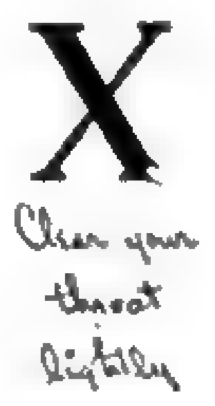
This means: "Cabbage soup and grits are our food (our daily bread)." Try to read it, then look at the phonetic solution on the opposite page.

A Russian letter which looks somewhat like the redoubtable **Щ**, but which is not to be confused with it, is **Ц**, which stands for *ts* or *tz*, as in Ri*tz*, nu*ts*, or *T*sar.

Ж
As in
vision
invasion
fusion

The last letter in this group is the **Ж**, pronounced as the French J in *Je*. It is a most common sound in English, formed with us by *sio* in vi*sio*n, confu*sio*n, inva*sio*n, adhe*sio*n, er*sio*n, and also found in such words as *measure, treasury*, etc. In script, the Russian **ж** almost looks like the English *sio* combination: **ж**!

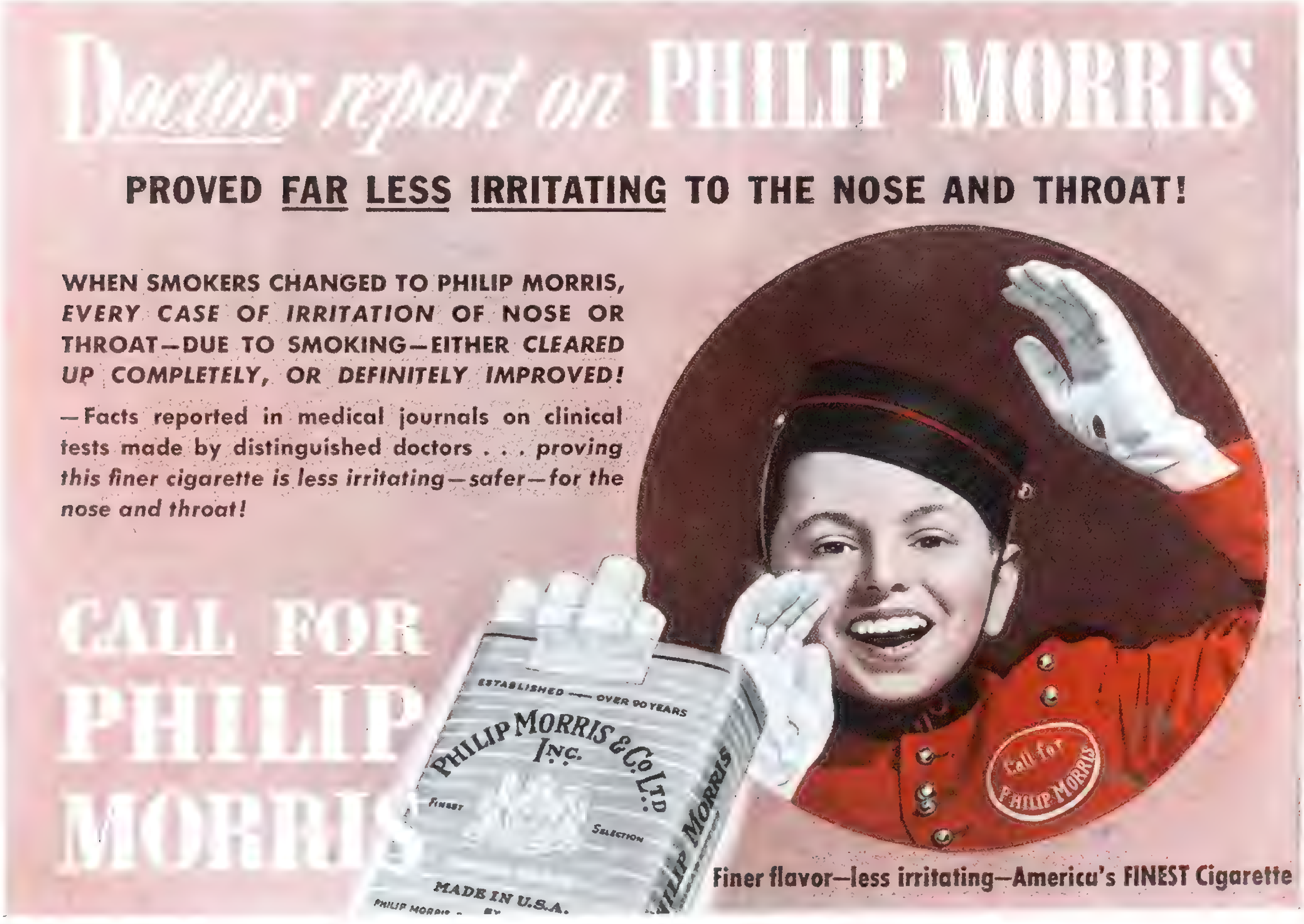
Now for the home stretch. Three Russian letters have no counterpart in English. They are the **X**, the **Ы**, and the soft mute sign **Ь**.



The x is usually transliterated as Kh. It is pronounced like the *ch* in the Scotch *toch* or the German *ach*. You will get the precise Russian x by simply clearing your throat!

The Russian **Ы** is a sound unto *ee* while holding the tongue as if you were saying *oo*. It has been likened to the French *u*, the German *ü*, to *ui*, and to a belch.

The soft mute sign **Ь** is placed after consonants only, and indicates that they are to be pronounced in a soft and liquid manner. A very good example of


Doctors report on PHILIP MORRIS

PROVED FAR LESS IRRITATING TO THE NOSE AND THROAT!

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, *EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!*

—Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors . . . *proving this finer cigarette is less irritating—safer—for the nose and throat!*

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

Finer flavor—less irritating—America's FINEST Cigarette

WEAREVER
Zenith

THE MIRACLE
of a letter from home

A LETTER from home—full of gossip and news. There's nothing like it to build morale among our men in service. Thus the hand that wields a fountain pen is helping to destroy the enemy.

That is why we are turning out for the folks at home, as many Wearever Zeniths as the needs of the armed forces will permit. Look for Zenith's ruby top. Made by David Kahn, Inc., America's largest fountain pen manufacturer (established 1896).

WEAREVER
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT
14K
MADE IN USA

$1.95

Wearever Zenith Pen and Pencil set in rich gift box. $2.75

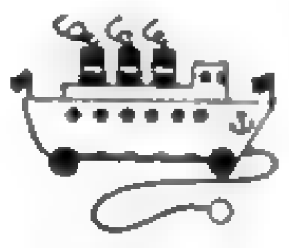
МАТЬ
MA·T·YOU·OU

this is the Russian word for *mother* is *mat*ь. The *t* is pronounced as if you had intended to follow it by the word *you*, but stopped short and pronounced only the *y* and not the *ou*. The true pronunciation of the Russian word for *mother* is MA *plus* T *plus* YOU *minus* OU. Try it!

To compensate for these three difficult letters, there are three vowels which are simple.

Ю
U
as in I.O.U.

First, there is the **Ю**, pronounced *You*. You should never have any difficulty in remembering this symbol. It is obviously composed of the letters I and O. Think of it as the U in I. O. U.



ЯТ

Next comes the letter **Я**, which stands for YAH, a most useful symbol. If we had it in English, *Yacht* would be spelled simply **ЯТ**. Incidentally, **Я** is also the Russian first person singular.

The last letter to be mentioned will be the **3**, which the Russians call "the E in reverse." It stands for the sound E as in *e*nd. The E itself is oftener pronounced as the first two letters in *ye*s. The з denotes strictly the E sound without the Y.

Now that wasn't so hard, was it? You now know enough to be able to read any Russian text whatever. If you wish to go further into the intricacies of the language, the road lies wide open.

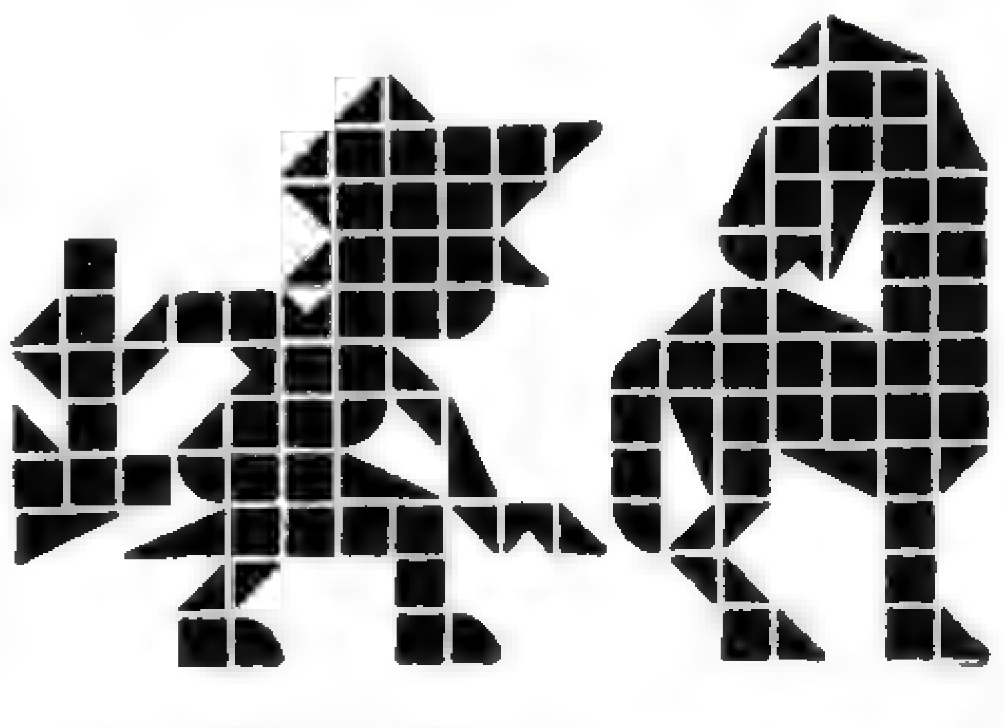
Your task will be simple compared with the Russian's problem in learning English. There are no words in Russian in which the *o* suddenly turns into an *i*, as in women, or the *gh* becomes *ff*, to make it rou*gh* and tou*gh* for the student. And yet, English is being studied in Russia today more widely than any other foreign tongue. Why let the Russians know all about us without us learning all about them?

O. K., TEAM! ⧺

PHONETIC SOLUTION

DAH (meaning yes), NYET (meaning no), MOREH (sea), OKE-AN (Ocean), OORAL (Ural), MOSKVA (Moscow), STALINGRAD, LENINGRAD, DIREKTOR, UNIVERSITET.

SHCHEE EE KAHSHA—PEESHCHA NAHSHA.



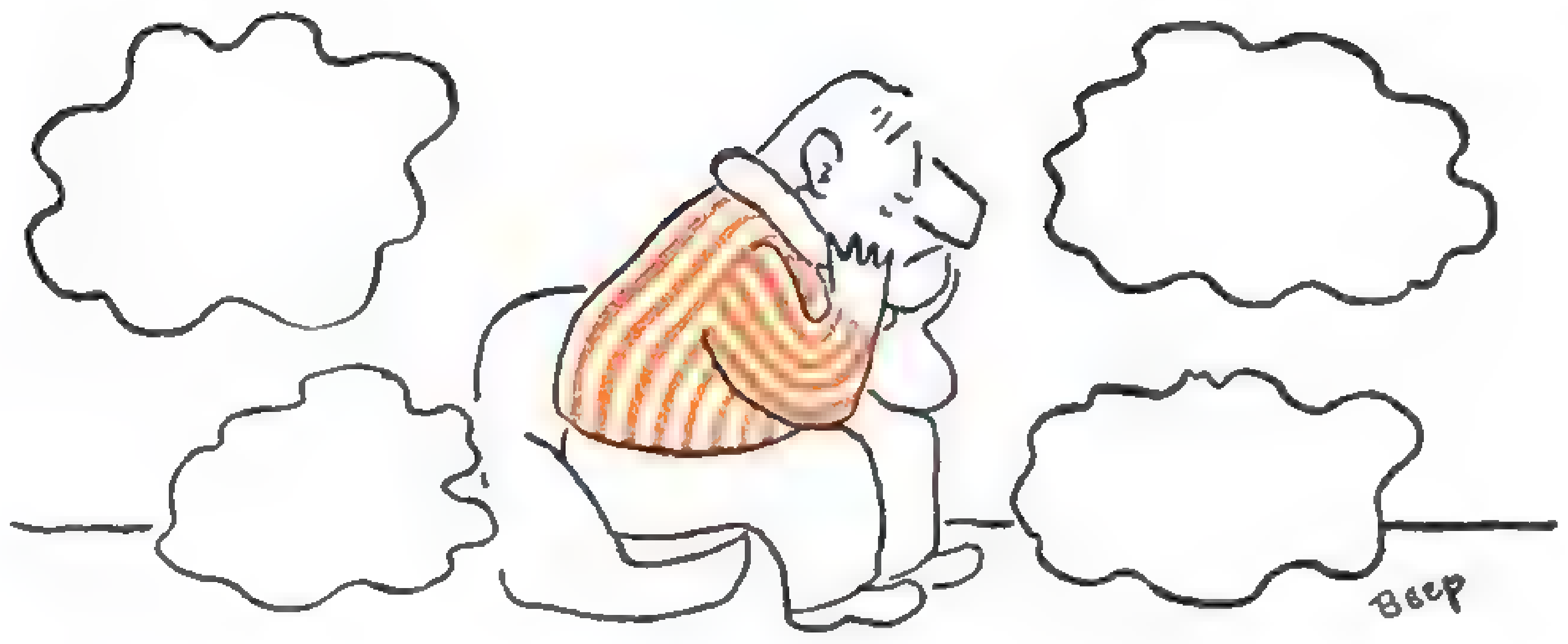
She'll Think of Something

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
Her beef and bacon, too;
Some crook has stole her ration book
And she don't know what to do.

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Quality First
P&T
Since 1840

A HARMONY OF GREAT AMERICAN WHISKIES HAS MADE IT
America's Luxury Whiskey.

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF



The Football Coach at Home

"How's that, dear? . . . Junior's been naughty and you want me to lick him? But supposing I *can't* lick him? . . . What? . . . I weigh 212 and he's only 92, eh? That's all very well, but just remember comparative weights don't mean a thing. He's been improving fast these last few weeks, and those odds of ten to one that I can whale the tar out of him are ridiculous. It's an even money bet at the best.

"We're playing bridge with the Smiths Tuesday night? They'll murder us! They'll make a slam or set us badly every time they get hold of the cards . . . What? . . . Mrs. Smith has only played five or six times in her life? That's all the more reason why they're dangerous. They've taken bad beatings and they're fighting mad, desperate for victory. Give me a team like that every time. On the other hand we're overconfident—complacent—smug—self-satisfied. I tell you, dear, we're riding for a fall.

". . . What? Yeah, I'm playing golf with Charlie Morris tomorrow morning but why spoil my night's sleep by bringing that up? . . . Oh, just because I shoot in the seventies and Charlie has never broken ninety I'm a cinch, am I? Darling, just remember that Charlie and I have been playing annual golf matches for twenty-two years. Get it? This is a traditional encounter, and in traditional encounters you can throw the form charts out the window because *anything* can happen. That's why I look for Charlie to pull an upset tomorrow and take me by seven or even fourteen holes.

"Hm. Steak, eh? . . . How's that? . . . The butcher claims it's tender? Don't kid yourself! That's just to get you overconfident. This is going to be tough—*very* tough. In fact, dear, I wouldn't be surprised if this turned out to be the toughest one we've faced all season, and I'm not taking any chances. We're going to go right after this one from the very start with everything we've got, and—hey you, quit that yawning! If you can't take this encounter seriously I'll put you on the side lines and yank Hulda out of the kitchen and give her first crack at it!"

—Parke Cummings

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP,

. . . . *Fighting Man!*

Set your chin tightly into the sturdy strap* of your tin hat . . . you have every right to be proud . . . great victories have proved your fighting mettle . . . and squarely behind you the home folks are working, producing, saving, putting every possible dollar into War Bonds, to help you hasten V Day—and peace.

*Leather chin straps are one of the many war products of TexTan, makers of famous TEXAS RANGER and SADDLECRAFT BELTS . . . for those who back up our fighters in home front jobs. The fighting tradition of the freedom-loving Southwest is painstakingly expressed in the genuine hand-tooled designs of these unique Texas-made belts. The honest craftsmanship . . . and tough-as-a-boot selected leathers are meeting today's heavy-duty style demands for work and sport.

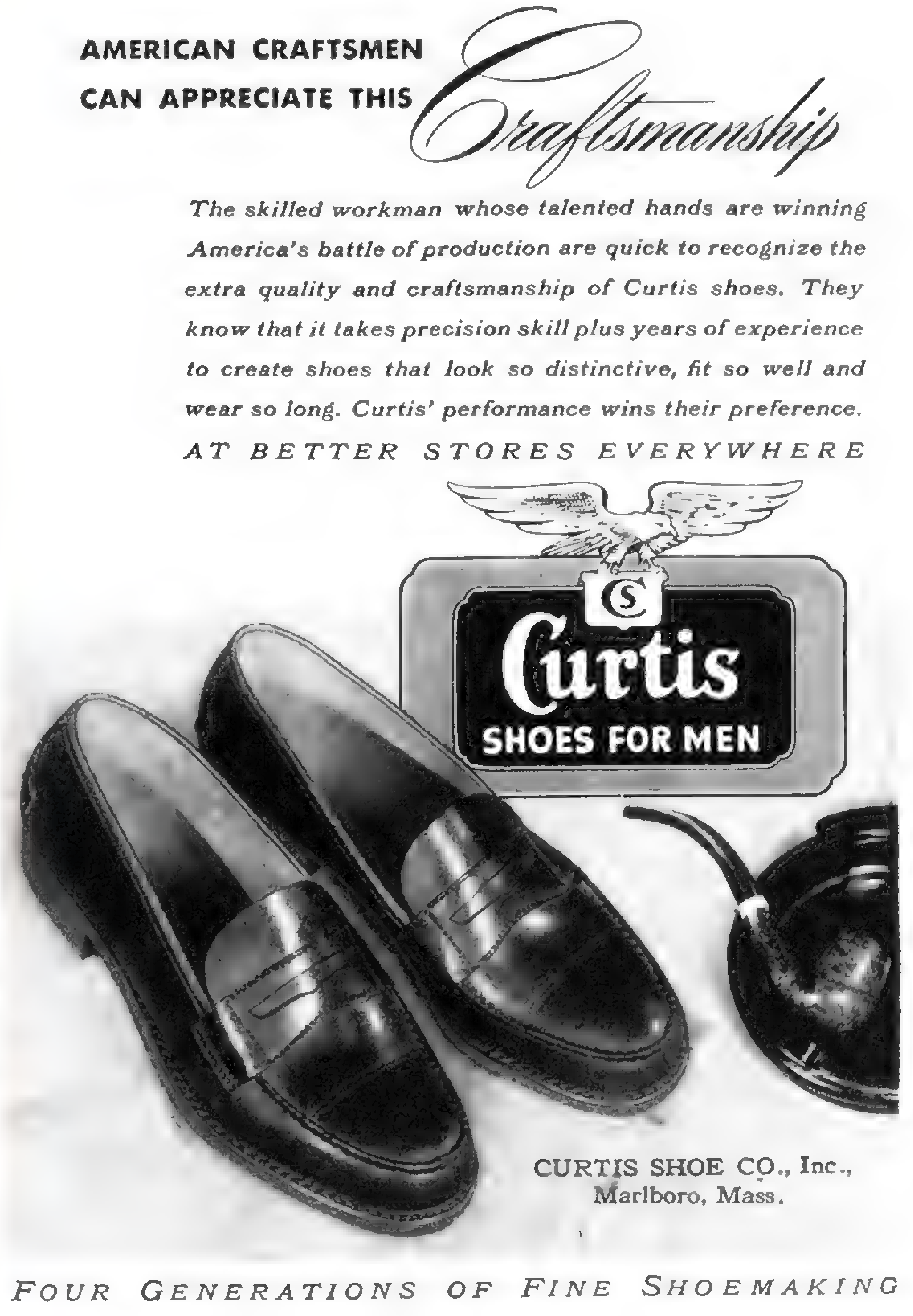
Genuine hand-tooled belts . . . $3.50 to $ 5.00
Other Styles . . . . $1.25 to $ 3.50
Billfolds . . . . $1.00 to $10.00

SADDLE CRAFT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TEXAS RANGER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

by TexTan
OF YOAKUM, TEXAS

Should you fail to find TEXTAN Belts and Billfolds where you shop, write for name of nearest Dealer



AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN CAN APPRECIATE THIS *Craftsmanship*

The skilled workman whose talented hands are winning America's battle of production are quick to recognize the extra quality and craftsmanship of Curtis shoes. They know that it takes precision skill plus years of experience to create shoes that look so distinctive, fit so well and wear so long. Curtis' performance wins their preference.

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

Curtis
SHOES FOR MEN

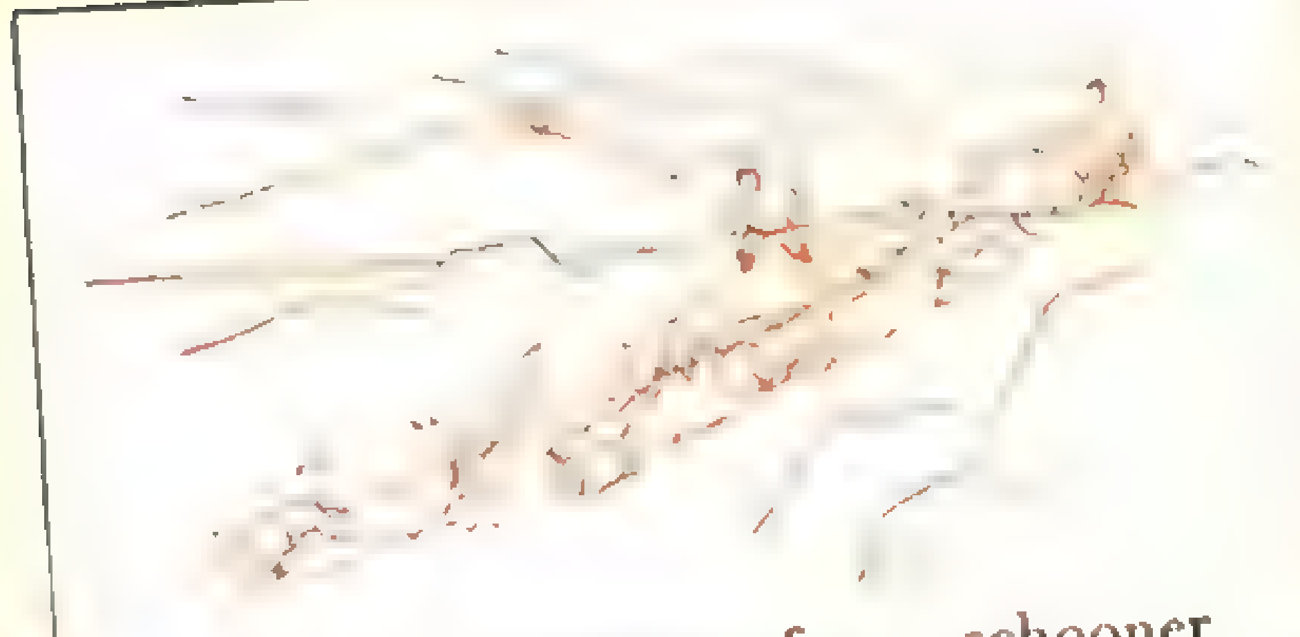
CURTIS SHOE CO., Inc.,
Marlboro, Mass.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF FINE SHOEMAKING

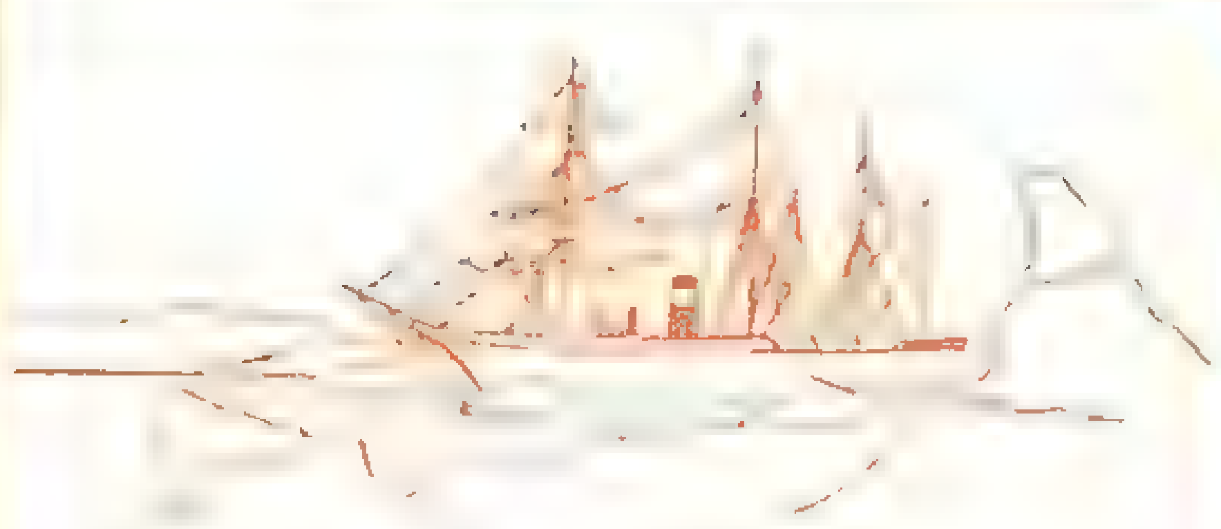
From Dog Team to Airplane in the

Battle of the Arctic

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME



1861 **Americans** from schooner "United States" used sledges to journey within 8.65° of the North Pole in Grinnell Land. At that time, Corby's had a three-year-old reputation as a fine whiskey.



1882 **A group** sailing under the American flag crossed Robeson Channel, traveled to farthest point reached by man: 6.75° from the North Pole. Corby's was then in its 24th year of fame in Canada.

1928 **A dirigible crew** from Spitzbergen gave Arctic inhabitants their first view of aircraft, reached the North Pole in a few hours. In 1928, Corby's reached its 70th year as a famous whiskey name.

1939 **U. S. Expedition** established a base in the South Pacific, traveled by ship and plane to map wide areas of the Antarctic. Corby's by then had been a highly regarded whiskey name for over 80 years.

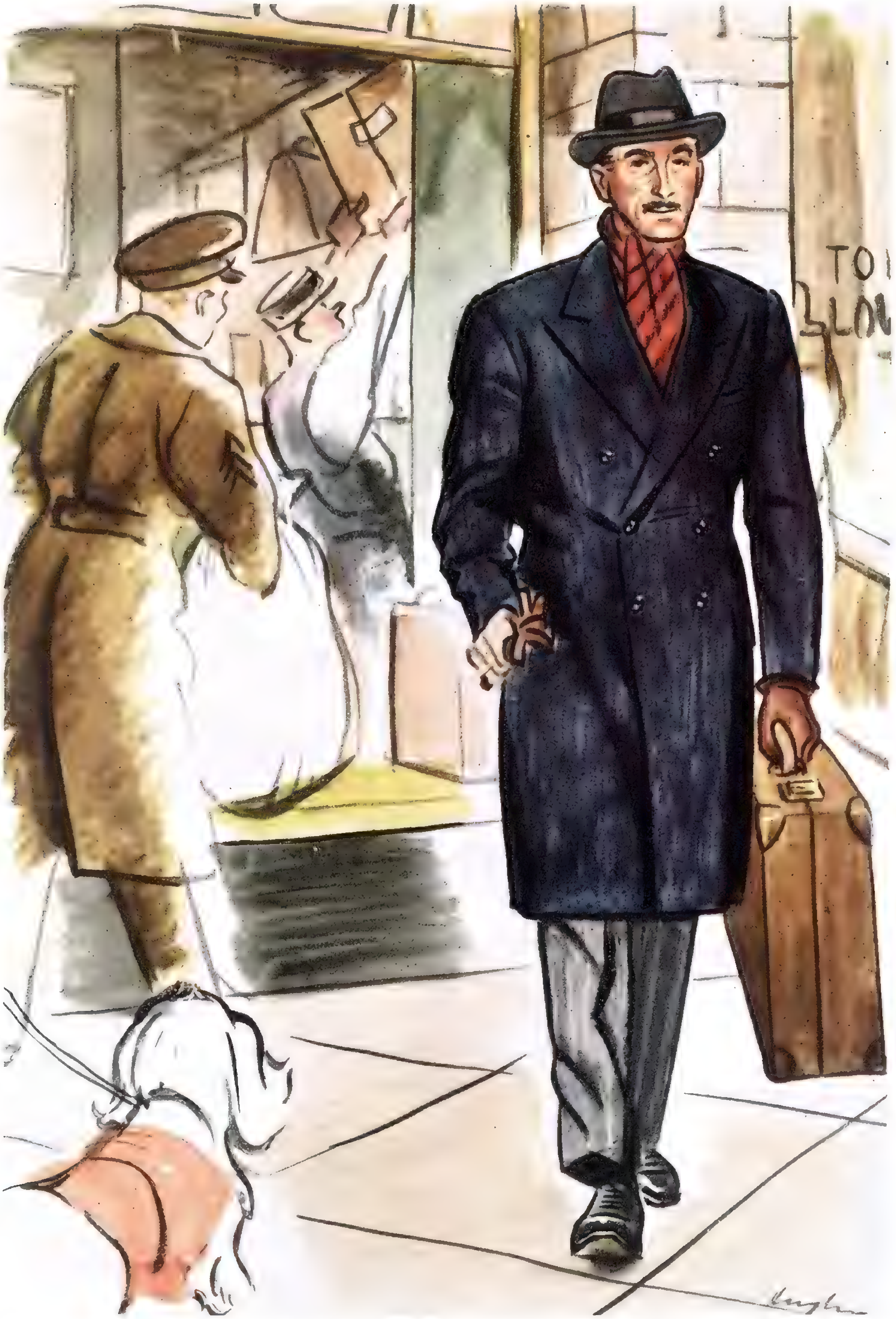
N. Corby
POLAR
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA - ILLINOIS

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

Future Arctic exploration waits on war, and Corby's distilleries are devoted to production of war materials. Supplies of Corby's are being measured out carefully. We suggest you buy a "sample" pint of the light, sociable whiskey with the grand old Canadian name. *Even occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after victory.*

Now I'm on every Corby's bottle asking you to BUY WAR BONDS

86 PROOF—68.4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—JAS. BARCLAY & CO., LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS



we are a carry nation

The old European attitude of "Let the slave do it" never gained much headway over here. Our fathers hacked a living space out of the wilderness with their own hands, and we haven't forgotten how to use our dukes for doing our own fetching, fending or fighting. The current shortage of hired hands merely highlights the fact that we can still tote our own, whether it be duffle bag, suitcase or a snootful of TNT to the spot where it will do the Axis the least good. . . . On the fashion front, the bluecoats are coming—in this instance in the guise of a double-breasted overcoat that is almost a "must" in every civilian wardrobe; the feature of this model, aside from its truncated length, is the narrow crosswise spacing between the buttons. For the rest, a black Homburg hat, knitted wool muffler tied Ascot fashion, tan capeskin gloves, grey worsted suit and black shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

POLIC
DEPT
BU
STO
NO
PARKI

look smart...

be smart!

in a

weather-wise

Rainfair

storm coat!

left: tackle twill . . . 16.75 a smart-fitting raglan sleeve *showerproofed* coat made of Skinner's famous Tackle Twill* used for paratrooper uniforms and other military garments. Medium length. Choice of tan or eggshell.

center: belmont . . . 12.50 a trim-fitting medium-length Rainfair with slash pockets, button fly front. Made of fine Element Cloth, feather-light to wear and carry, *showerproofed* to be always ready for rain. Rayon yoke and sleeve lining. Bleached bone or light olive.

right: field club . . . 13.75 cotton and rayon covert in a smart putty shade. A popular all-purpose *showerproofed* coat with bal-type collar, raglan sleeves, button fly front and railroad stitched cuffs and hem.

free: write today for illustrated booklet of Rainfair Storm Coats that make you shine in any weather . . . address: Chicago Rubber Clothing Company, Racine, Wisconsin.

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies *[illegible]

Here's a coat that can really take today's new way of life. A Rainfair Storm Coat *showerproofed* to save your clothes as you walk to work, rain or shine . . . expertly tailored to fit and look like a real "fair weather topcoat" . . . made from quality fabrics selected to hold their shape and defy hard wear. Yes, a Rainfair is an *all-purpose* coat in every sense of the word. A coat to be proud of . . . anywhere . . . any time.

But, remember, military needs are our prime wartime responsibility, although Civilian Rainfairs are available in limited quantities. So we suggest you shop now. We hope you'll be patient if your favorite store is temporarily out of your size.

RAINFAIR
storm coats

smart as a topcoat . . .
and ready for rain!

buy war bonds first!

BE RIGHT
DRINK LIGHT
BROWN-FORMAN
USE OF THIS BOTT
BROWN-FORMAN
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY
AN EXCEPTIONAL BLEND, FULL FLAVORED, PERFECTLY BALANCED, SELECTED FOR BODY AND DELICATE BOUQUET, BLENDED ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE A LIGHT BODIED DRINK.
Frederic Mellander

KING

LIGHT AS A WHISPER

KING BLACK LABEL
Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are five years or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
At Louisville in Kentucky

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 77

a phlegmonous gastritis attack.

35. Play titles culled from Shakespeare. We already have had at least forty or fifty of them, which is a full enough dose.

36. "You think so, but life doesn't stop; one gets lonely; one wants children and a home of one's own."

37. Abe Lincoln's putty moles the size of Bartlett pears.

38. Characters who, under the more recent stage practice, do not age perceptibly after a lapse of twenty years, in contrast to yesterday's who turned gray and decrepit after a lapse of eight or nine.

39. Polite comedians of the "dry" school whose unvaried, monotonous delivery makes an audience along about ten o'clock pine for a good, old-fashioned, stimulating ham voice.

40. Allusions to the romantic old hansom cab rides through Central Park.

41. "If that's the way you feel about it, Joe, go ahead and do as you see fit. I shan't stop you. (*Holds out her hand to him*) Good-bye and (*brushing away a tear*) good luck."

42. The term *stockbroker* employed, as during the past forty years, with derisory contempt.

43. Scene: *The Ballroom.*

44. The episode in which a man with hesitant self-criticism tells a young girl who is enamored of him that he is old enough to be her father, and in which she doesn't believe him.

45. Understanding female secretaries who hide their love for their bosses and with a brave show of impersonality assist them in their love affairs with other women, crying quietly into their notebooks all the while. In the last act they take off their shell-rimmed glasses and zowie!

46. Extras, quickly identified by the audience, successively appearing as tourists, passers-by, fashionable guests and members of the gashouse gang.

47. Juveniles who imagine they will achieve an air of breeziness if only they leave their collars unbuttoned and knot their four-in-hands loosely.

48. "Love—you have to take it when and where it comes."

49. Characters who, supposed to be writing letters, in the interest of realism write out every word, thus holding up the play's action for two or three minutes instead of, as in the older days, simply getting the business quickly over with a few scratches of the pen.

50. Irresistible seductresses cast with middle-aged spinster actresses. ⵌ

Distance Without Drudgery

Smith SYNCHRO-FLEX
BRITISH WALKERS
MADE IN THE U.S.A.

• *To equip you* for distance walking without drudgery is our aim; and we regret that retail stocks of Synchro-Flex built shoes—the noted, more-miles-with-less-effort carriers—are sometimes low. But if you're extra careful of the shoes you own, a short wait occasionally won't inconvenience you—and all will be well.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS, MORE OFTEN
J. P. SMITH SHOE CO. • Chicago

New Cream Deodorant
Prevents Under-arm Odor...
...Vanishes Instantly!

...already a habit with thousands of men

Men who take pride in good grooming know it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that prevents under-arm odor *and* also prevents shirt stains caused by perspiration.

No wonder thousands of men all over the country have made Arrid a regular habit.

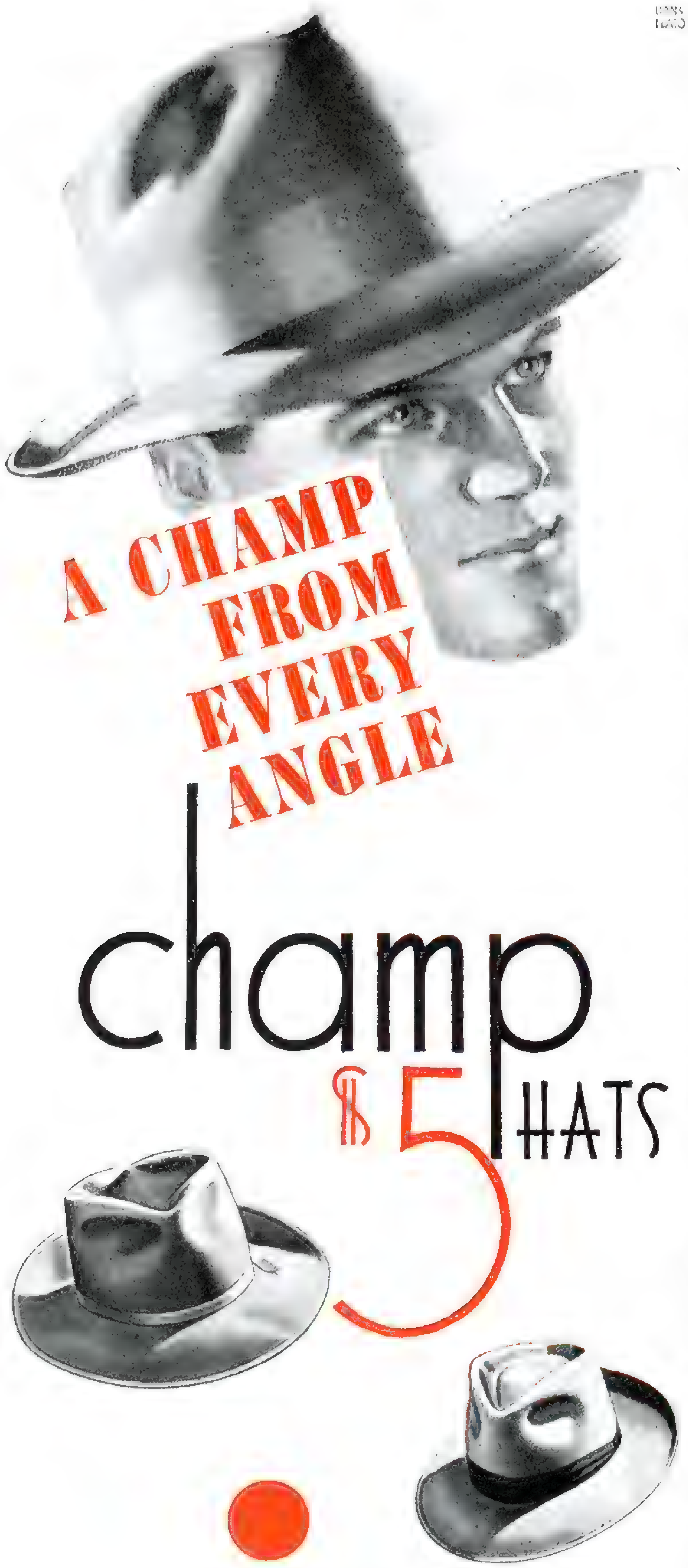
More Arrid is used than any other under-arm deodorant. It is the *preferred* masculine deodorant for these 5 important reasons:

1. It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.
2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and* prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.
3. *It takes only half a minute to use Arrid—it vanishes at once.*
4. *Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*
5. *Arrid gives complete protection for 1 to 3 days.*

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10c store or department store. 10c, 39c, 59c a jar.

STOPS PERSPIRATION
ARRID
UNDER ARM DEODORANT

ARRID
THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT


A CHAMP FROM EVERY ANGLE
champ
$5 HATS

The Champ for Fall is a $5.00 hat with a $10.00 look. Planned to suit your face, as well as fit your head...Planned to bring you an outstanding investment in good appearance...You'll praise the price. You'll praise the style. And you'll never get greater satisfaction from a Five-Dollar bill! Styles and shades for all faces—all types—all ages.

THE R.A.F....*Lightweight, soft, pliable. With narrow ribbon band.* THE COMMANDO...*Triple-stitched, wide ribbon edge. Luxuriously lined.* THE LIBERATOR...*With the custom-creased crown and three-pleated band.* • *In new Fall tones of Blue—Brown—Tan—Gray—and Covert.*

CHAMP HATS • MADE BY LA SALLE HAT COMPANY • PHILADELPHIA

Survivors from a Burning Sea

Continued from page 50

ing himself up out of the water, heaving for air. A touch of flame must have got in his lungs when he hit the water. I threw the line at him once more, and again it fell short. Then the wind blew up again and the wall moved up to him and I saw the skin burn off of his face and fire engulf him.

"Pull!" I shouted. The men dug the water with a strength I had never seen men use before. Trying to get Paul had nearly trapped us. For the first time, I heard a cry of panic aboard the boat. Someone screamed, "My God, we can't make it." "Pull," I shouted over the roar. "Save your God damned breath and pull!" With the blaze right on our stern, we dug at the water for another ten minutes before we got away from the flame, but another gust of wind could cause it to overtake us in a matter of seconds.

Looking back at the ship, I saw the third mate, whose name was Feathers, the wheelman, Jimmy Walker, and the radio operator trying to lower a life boat from amidships right below the bridge. It is almost physically impossible for three men to launch such a boat and as I watched I felt they would never make it. Then a sheet of fire sped across my line of vision and I couldn't see them any more. Later we picked up the bodies of the radio operator and the third mate. I identified the radio man by a ring he wore, and the third mate by a mastoid scar behind his ear.

We were still trying to get to windward of the fire. Just when I felt we were going to make it, the fire would shoot down at us again. Once it encircled us completely. The men were pulling their arms off, making amazing speed, but it seemed like a snail's pace to us.

All the time I kept looking back at the ship, wondering about the Old Man. He was a friend of mine. I had sailed with him many times. He had been the captain of this particular tanker for twelve years, ever since she came out of the yards. Every time I caught a glimpse of him, he was in the same place on the bridge, looking just as calm as he always did. Then, without a gesture of any kind, I saw him turn away and enter the wheel house. That was the last I saw of him. Everyone who ever sailed with Bill Colligan had a good word for him.

At last we circled the end of the fire and got behind it. We were safe. The chief cook, a Filipino by the name of Reyes, drew my attention to my hands. Blood was dripping from the backs of them where the burns were the worst. I wiped them on my trousers and lowered the sea anchor. The men stopped rowing. I lit a cigarette and relaxed. We had lost ten men; there were twenty-seven survivors, which is pretty good for a torpedoed tanker.#

Swell pajamas, Bill
I bought 'em cause of their PACIFIC FACTAG
A tip-off on pajama quality
by don herold

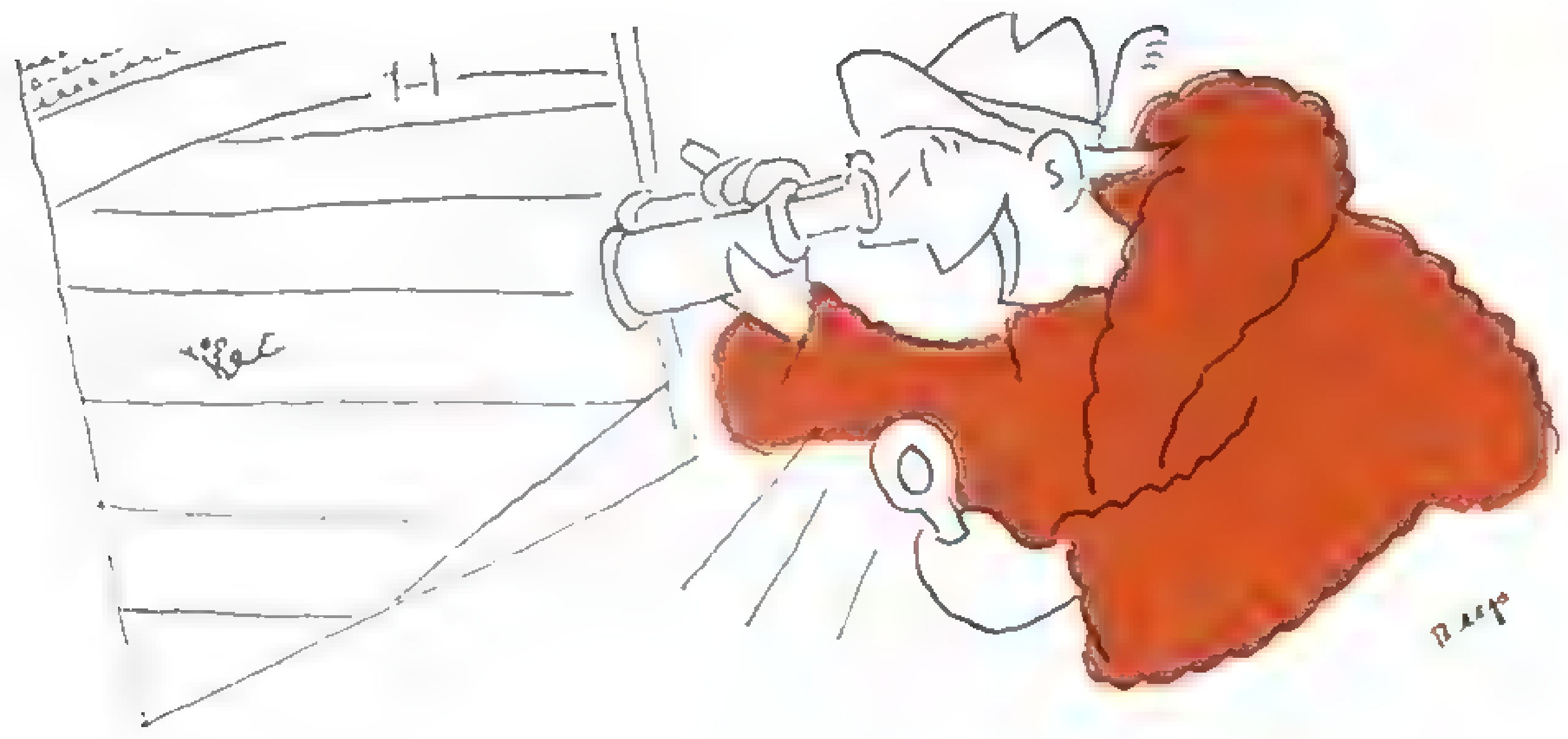
If you're like me, you can't tell much about fabric quality just by looking. Maybe women can, but I certainly can't.

But I've learned by experience that I can get pajamas, shirts and shorts that I can rely on—if I just take the trouble to look for these garments with a PACIFIC FACTAG attached thereto.

This tag tips you off on the quality of THE FABRIC. It shows the ability of its color (according to tests of the National Bureau of Standards) to stand up under washing, sunlight and perspiration. (All the dope is on the back of the tag.)

About this time of year, hint around that if anybody is going to give you pajamas, shirts or shorts, they'd better look for the Pacific Factag—meaning the fabric was made by Pacific Mills, 214 Church Street, New York.

Be sure this tag is on all shirts, shorts and pajamas you buy
This Garment is made of a
TESTED AND CERTIFIED
Pacific Factag
FABRIC
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS



The Soap Opera Announcer Broadcasts the Big Game

"Presenting—the Trials of Dan Carver! (Cheers and theme song, *Hit the Line for Marlinspike*, in background.) Another episode in the crisis-studded career of Dan Carver, captain and left halfback of the Marlinspike football team! As you recall, in last Saturday's episode Marlinspike had taken a 54-0 defeat from Hogwash, and today she must face mighty Behemoth, potential national champions.

"And what is in store for Dan? When we left off last time, he had fumbled three consecutive punts and been yanked from the game in disgrace. Will he be allowed to start today, and will he redeem himself and score a touchdown? Or will he be bottled up by left tackle Tarzan Brown of Behemoth who stopped him cold last year and has boastfully vowed that he will 'smear Carver all over the field like peanut butter on a sandwich'? Will Tarzan make good his boast? Today will show what stuff Dan is made of.

"And how about Dan's romance with lovely Beth Thayer? When he kept gumming up the signals last Saturday we heard her mutter something that sounded like: 'What a tramp!' Is Beth really true-blue or will she turn out to be just a 'good-time' girl who walks out on Dan when the breaks are going against him? And in that case will she accept Tarzan Brown's invitation to the Behemoth Junior Prom? We know that if she does, Dan has threatened to make a date with that slinky co-ed, Rita Martin. Will Dan go through with it?—And by the way, was that girl whom Coach Gromber caught stealing the Marlinspike signals from his office really Rita?

"And now we'll find the answers! Behemoth has just kicked off, and Dan himself has caught the ball and started up the field. Tarzan Brown, a malevolent glare on his face, tears down the field under the kick, gets set for a jarring tackle, and, as we listen in, we hear Dan speaking first:—" "OOOOOOF!"

—PARKE CUMMINGS

GOEBEL
BEER
GOLD LABEL

There never will be a time now or after the war when the taste of a cool glass of any beer can be better than the quality of the product.

GOEBEL *Bantam* **BEER**
NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE
GOEBEL BREWING CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Some things haven't changed!

"FOR DECADES THE SIGN OF A PERFECT PIPE"
LHS
STERNCREST
is still made of
GENUINE IMPORTED BRIAR

STERNCREST
STERNCREST

MODEL
#6
Dublin Shape
Smooth Finish

There are dozens of handsome models in both the Smooth and Antique finish, at your dealers. See them while stocks are complete.

$5

MODEL
#19
Billiard Shape
Antique Finish

We knew that there was no substitute for the aged, quality briar that comes from the Mediterranean region. So we stocked up. Our provident purchases *then* are your good luck *now*—for you can buy a true pre-war Sterncrest of highest quality briar, cured by the exclusive LHS sweet oil treatment, for just what you paid for it before the war. The same skilled pipe craftsmen made it—the same rhodium sterling silver band circles it—the same solid rubber mouthpiece is fitted to it. And every LHS Sterncrest is numbered, registered, and guaranteed by LHS. We are fortunate to be able to offer such a pipe today. Take advantage of this opportunity.

LHS **ULTRA-FINE:** These are pipe aristocrats—only a few can be made at a time as they require rigidly selected imported briar and are lined with hard-to-get genuine block meerschaum, ornamented and reinforced with 14K gold band. Ask to see them. They're **$10.**

L. & H. STERN, Inc., Stern Bldg., 62 Pearl St., Brooklyn, New York

MAKERS OF FAMOUS
LHS CERTIFIED LHS Purex PIPES $3.50

A
Manhattan
9 STAR FEATURE
STARDUST

Starring the color hit of the season . . . nine beautiful Stardust tones in Manhattan ties. The effect is solid color—the delicate design is self-etched in the cloth. You'll never tire of Stardust Ties. Get several colors to match your shirts. $1.50

Manhattan TIES

By the Makers of Manhattan Shirts

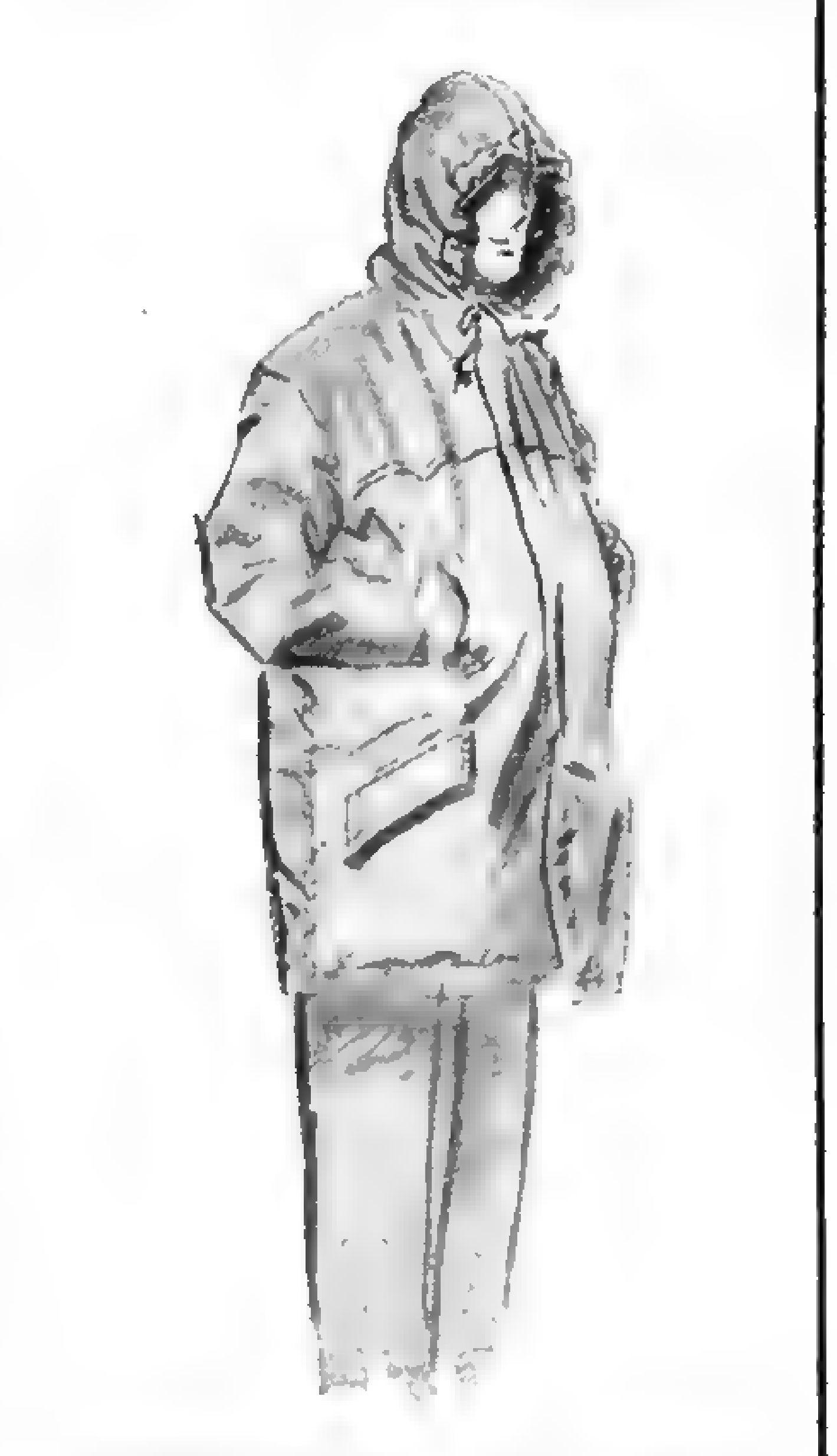
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The Talking Machine—Sensational

Continued from page 72

must say in ordinary English. However, among the technical works which cover this field, I find Charles Edward Smith's *Jazz Record Book* both entertaining and exhaustive; and when he uses the mystic symbol (CI), you may know that a Collector's Item has been tracked down to the very bayous themselves. Some of them are good in themselves, and some of them are for the collector of antiquaria.

As a bit of an antiquarian myself, I go in for the albums which have added color and spice to your records. There are those which serve for total recall: for instance, the two Decca albums of Gershwin songs, to which a dozen singers headed by Bing Crosby contribute; Brunswick's Chicago Jazz; the Victor Ellington and Stravinsky (I put them together because Stravinsky has compared Ellington to himself, what nerve!); and the Columbia Showboat and Kostelanetz albums. I specialize, you see, on standard popular things, with Stravinsky thrown in to show I am broadminded; actually the Stravinsky I am thinking of is his ballet stuff, *Petrouchka* and *Sacre*, the most potent aids to visual memory, after you've seen the ballets. Of course if you like opera, all the companies lived on it for years; and you will find everything available, even, I believe, Caruso.



Pile fabric lined fingertip coat has a lined hood which can be converted into a collar by means of a slide fastener.

How to use records is another problem. I have met people who hate all types of automatic record-changers; I myself never used a phonograph much until I had to listen to a lot of records and bought a drop-record outfit. It is

MOVADO

WINNERS OF 165 OBSERVATORY AWARDS...SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Copr. 1943, Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 36 Toronto St., Toronto, Can.

still unsatisfactory because it plays only about thirty minutes per loading and what I am conditioned to, by radio, is perpetual motion. Nevertheless, ten or fifteen records at a time should suffice. And I find the most satisfactory way is to dunk and drown in one type of music, one composer, one orchestra, at a time. Then you are getting what you don't often get on the air, a selected best of one thing, and your pleasure is intensified.

There isn't enough time in one life to hear all the records. You have to be snooty and choosy; and I would say that the radio is your guide. While a song is insanely popular, you won't need it on the phonograph—although this is exactly the time when all the pops are bought, and the major companies and their little satellites won't love me for reminding you that you can hear *Paper Doll* or *In My Arms* forty times, in forty versions, today (with luck you won't, when you read this). Obviously part of the recorders' lifeblood comes from the flash sale of hits—and this is what the Petrillo ban is hurting, as they can record only with choral background, no orchestra. Nevertheless, I am writing for you, and my advice still is to buy whatever popular tune you have heard plenty—and still like. Forget the others. Then go back and buy 12-inchers of selections from your favorite shows of ten years ago (as I choose the Princess shows of Jerry Kern) and so, very slowly, proceed to the music which radio has made popular, the brief classics, the excerpts from longer heavier works—and presently you can consult Columbia and Victor as to "building a record library."

In it, my dear friends, there are some records you won't have. They are spoiled "dashes," takes that didn't take, but which the engineer in the back room preserved because the star blew up and cursed and fumed or—on one magnificent occasion, sang. I do not mention his name, but when you think of one of the sweetest and swellest of our singing stars, you think of him; and you can imagine him, blowing up in the middle of a recording and, instead of stopping, going right straight on, putting the most eloquent and most profane words ever uttered to the lush melody he was singing.

However, records are plenty of fun without the accidents. As one who for years took them or let them alone, I now unearth my old ones, I read catalogues and delve into books—and I come up with the radiant smile of one who has not *dis*covered, but *re*covered a lasting and profound satisfaction.

The new Esquire on the Record appears on page 114 of this issue. In addition to its grouping of transient and permanent recordings of new and old favorites with explanatory sidenotes, it has a looking ahead section listed alphabetically and on faith and based on guesses from advance lists. ⌗

THE
AIREDALE

Styled by
Cosmo*

America's Favorite
All-Weather
TOPCOAT

of strong, durable and luxurious AIREDALE Gabardine — WEATHERPROOFED. Smartly styled, raglan model.

For an All-Quality Coat look for this "Airedale" tag at your favorite store

THE COSMO AIREDALE

COSMOPOLITAN
Manufacturing Company
Cambridge, Mass.
FRED MONOSSON, President
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

The HARVEY Tradition is *Yours*–

The quality of Harvey patrons since 1796 constitutes our proudest testimonial. To these distinguished wine-lovers, serving Harvey's is a valued tradition. It is a tradition you share each time your table is graced by a bottle of Harvey's.

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S DRY
PALE AMONTILLADO
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
CHOICEST FULL PALE
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.

HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports

ALSO HARVEY'S SHOOTING... select golden sherry, full-bodied, medium-sweet
HARVEY'S HUNTING... fine tawny port, mellow and dry
PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

The TOPCOAT with COMFORT-CONTROL

Precision-tailored in the scientific fabric of the future, Crestknit exclusive *comfort-control* anticipates changes in weather; and, it's *showerproof! wrinkleproof!* Of 100% wool fleeces, cheviots; at your favorite store $35

For name of nearest store, write The GREENSPOON CO., ST. LOUIS

Look for this comfort-control CRESTKNIT *trademark of the genuine Crestknit Coat*

The Coming Fight for the Air

Continued from page 93

puzzle—how much control may the individual states exercise over airlines within their borders?

Today through their Public Utility Commissions various states regulate all public carriers while operating within their limits. Only the airlines have been excepted from this control. Recently many states have organized Aviation Commissions and are demanding the return of local control which they say is rightfully theirs. This problem is still in the talking stage, but unless a definite settlement is made, soon after peace some state may slap the issue square in the face by grounding all planes operating within its borders without a state franchise and there will be chaos.

The first round in the coming fight for the air will begin in Congress this Fall when debate starts on the "Civil Aeronautics Act of 1943."

There will be many "cloakroom" blows struck before a decision is finally reached on these knotty problems, namely: what authority shall franchise and regulate our domestic post-war airlines; and secondly, who are to be given the franchises?

The best solution may be to group all our transportation resources, including air, under a single powerful Transport Administration. Such an agency could co-ordinate our commercial carriers of every type and at the same time maintain sufficient competition to keep them right up on their toes.

World Airlines

The fight for domestic air lanes will look like a backyard squabble compared with the post war struggle sure to come for the air routes of the world.

Today there are one hundred and eighty-one commercial airlines operating regularly scheduled service to virtually every city of size in both hemispheres. You can ride Jim Dodson's Airline from

London's Big Ben
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS TIMEPIECE
Metropolitan Tower Clock, New York
THE WORLD'S LARGEST
WELSBRO
Watches
FAMOUS FOR
MODERN STYLING
AND GUARANTEED
ACCURACY. . . .
Models for Men and
Women at good Jewelers
WELSBRO WATCHES

WEISSMAN WATCH COMPANY, 20 W. 47 ST., NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Chill-Killer

BAL-TUCK
Pajamas by Weldon

Come wintry blasts, and how you'll love Bal-Tuck's cozy warmth. Not too heavy . . . not too bulky . . . but just right! Grand for sleeping. Swell for lounging. Snug, stay-put wrist and ankles keep cold out . . . warmth in. Won't bind no matter how you toss and turn. Wonderbelt breathes with you.

Tailored of soft, lightweight combed balbriggan. Blue, Green, Brown, Wine. Sizes A to D.

$2⁷⁵

*AT ALL BETTER STORES**

**Sometimes you'll find your store out of Weldon's. That's because you're sharing our plant's output with the armed forces. But after peace comes, you'll get all the Weldon Pajamas you require.*

LUBIN-WEEKER CO., INC. NEW YORK

ice-bound Fort Yukon to Ruby, Alaska, or at Cairo, Egypt, you can catch the "Capetown Express" of the Société Anonyme Belge d'Exploitation de la Navigation Aérienne to the last stop on the other side of the globe. Most of the pioneering has been done. The job now is to tie the many links together into one continuous globe-covering system of airways.

If we try to look as far as the end of World War II we can see four hands dominating the air peace table—Russia, China, England, and the United States. When that time comes, our blue chips will be the advantages open to any world airline with an outlet in this country. Our people are air-minded and they have the money and desire to travel. We offer the largest and richest air market on earth. Then, too, we now hold most of the long-range operating experience and personnel—plus a "know how" of the construction of huge air transports greater than all other countries put together.

Britain's principal asset is her Empire. If she can hold it together she will control most of the desirable "commercial transit rights" (the privilege of flying over a country) and many of the valuable "commercial outlets" (the right to land and do business) in the world.

Russia stands at the gateway of the shortest (and eventually the most practical) air lanes in the world—those over the Arctic. The more highly developed our planes, the more valuable those routes will be. Since they save hundreds of miles they will some day be the preferred path of most air travelers.

China has less to trade than her Allies. She does offer one of the world's largest undeveloped markets, and when the war is won she will hold the master key to the Pacific.

In our post-war world, Russia may decide to develop her giant "Glavaviaprom" inside her almost boundless borders and act only as toll gatekeeper of the arctic routes.

China will likely be too engrossed in her own rebuilding to worry about world air transport. But Britain and the United States will want to take to the air—at the same time, and in many cases in the same places.

At the moment we are in better shape for the fight because of our wartime experience as air carrier for the Allies. General Harold George's Air Transport Command and Captain Jack Whitney's Naval Air Transport Service have stretched their lines into every Allied outpost. Our commercial companies, Pan American and American Export Lines, fly the great bulk of all civilian war personnel.

England's "chosen instrument," the British Overseas Airways, is bogged down in politics, poor management, and government ownership. The quagmire is so

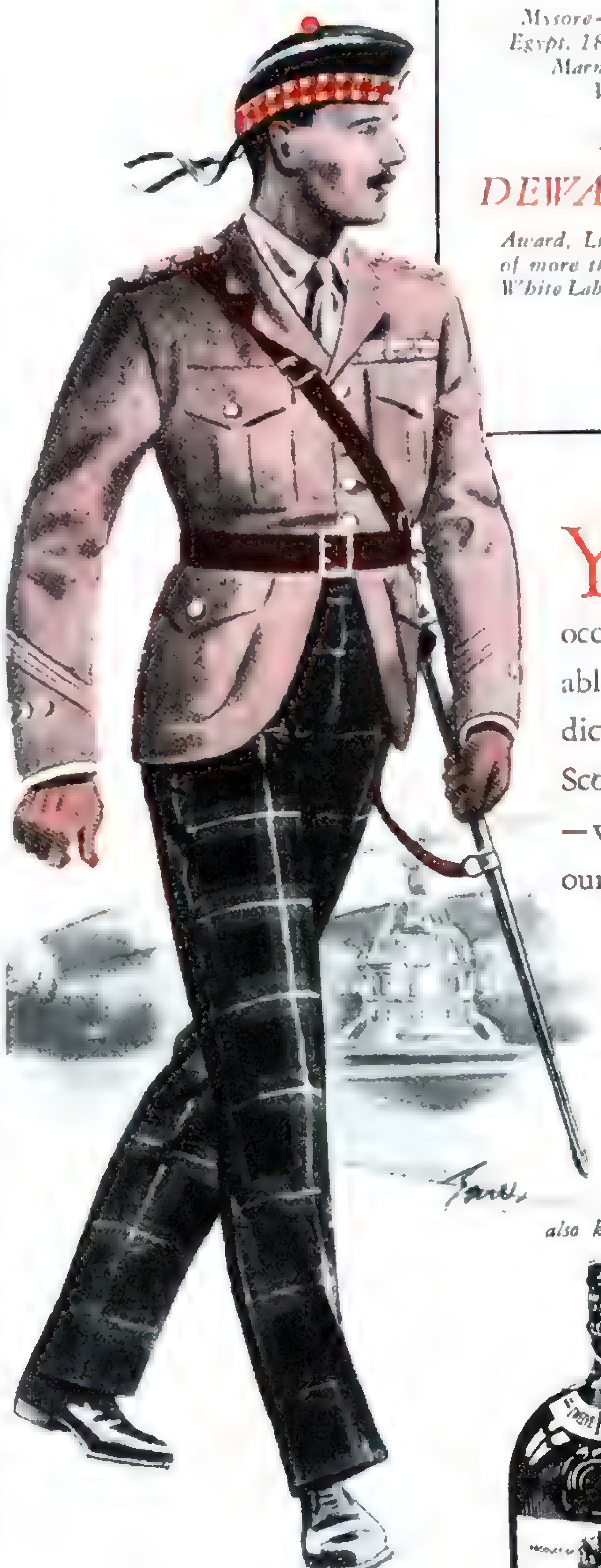
Continued on page 144

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

HONOURS OF
The Gordon Highlanders
(Captain)
Mysore—Vittoria—Peninsula—Waterloo
Egypt, 1882, 1884—Defence of Ladysmith
Marne, 1914, '18—Cambrai 1917
Vittorio Veneto 1917, '18

HONOURS OF
DEWAR'S "White Label"
Award, Lucerne, Switzerland, 1923 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.



YOUR Intelligence Department has already reported that occasionally Dewar's is not available as usual. But grand strategy dictates *waiting* for this superb Scotch. Because Dewar's *quality* —winner of sixty world honours—*is still available as usual!*

White Label 8 *years old*
Victoria Vat 12 *years old*
also known as Ne Plus Ultra

DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
TWELVE YEARS OLD
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
White Label
Blended Scotch Whisky
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH

FULL-COLOR REPRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING. *Six 9x12 full color prints of officers, Edition No. 5, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢. Schenley Import Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y., Dept. E.*

COMMAND DEWAR'S...AND BE "AT EASE"

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"
THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. ©'43, Schenley Import Corp., N.Y.

Only Disney can tailor the

"ROBIN HOOD"

Because Disney alone has developed the painstaking hand skill required to work the supple, velvety finish that you recognize in the "Robin Hood."

A word of warning: Don't expect to find the kind of Hat you are accustomed to wearing. The "Robin Hood" is a different Hat...softer, smoother and more casual. But we think you'll like it.

Why not see the "Robin Hood" for yourself at your local Disney agent?

Disney

HAT-MAKERS

358 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY

ALSO ASK TO SEE THE "STATION WAGON" AND "AHWAHNEE" BY DISNEY

The Coming Fight for the Air

Continued from pages 93-143

deep that the matter has become a favorite subject for parliamentary debate. A major reorganization is imminent.

Meanwhile Britain knows where her advantage lies. As Lord Leathers, England's Minister of War Transport, told me recently, "We do not fear the present advantage you Americans have in air transport, for as long as our Empire holds together we will have most of the world's desirable landing spots.

"Through that control we can 'adjust' your advantage at the proper time."

A glance at the world map shows how right he was. We can always hop off from the United States, but without foreign concessions, where can we land?

As Washington charts the course we are to pursue in gaining our air routes, it must also determine what will be our "chosen instrument" in the air world. Whether private enterprise or government will own and operate the "American Flag Lines" of the future. The actions which foreign nations take and the subsidies they provide will doubtless have considerable bearing on our national policy. In any event, there is every possibility that at least one of our present military airlines will continue to operate after the war. With peace, one of the first jobs for our strategists will be to select the "Gibraltars of the Air" and prepare to service and defend them. A combined commercial and military airline may be the result.

In the field of world air development, we must play our cards plenty close and guard against those who would pledge our air birthright for diplomatic pottage. We should continue our present bold lead but we must realize we cannot dominate. We must share the air with other nations of the world just as we must share other elements of our social progress. As the nation who gave birth to the airplane, who holds the most equipment, the largest trained personnel and the greatest aircraft production capacity, it is reasonable to expect that we will survive as the leading air power. But our survival, as Juan Trippe, President of Pan American Airways, puts it, "will not be so much the survival of the fittest as the survival of those *fittest to co-operate.* In the world scheme of things, only those who co-operate will survive."

Our opportunities have never been greater. The coming fight for the air will also be our fight for international friendship and for peace. ⌗

Pembroke

BUY WAR BONDS

...definitely the distinctive in Neckwear!

CRAVATS MUFFLERS

PEMBROKE MILITARY CRAVATS, CHOICE OF THE DISCRIMINATING OFFICER

SPIEGEL NECKWEAR CO., INC • 8 West 32nd St., New York City

CLAYTON
UNDERHILL

Air Cadets on Parade

Aviation Cadets of the Army Air Forces pass in review at Maxwell Field, Alabama. On the ground are cadets in the pre-flight stage and in the air are capable flyers almost ready to receive their wings. Their motto: *Prepare for Combat*. Visitor at left wears greyish blue fleece overcoat, Cheviot suit, broadcloth shirt, striped repp tie, capeskin gloves, snap brim hat and brown shoes. Man in center wears tweed overcoat, worsted suit, snap brim hat, pigskin gloves. The man at the right has on an Oxford grey overcoat, a wool muffler, grey mocha gloves and dark blue suit.

"Thanks for wanting to help, Torgenson, but I think she'll right herself okay"

Profile of an American Hero

Pilots who knew him fondly recall the daring and humor of Maj. Ken McCullar

***by* M. FISCHER**

THE name of Major Ken McCullar of Mississippi is now among the list of immortals in the gallery of the great birdmen of the world. His exploits in the Southwest Pacific make an incredible tale of daring and his audacity challenged fortune up to the end.

In one month—March, 1943—McCullar's unit destroyed 48 enemy aircraft and 17 probables; sank 12 Japanese ships and badly damaged 13.

His specific task was that of photographing and reporting on all Japanese activities in the area. This means that he went out alone to make daylight reconnaissances, as hazardous a mission as global war can offer. Many times McCullar returned with fifty bullet holes in his plane. Two of his engines were knocked out at 28,000 feet and the supercharger exploded but he finished his job.

Pilots tell of McCullar's sardonic humor. George Johnston, Australian war correspondent, tells of a big air raid on Rabaul. The target section had been converted into a center for the Japanese geisha girls. (They bring *all* their equipment when they move in.) "I hate to drop my load here," said McCullar. "But I think business won't be very good down there tonight."

Johnston describes McCullar as cheerful, blond and five-foot ten, inclined to give his crew credit for his successes. In Johnston's dairy is a record of McCullar's flights. Among the entries are:

> October 5, 1942. Shot way through seven Zeros north of Rabaul.
>
> October 20. Brought back photographs of 68 ships in Rabaul harbor.
>
> October 31. Photographed 55 Jap ships in Buin and 37 in Rabaul. After these were bombed McCullar returned and photographed two transports beached, two destroyers sunk, one transport sunk and an unidentified warship on its side. On this mission he was attacked by 11 Zeros and shot down three in flames.
>
> December 12. On reconnaissance attacked by seven Zeros. Shot down two in flames.

It was McCullar's robust humor that made him a special hero to the Australian public.

The fighting Mississippian had made more than twenty-five bombing attacks on Rabaul, which was covered by one of the strongest anti-aircraft curtains in the Pacific area. One night McCullar decided to "tell the little shrimps what we think of them."

He was first over the target, about midnight. As he came out of the night sky into the glare of the searchlights his plane streamed rolls of toilet paper. The ack-ack gunners paused in their fire. Then a hail of objects and utensils equally insulting fell among the astonished Japanese. The McCullar landing lights began winking out in internationally understood idiom some frank remarks and comments on the monkey and canine origins of the Japanese race.

Each phrase was punctuated by a bomb. Time after time he crossed the target at medium height. Flares, fragmentation bombs and incendiaries were preceded by showers of ignominous refuse.

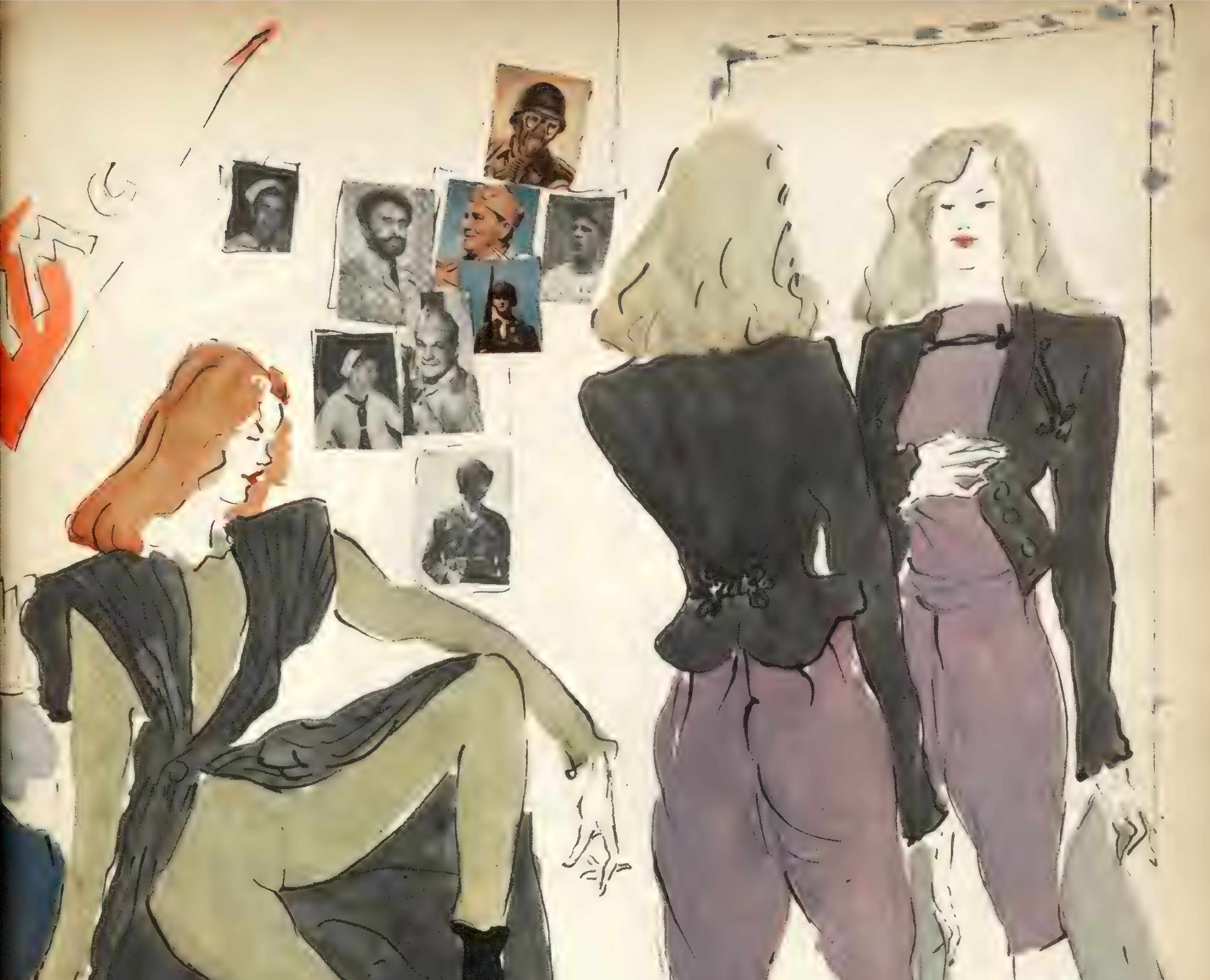
MacArthur's headquarters had called for a harassing raid. This was Major McCullar's idea of what a harassing raid should be. He kept over the target for several hours until the other bombers came in for the big attack, their objectives lighted by the fires from McCullar's incendiaries.

This sort of adventure sounds light in the telling but it calls for men of high skill and infinite resolution, and who shall say that it is not extremely effective in showing the enemy the difference between their men and ours. A result of the operations in this field was that the Japs who at one time had ninety ships at Buin had but one warship and seven freighters left in harbor at November's end.

After such jesting with death it seems a strange irony that McCullar should have met the end he did. On April 4, in an airport in North Queensland, McCullar was taking off with a heavy bomb load. A scared wallaby came bounding across the runway. The panic stricken midget kangaroo plunged into the undercarriage of the plane. The wheels could not be retracted and the plane could not leave the ground or run straight. At the high speed it was instantly uncontrollable and went over on its side and crashed into the scrub. The load of high explosives let go and blew the plane with 24-year-old McCullar and his gallant crew to fragments.

A plaque in an Australian cemetery at Gona reads:

Here lie we dead because we did not choose
To shame the land from which we sprung.
Life is, perhaps, no great thing to lose,
But young men think it is, and we were young.



"When I wrote my sailor that my Leotard kept me warm he wired me to stay away from Greeks"

Funny guy—all her *other* pin-up men know that her leotard must be that long tall green stuff—really a former ballet over-all pursuing another career as a brand-new under-all for chillier climes. Her top piece is a jumper. No—you're not seeing double—the purple girl is in reflected glory, part of the glory being matching blouse and pants of the same warm cotton-and-wool mixture as its cohort. Her knit suit, skirt off, is decked out with black braid, and so is the blouse. All nice for chilly weather and houses. Hmm—come to think of it, maybe that leotard *is* competition for her impulsive sailor friend, at that.

(For answers to Fashion queries, address Dora Deane, % Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

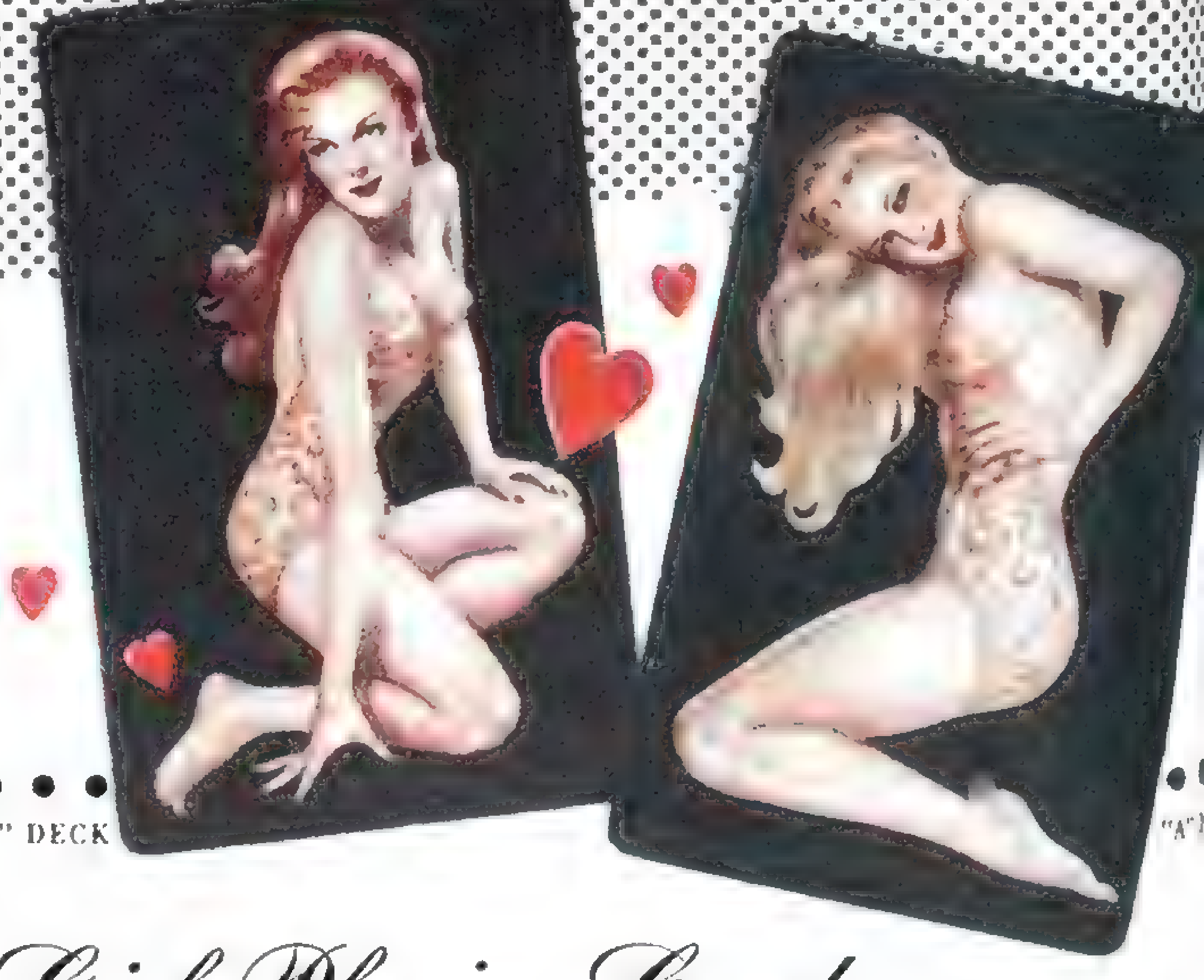
Editor's Note: *Esquire will accept no responsibility for what may happen if male readers fail to tear off the bottom of this page before letting their female dependents see it.*

"to liven up the party"
"on wining and winning women
Esquire's Date Book
"fun is yours for just 50¢"
"after-dark doings and don'ts"
"here's all the dope . . . and mor

1 *The New Esquire Date Book*

• When next it's fun-time, let the new 106-page Date Book be your guide. Beneath its solid plastic binding is all the dope—and more—to make your dates a success: Four informative quizzes on after-dark doings and don'ts . . . three articles on wining and winning women . . . Esquire Checkpayers to liven up the party . . . daily date calendars and a telephone section to fill . . . six page-size Esquire cartoons . . . and twenty-seven gorgeous glamor girl photographs—19 in lifelike color and 8 in knockout black and white. So, soldier, sailor, or civvie take time out now . . . clip the coupon . . . and fun is yours for the small sum of fifty cents. SIZE 5" x 7"

50¢



2 *Varga Girl Playing Cards*

• So—you don't play cards? No matter . . . the eyes have it, with the gorgeous Varga Girl Playing Cards to look at. But if you *do* like a game . . . rest assured, sirs, these durable, card decks, printed on sleek, crisp, pliable two-ply cellulose-coated stock will perform better than the best. Choose from the flaming "A" goddess and the blonde "B" queen above. Or better still, nab both pretties . . . for, with every pair of decks we'll send free a 64-page "What's the Score" booklet, containing rules for Gin Rummy, a Bridge and Gin Rummy scorepad, and 30 Esquire cartoons.

BRIDGE SIZE

$1

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILL

Please send me:

1 ______________ Esquire Date Books at 50¢ each
2 ______________ pairs of Varga Playing Cards at $2.00 per pair
______________ "A" decks of Varga Playing Cards at $1 per deck
______________ "B" decks of Varga Playing Cards at $1 per deck

I enclose $______________ payment in full U.S. ORDERS ONLY, NO STAMPS PLEASE

NAME ______________________________
PLEASE PRINT
ADDRESS ______________________________
CITY & STATE ______________________________

Mr. Volstead, Nevermore

Continued from page 96

wine as a germicide. Bacterial risks in Sicily were similarly fended off, with better wines. Interestingly enough, some of these men hail from legally Dry sections where rotgut flows underground. Mild pleasantries of the grape were a revealing experience for them.

Beer denouncements are up against a phalanx of facts which bounces them right back into the shrieker's puss. For beer happens to be the favorite refresher of every branch of the armed forces, on the sweltering shores of the Mediterranean, in the steaming jungles of the Pacific, in the dank and cheerless Aleutians. It need not even be cool, so long as it is beer, positively beer. Unfortunately, on those far fronts, there's never enough of it to afford our fighting men more than a few precious swallows.

With so many fighting implements to transport, not to speak of men and edibles, Uncle Sam just hasn't had the cargo space; he's been doing his ingenious best, tucking cases of beer into chinks and crannies. Now, with huge forces ever mounting in numbers overseas, he is shipping in such volume as to necessitate commandeering 15 per cent of the supply which the brewers of the United States had planned for us. And are we tickled at the privilege of thus sharing our beer with our boys! Of course we are pleased to do so. *Any* percentage is okay by us.

America's distilleries, as everybody knows, have severed all connection with the human gullet and are operating at capacity on industrial alcohol for smokeless powder and synthetic rubber. Some day the dove of peace will wing its way back and say to them: "Well, here I am. How about the makings for some celebration?" Till peace comes we can obtain only what's doled to us from warehouses.

Large-cellared hotels and restaurants are sitting fairly pretty, though even they develop gaps where favorite brands always resided; but the average consumer, whose "cellar" was housed in a cellarette or a couple of shelves of a closet, is in straitened circumstances as far as liquid assets are concerned. He and you and I can't be blamed if we keep thinking of that little white bird. But raven-hued Prohibition is constantly butting in with a different suggestion, quothing:

"Nevermore!"

I believe I can guess which of these birds the fellows at the fronts would want us to endorse. Can you? ⧻

WHERE SECONDS COUNT

Today thousands of members of our armed forces rely upon ETERNA. They demand the utmost in performance and appreciate its superb precision movement and reliable case. Although service men and women have first call on ETERNA production, you'll still find many models...as beautiful as accurate...at leading jewelers everywhere. •17 JEWELS •DUST-PROOF •NON-MAGNETIC •SHOCK PROTECTED

Eterna Watch Company of America, Inc.—580 Fifth Ave., New York

ETERNA

Famous since 1856
The watch of protected accuracy

WORK . . .
PLAN . . .
SAVE . . .
FOR VICTORY

Jayson
SHIRTS
PAJAMAS
SPORTWEAR

F. JACOBSON & SONS, Inc., 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10 • Makers of Excello Shirts

We first heard about this unique *"mountain rum"* from a native in Puerto Rico.

"Senors," he said, "if you wish to taste a truly superior rum, such as you have never experienced before, try this mountain rum. It is produced high up in Puerto Rico's only mountain distillery, where the sun, soil and water are perfect for distilling a superb rum. It has never before been exported to the States."...That was three years ago. Today this discovery, Ron Merito, is known the length and breadth of the land. You will find your rum drinks taste better when made with Ron Merito. It's the mountain-distilling that does it!

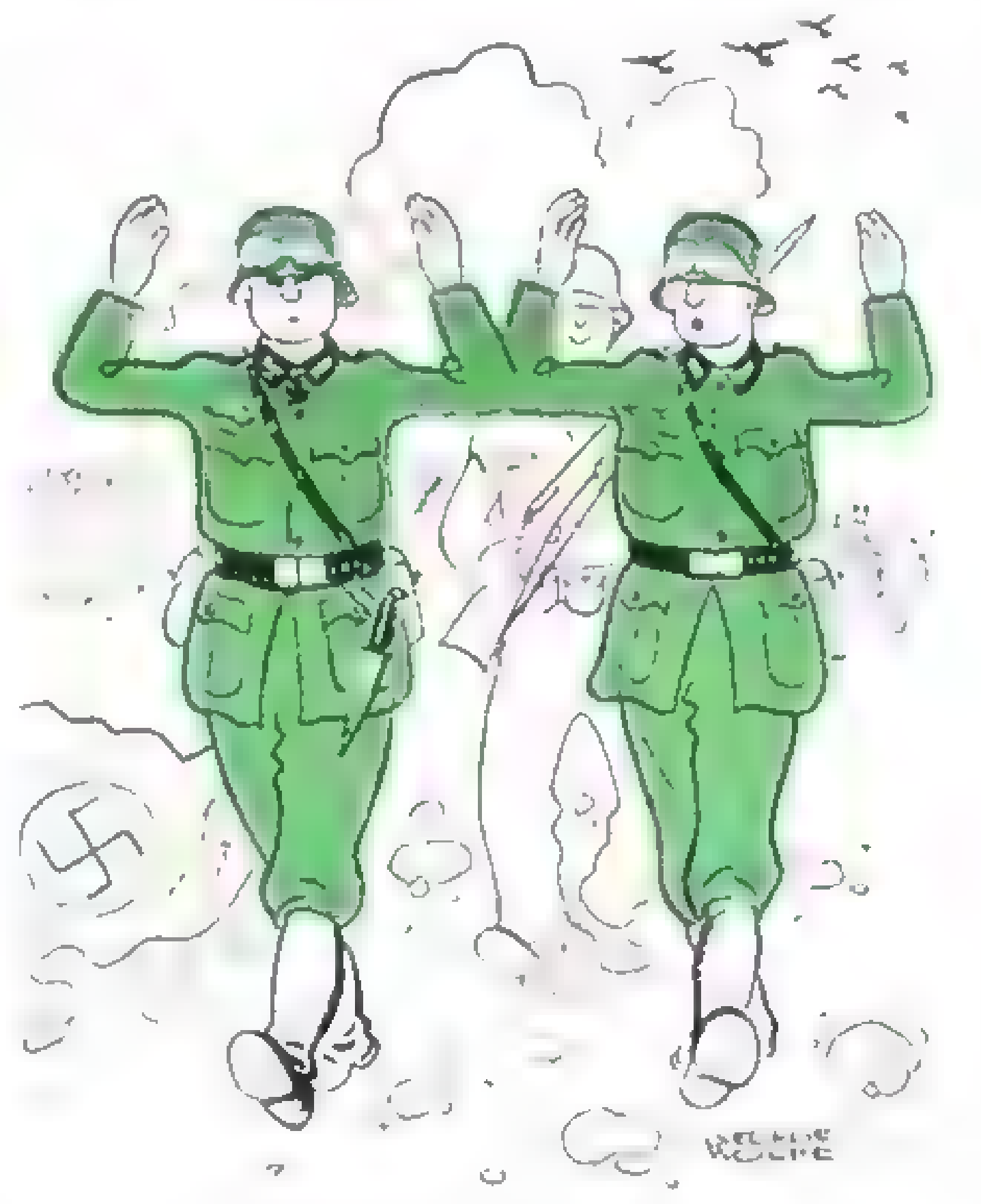
Available in both Gold Label and White Label. 86 Proof. Write for free recipe booklet. Address Dept. E-2, National Distillers Prod. Corp., 120 B'way, N. Y. C.

The Flight of the Nazis

Continued from page 39

explain that they never were real Nazis at heart.

Two groups will try to make a getaway: (1) All those who have committed murder and who are reasonably sure there are witnesses to the fact. In this group are most Gestapoists, a great number of ss men, commanders and guards of concentration camps and, above all, the Gauleiters, the Wagners, Kochs, Kaufmanns, etc. (2) All the Nazi big shots who do not want to do away with themselves. Most of them don't. They love life, and want to enjoy it.



"I wonder what will happen to my subscription to the Voelkischer Beobachter"

* * *

Among those Nazi topnotchers are some of the prominent German bankers and industrialists.

Take, for instance, Herr Hjalmar Schacht. Without Schacht's help, Hitler could never have climbed to power. This is known to the German people and to the people of all occupied countries. Herr Schacht, therefore, will not be safe when the collapse comes.

Unfortunately he still has plenty of friends in neutral countries and perhaps elsewhere. If he can escape in time, say to Switzerland or Sweden, he may actually get away with it. He will claim that after all, he never murdered anybody, and he never declared war.

The same will probably be true of a number of German industrialists from Herr Krupp von Bohlen-Halbach down the line.

Neither the Nazi moguls nor the industrialists would starve outside Germany. Both groups have been competing with each other for the past few years to see which could get more money and other valuables out of Germany. The man with the truly comfortable "connections" outside Germany is Goering. Goering is no coward. But neither would he die for a principle when life could go on being pleasant. So he will try to run away.

Goering, rightly termed the richest man on the Continent, has

Ah-h-h!...that wonderful BRIGGS!
BRIGGS PIPE MIXTURE
VICTORY PACKAGE
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"

Train yourself to getting envious stares when you start smoking Briggs tobacco. Because its delectable fragrance is almost as delightful as its taste—and oh, brother, that's *luscious!* Full-bodied and tender, the mellow richness of Briggs will make you get up earlier so's you can enjoy it longer each day. Briggs is cask-mellowed for years—longer than many costly blends—and it's ripe for your pipe and your pleasure. Try a package *today.*

BRIGGS The Smoke with a Smile

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

"Not a thing to gripe about..."

. . . a Lt. Colonel Salutes TAVANNES Watch Quality

Below is an excerpt from a letter sent to one of our dealers . . . Just one of many gratifying notes we have received either directly or through our distributors from Tavannes owners in the armed forces.

March 21, 1943

"I want to write you at this time about the Tavannes Watch my friends gave me before leaving. As you know it is waterproof and shockproof. It never comes off my wrist. It has been dipped in the waters of the Rio Grande, the Gulf of Mexico, Panama Canal, South Pacific Ocean, and Botany Bay and the darned thing still runs. Never have anything to gripe about!"

Tavannes Waterproof models from $47.50 to $150.00; other models for men and women from $37.50 to $450.00

Due to conditions your dealer may be without Tavannes Watches for brief intervals. Tavannes quality is worth waiting for.

TAVANNES WATCH CO., Inc., 608-5th Ave., N.Y.

three men to look after his money outside the Fatherland. Chief trustee is Gottfried Koerner, an old pal of Goering's, who pops up regularly in Switzerland. The other two are Dr. Felix Eugner, who lives in Sweden, and the banker, Julius Schuetz, who makes his home in Argentina.

For some time, prominent jewellers in Nazi-controlled countries have been receiving mysterious orders for pearls of outstanding beauty and rarety. After lengthy speculation it was learned that all the orders came from one of Goering's middlemen. And other far-sighted Nazis have specialized in buying for a song the valuable paintings of Holland, Belgium, and France. All in all, something close to fifty million dollars' worth of mysterious purchases since 1940 in the old master and diamond markets can be traced to the Nazis.

Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, chief of the Organization of Germans Living Abroad, has transferred his funds to various South American countries—under different names, of course. Dr. Ley, head of the German Workers' Front, has moved his fortune to Spain. . . .

Of course these Axis leaders are assuming that the neutral countries will welcome them. But they will probably find that there won't be any welcomes, anywhere, even uttered in a back-of-the-hand whisper.

* * *

How, then, do these big shots hope to escape at the last moment?

The exclusive means for effecting an escape from Germany is generally believed to be the airplane. Goering, Ribbentrop, and Goebbels and others are known to have their own airplanes in constant readiness. However, it is more likely that some of them—perhaps Goering—have been able to get hold of a salvaged English or American plane. Thus they would try to escape without being shot down or spotted by the Allies.

I personally do not believe that there is much chance for any Nazi big shot—except Goering—to make his escape via airplane. He must figure that at such critical moments the airfield where his plane is known to be waiting would be under constant surveillance. Not only from the air—that is, on the part of the Allies—but on the ground, on the part of Himmler. I am sure Himmler would love to arrest von Papen or von Ribbentrop or Krupp. Or better, have them "shot while trying to escape."

A big time Nazi would have more chance to escape if he traveled in disguise, and as inconspicuously as possible—that is, by train, or bus, or motorcar. This sounds romantic, but it is by no means impossible. If Hitler were to shave off his mustache and change his haircut, would you recognize him? If Goebbels grew a beard, could you tell him from a Polish Jew? Of all important Nazis, only Hermann Goering could not escape incognito, for he

Continued on page 152

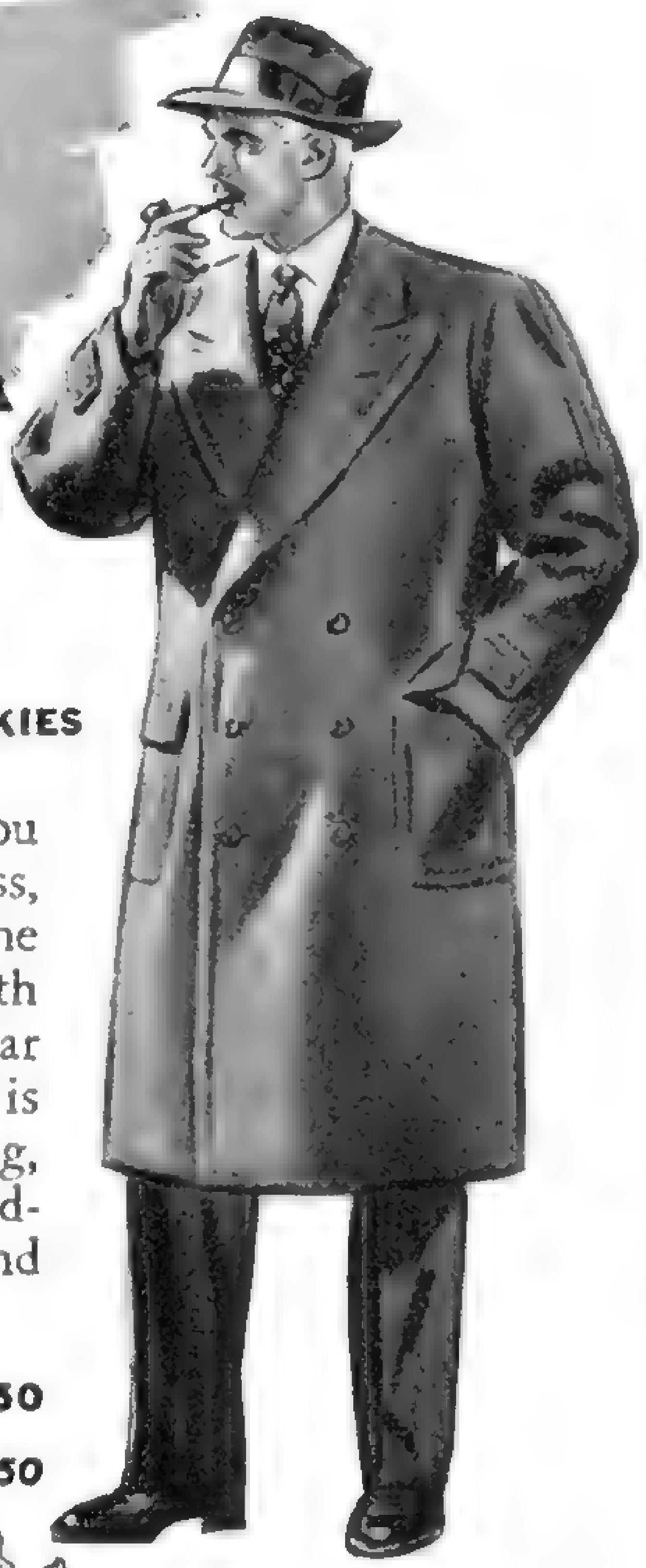
A GREAT NAME IN SUITS

EAGLE CLOTHES

STYLE WITH THE BIG-TOWN TOUCH . . .

You can tell an Eagle suit every time . . . by the distinctive style, the pure-blooded fabrics, the deft touches of tailoring that set it apart from the crowd and reveal the touch of a master. In *Eagle Clothes, a long tradition of quality has won the confidence of America's smartly dressed men. Now more than ever, it pays to look for the Eagle name — you couldn't look for anything finer.

A GREAT NAME IN COATS



THE COAT THAT'S RUGGED AS THE ROCKIES

When first you put on a *Cougar, you are thrilled with its soft luxuriousness, amazed at its lightness. And as time goes by, you marvel at its extra warmth — its ability to "take" punishing wear and come back smiling. The Cougar is a new experience in fine coat-crafting, the result of scientific hi-density blending. Write now for style folder and name of nearest authorized dealer.

WELTERWEIGHT TOPCOATS 32.50
WINTERWEIGHT OVERCOATS 37.50

FREE

Print your name and address on margin of this ad, mail to Eagle Clothes, and receive a genuine leather Pocket Case to hold ration books, war stamps and other papers.

EAGLE Clothes
79 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

★ BUY MORE WAR BONDS . . . THAT'S THE STYLE ★

The Flight of the Nazis

Continued from pages 39-151

would have to lose some seventy-five pounds to do it. This is something which Goering could *not* do.

* * *

Assuming that neutral countries felt obliged to harbor Axis leaders, despite Roosevelt's recent warning, where would the Nazis flee?

Goering would go to Sweden, the home of his first wife, Karin. Some time ago he bought a comfortable house in Äppelviken, an exclusive suburb of Stockholm. The nominal owner of the house is Countess Fanny Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, a sister of Karin. The price for the house was paid in cash by the Deutsche Uebersee Bank in Berlin. Immediately after the purchase, several trucks filled with furniture were unloaded and carried into the house. The furniture, it was proved, had been shipped from Berlin.

Goering also bought a couple of houses in Switzerland, and one in the name of Frau Goering on the outskirts of Copenhagen, Denmark.

Herr von Ribbentrop would try to land in Spain. He is said to have purchased several pieces of property—including houses and castles—near Seville in Badajoz.

Herr von Papen has acquired an estate near Ankara. He might not even return to Germany.

Mrs. Quisling has rented a large flat in Lausanne, Switzerland.

* * *

But no matter how clever their escapes, if they are allowed to escape, Nazi leaders will find that the lives they fought so hard to save aren't going to be worth living, after all. The doors to all neutral countries will probably be slammed hard in their faces; if they aren't, no laws or international agreements will keep the people of Europe from their revenge. The day will never come when an ex-Nazi will be able to step into a café, and ask for a newspaper.

They wouldn't give it to him. And he wouldn't get out alive. ⧺

Your Hands...

See them in action... inviting attention ... doing hundreds of things that attract the eyes of others. You can be proud of your hands in HANSEN GLOVES. They mark the well-dressed man. You'll enjoy their sturdy comfort and warmth. HANSEN GLOVES are sold by the better men's wear and department stores.

Useful, too, for protection

The gift HE will appreciate

A patriotic gesture

Solid comfort in richly textured deerskin — knit wool lined for warmth. Other models in pigskin and capeskin.

Be proud of Your Hands in HANSEN GLOVES

NEW YORK • MILWAUKEE • CHICAGO

DON Q PUERTO RICAN RUM

86 PROOF

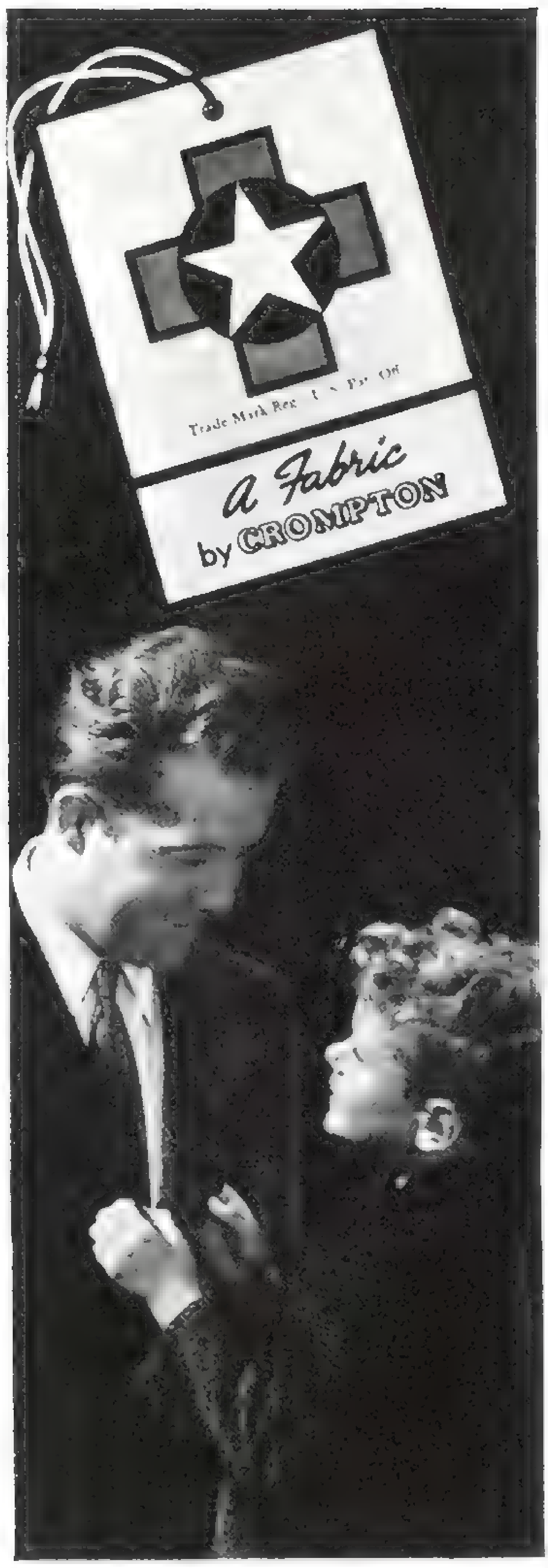
In Don Q will be found that high quality and flavour to which Puerto Rico gives full expression only in her very finest rums.

As a host, you can be confident that the drinks you serve will always reflect credit—if made with Don Q Rum.

WHITE LABEL (86 PROOF) for cocktails
GOLD LABEL (86 PROOF) for tall drinks

Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, Inc., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794


Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
A Fabric by CROMPTON

Gee Dad!..

YOUR CORDUROY JACKET HAS A CROMPTON TAG TOO!

Yes, sir, Dad's just as much of a shopping sleuth as Mother when it comes to getting Quality and Value. He knows that the Crompton Informative Tag (readily identified by its silver color, red cross and star) means quality. So he looks for it when he buys CORD U REX*, the smart Pinwale Corduroy, for jackets, slacks, sports shirts.

Mother buys by that tag too . . . not only for the reputation behind it but for the information on it . . . easy-to-understand washing instructions and care of the garment. The Crompton Informative Silver Tag with its red cross and star and the words, "A Fabric by Crompton," is her assurance of Quality—a symbol of fabric excellence for four generations of Americans.

If you aren't always able to get Crompton-tagged garments, it's because much of the Crompton equipment is now making Jungle Cloth, the incredibly tough fabric used for U. S. Navy Winter Clothing.

Fabrics by Crompton
For Men's, Women's, Children's and Infants' Wear

RAYON VELVETS, COTTON VELVETEENS,
COTTON GABARDINES
AND RAYON SUITINGS
CORDUROY, CORD U REX*
CORDURELLA*

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

CROMPTON-RICHMOND
COMPANY, INC.
1071 Sixth Avenue • New York 18, N. Y.

Ambassador of Billiards

Continued from page 80

and a fair amateur player in his own right. Pete met Twain first in New York in 1907, during a balkline championship match, which Hoppe won.

Here's a story Twain told on himself. One day he was in a small town in Missouri. Rain came up and he sought refuge in the local billiard room. He invited the manager to play him a game. The manager was willing, but told Twain to make a few shots to give an idea of his cue skill. Twain complied, and the manager said:

"You're not too good, so I'll play lefthanded. To make it interesting, we'll play for a dollar."

Twain was agreeable and play started. They seesawed back and forth for a few innings and then the room manager got the balls together and ran about thirty-five and out, winning the game.

"You're pretty good," Twain complimented him. "You must be a star playing righthanded."

"No," replied the manager, "I'm lefthanded."

Indian Louie, Pete remembers, was a "body-English" artist—a fellow who would resort to all kinds of bodily contortions in the futile attempt to influence the course of the rolling cue ball.

One day Louie was playing in St. Louis. The table was near a French window, which was open. Louie played a shot and then went into his body-English act, backing away from the table and doing a black-bottom in reverse. Before he knew it he backed out the second-story window.

Everybody in the room rushed to the window. A minute later, Indian Louie came running into the room, cue still in hand, hollering, "I made that shot."

Louie had landed on a banana stand at the side of the building and was unhurt.

Peterson, himself, became a star player soon after the turn of the century. He competed for the championship in red-ball billiards, defeating the legendary Cuban, Alfredo De Oro, for the title in 1907. Pete still holds the title. He beat De Oro with a shot the Cuban called the "hysterical shot."

In red-ball billiards, rules require that the player make the red ball the first object ball. If he fails to do so, it is a miss and the opponent can insist that the balls be restored to their positions before the shot and the player continues to shoot the same shot until he contacts the red ball first.

The Peterson-De Oro title game was a nip-and-tuck battle, both players coming down to the wire with 99 points each. One hundred points was game. De Oro was playing, but was confronted with a very tough leave. Rather than try for the point and miss, with the possibility of leaving Peterson a reasonable shot, the cagey Cuban played "safe." By all the

Continued on page 154

You're Lucky!
PIONEER

Glove-soft **PIGSKIN** in rich brown. Link-rings and Buckle gold-plated. $2

Imported **RAMHIDE**, in brown or black. Gold-plated Buckle . . $2.50

Genuine **PYTHON** smart and distinctive. Gold-plated Buckle $5

How fortunate you are if that belt you're wearing is a long-lasting PIONEER. It's probably good "for the duration"... Uncle Sam wants you to put your spare cash in War Stamps and Bonds and he'd rather you didn't make any unnecessary purchases. But, if you really need a new belt, try your luck at any good men's wear counter by asking for these —

NEW BELTS BY
PIONEER
Fine Accessories for Men Who Care What They Wear
PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY • PHILA., PA.
BRACES • BELTS • WALLETS • GARTERS

STREAMLOX Belt adjustable to perfect fit. Plastic Buckle. Brown or black . . . . . $1 and up

Striking a hammer blow for morale

Marlboro's "Dress-Work" Shirts

SHIRTS BY
Marlboro
DRESS-WORK CLOTHES

Here are the shirts that will make your wartime spirits soar! On the job—going and coming—you can wear these morale-lifting shirts all around the clock. Gay without being gaudy . . . warm without being weighty. In tailoring this handsome shirt, Marlboro has selected a famous Pacific Mills fabric of double twisted spun-rayon and wool yarn in a smooth serviceable broadcloth weave. . . See your Marlboro dealer's bountiful, colorful, cheerful La Playa display today!

Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc.
Baltimore, Md.

Ambassador of Billiards

Continued from pages 80-153

rules of good billiards, Pete, too, should have played safe, but Pete played and counted on a shot that he hasn't made three times since in the last thirty years. (See diagram on opposite page.) When the balls came to a rest after their crazy flight, De Oro, half mad with rage and half stunned by surprise, screamed:

"That's a hysterical shot and only a fool would try it."

After the De Oro match, Peterson concentrated on fancy shots, winning undisputed title claims in his phase of the billiard sport, and between exhibitions devoted his time to refereeing championship matches in other games.

Back in the early '30's, Peterson convinced the Billiard Association of America that the ancient and honorable sport of billiards needed a shot in the arm, with the result he was commissioned to tour colleges of the country, exposing students and faculty to the sport.

As the result of his efforts colleges are now competing in pockets, straight rail and 3-cushion billiards. The first meets were conducted by telegraph. In the Spring of 1941 college men gathered personally at the University of Wisconsin to settle their billiard titles. Because of the war the 1942 competition was again conducted by telegraph, while the 1943 meets were conducted by mail. In 1942 college girls engaged in a telegraph pocket billiard competition.

The 1943 collegiate billiard champions are:

TEAM:

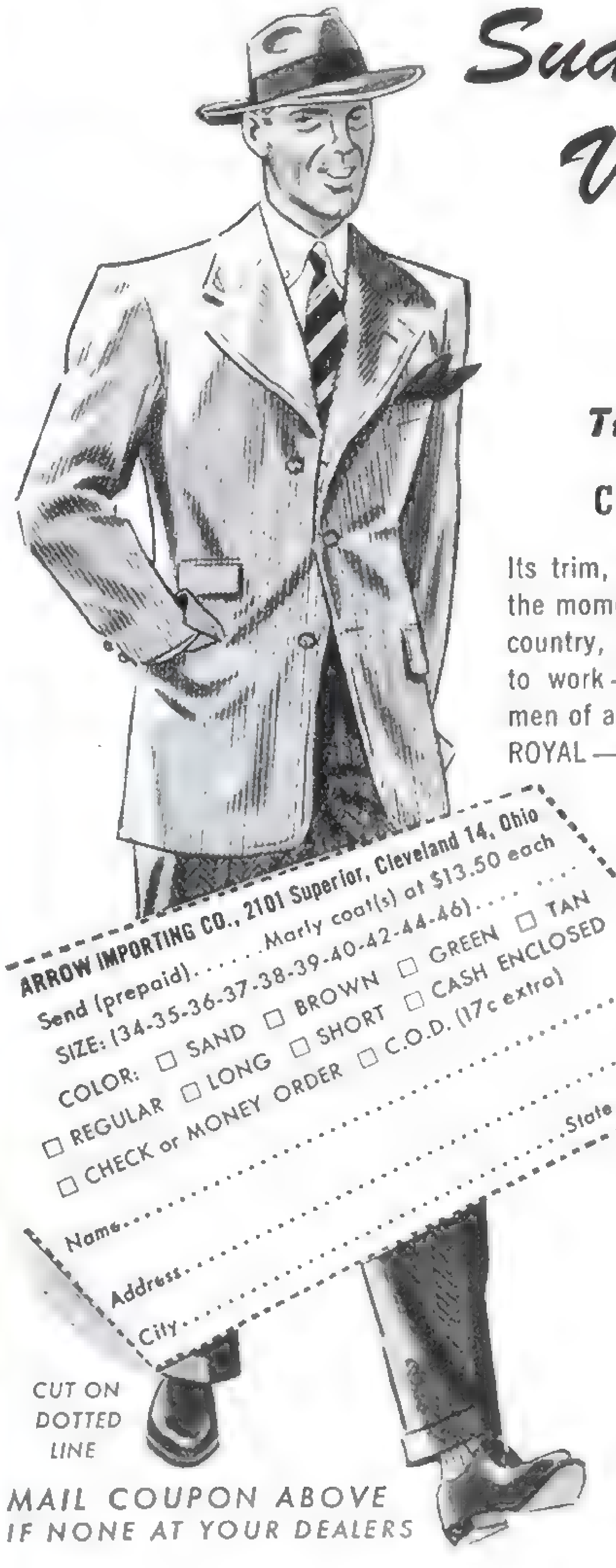
Minnesota—pocket billiards.
Florida—straight rail and 3-cushions.

INDIVIDUAL:

Lefferts Mabie, Florida, pocket.
Roney Matheny, Florida, 3-cushions.
Rob McCloskey, Michigan, straight rail.

The college boys play for a pocket billiard trophy donated by Gene Tunney; a 3-cushion trophy sponsored by Gar Wood, and a straight-rail cup donated by the

---



Suave! Versatile! Practical!

THE MARLY

CORDUROY JACKET

Its trim, precision style lines will give you a lift the moment you slip it on. For informal dates, for country, for sports—for durable every-day wear to work—MARLY is the choice of well-dressed men of any age! Made of pliant, velvety CORDUROYAL—the corduroy that wears like iron! Full-lined with Earl-Glo, and weatherized by Cravenette for all-weather protection.

$13.50

IT'S A ONE-COAT WARDROBE

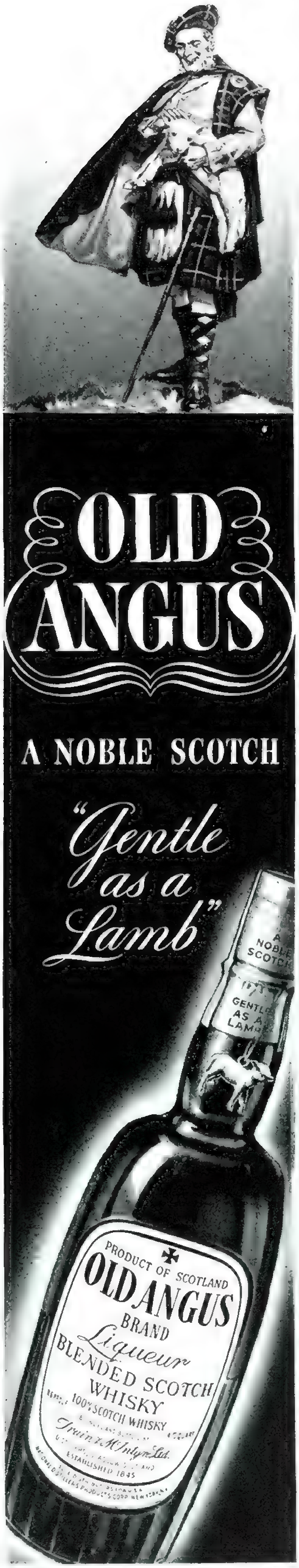
You'll wear your MARLY everywhere! Mix it or match it with slacks (and sweaters for sports) and you'll have several handsome outfits! Choice of Sand, Rio Tan, Saddle Brown, or Lovat Green.

CORDUROYAL
ARISTOCRAT
TRADE MARK
OF CORDUROYS

ARROW IMPORTING CO., 2101 Superior, Cleveland 14, Ohio
Send (prepaid). . . . . . Marly coat(s) at $13.50 each
SIZE: (34-35-36-37-38-39-40-42-44-46). . . . . . .
COLOR: ☐ SAND ☐ BROWN ☐ GREEN ☐ TAN
☐ REGULAR ☐ LONG ☐ SHORT ☐ CASH ENCLOSED
☐ CHECK or MONEY ORDER ☐ C.O.D. (17c extra)
Name. . . . .
Address. . . . .
City. . . . . State. . . . .

MAIL COUPON ABOVE
IF NONE AT YOUR DEALERS

ARROW IMPORTING CO.
2101 SUPERIOR AVE.
CLEVELAND 14, OHIO



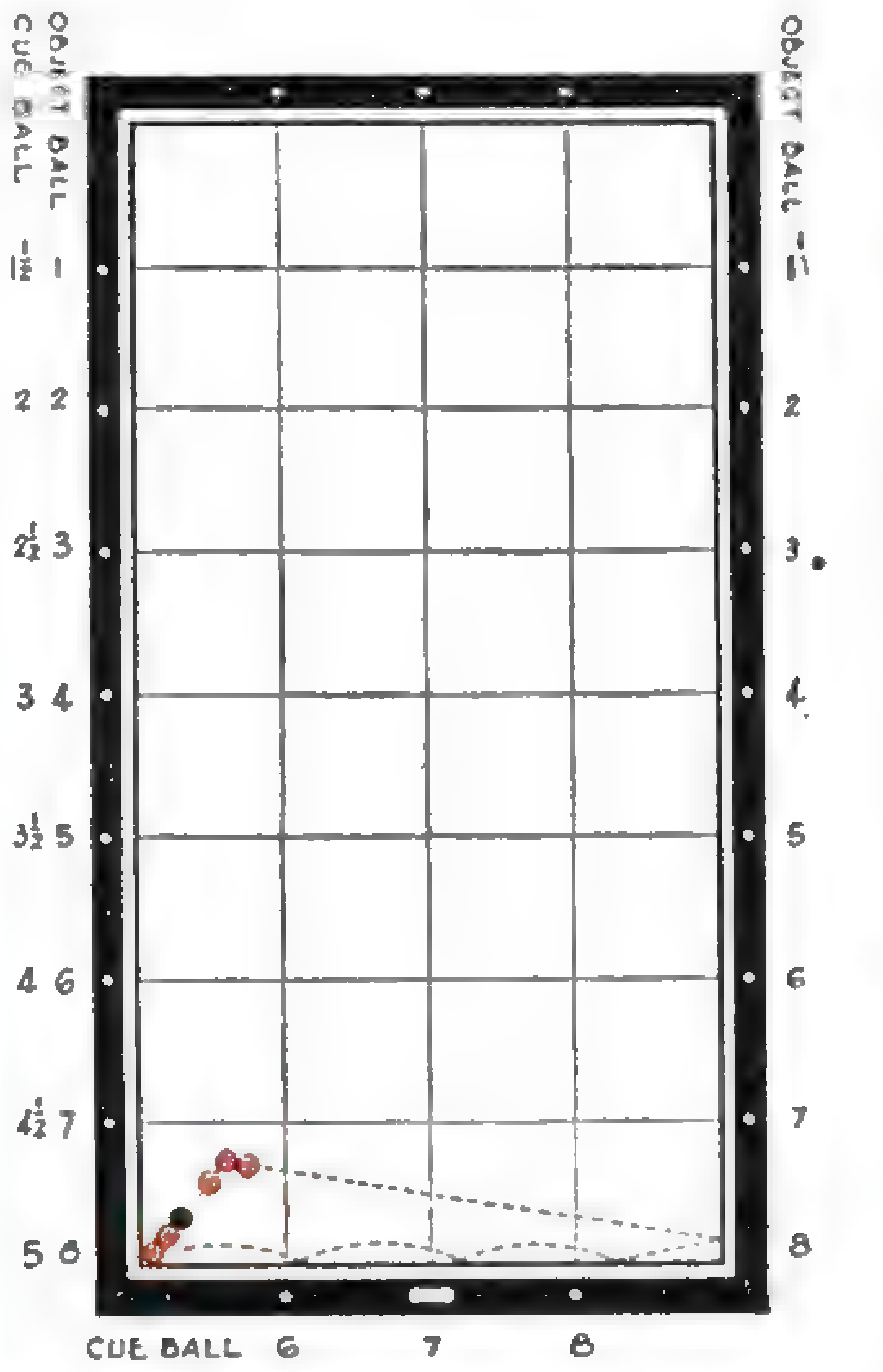
OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH

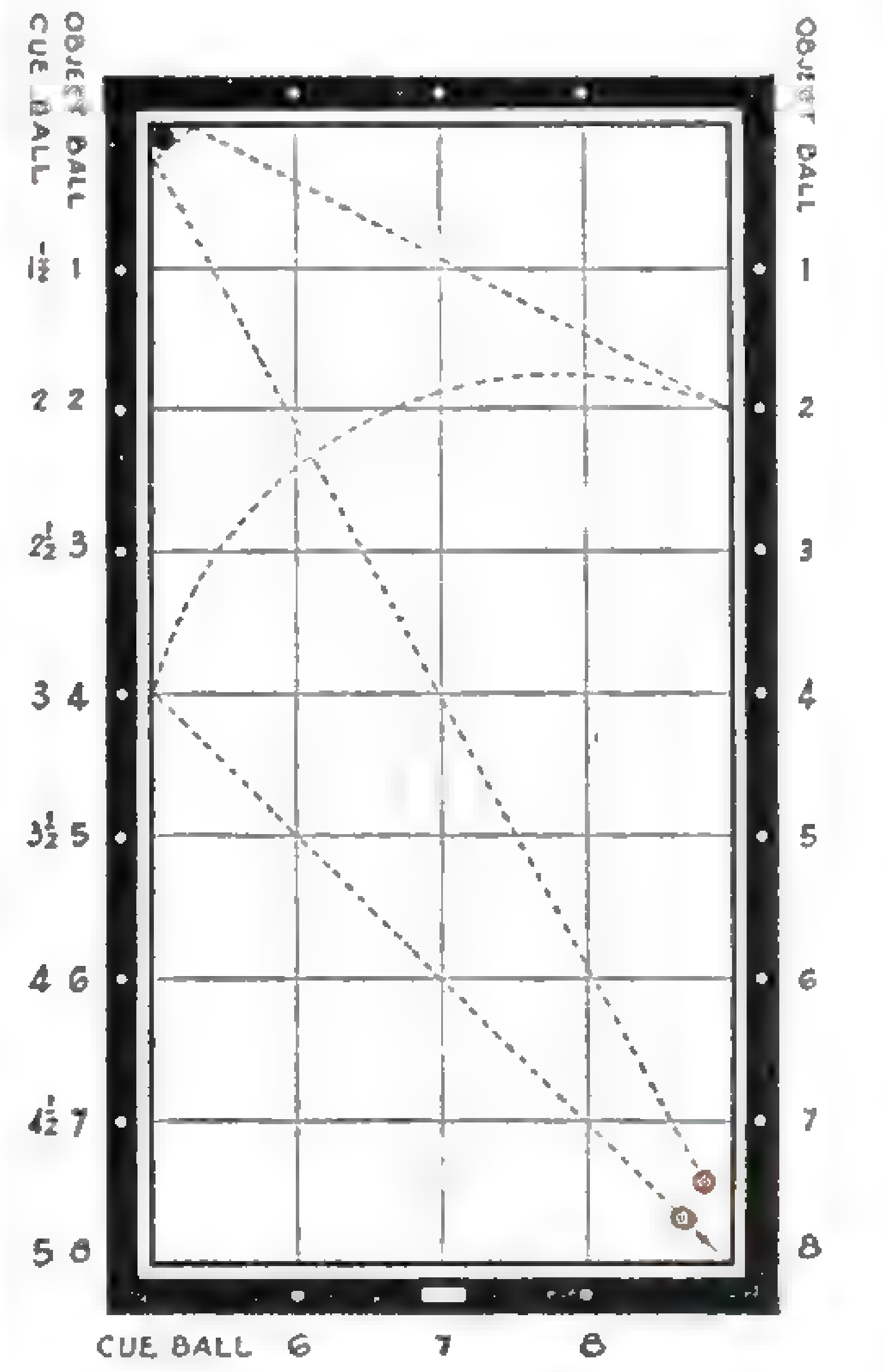
"Gentle as a Lamb"

Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation • N. Y.

late Noble Kizer, for many years athletic director and football coach at Purdue University.



Impossible shot. One ball is frozen in corner. Object balls are frozen against cue ball, as indicated. Peterson masses cue ball along lower rail to side rail. Cue ball comes back to meet red object ball as indicated.



Hysterical shot mentioned on opposite page. Cue ball is indicated by arrow.

In baseball, Peterson recalls Johnny Kling won the world pocket championship in 1909.

Pete contends that anyone—man, woman or child—can achieve billiard skill with attention to six simple fundamentals. They are:

1. Stand comfortably at the table, with head over the cue in the line of aim.
2. Hold the cue lightly at the balance in the right hand (for right-handed players).
3. Make a firm, short bridge with the left hand.
4. Hold the cue as level as possible when stroking the cue ball.
5. Follow through.
6. Avoid excessive English.

Pocket billiards, Pete states, is popular with the men in service.

Pete believes that with hundreds of thousands of young men playing billiards in the camps, the cue sport will enjoy greater play than ever after the war. Many boys who never saw a pocket table at home are now playing in the camps. #

Windproof

Thrives on wind!
Needs no fuel

"Here's the gift for me", says the man in the Service. "When it's raining cats and dogs and the wind's blowing so that even a WAC couldn't strike a match, you just uncoil your WINDPROOF, spin the wheel and light up. It never fails because it needs no fuel."

WINDPROOF. Alfred Dunhill's new lighter for Service men, comes only in sterling silver. On sale at better stores everywhere, $5 plus Federal tax.

alfred dunhill
of London, Inc.
660 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

It's a Gift

Dunhill's American Mixture, blended in this country, is created from a generations-old English formula, traditional to discriminating smokers . . . the coolest, mildest smoke a man ever drew over his tongue. That's why its thousands of loyal friends buy it by the pound once they've tried it by the ounce. Obviously, American Mixture is an ideal gift for any "man-with-a-pipe" you'd like to please. $1.50 for 8 ozs. $2.85 the pound.

RENAULT
Extra Dry American Champagne
RENAULT
EXTRA-DRY
AMERICAN
Champagne
Lovelli

Bottle-fermented champagne at its bubbling best, produced by a winery with almost three-quarters of a century's experience in the fine art of making champagne to suit the American taste. Write for a *free* copy of our 24-page Wine Recipe Booklet. Address Dept. 31, L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc., Egg Harbor City, N. J. Distributed through McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York.

Buy War Bonds

Enjoy Renault—the Wine without Fault

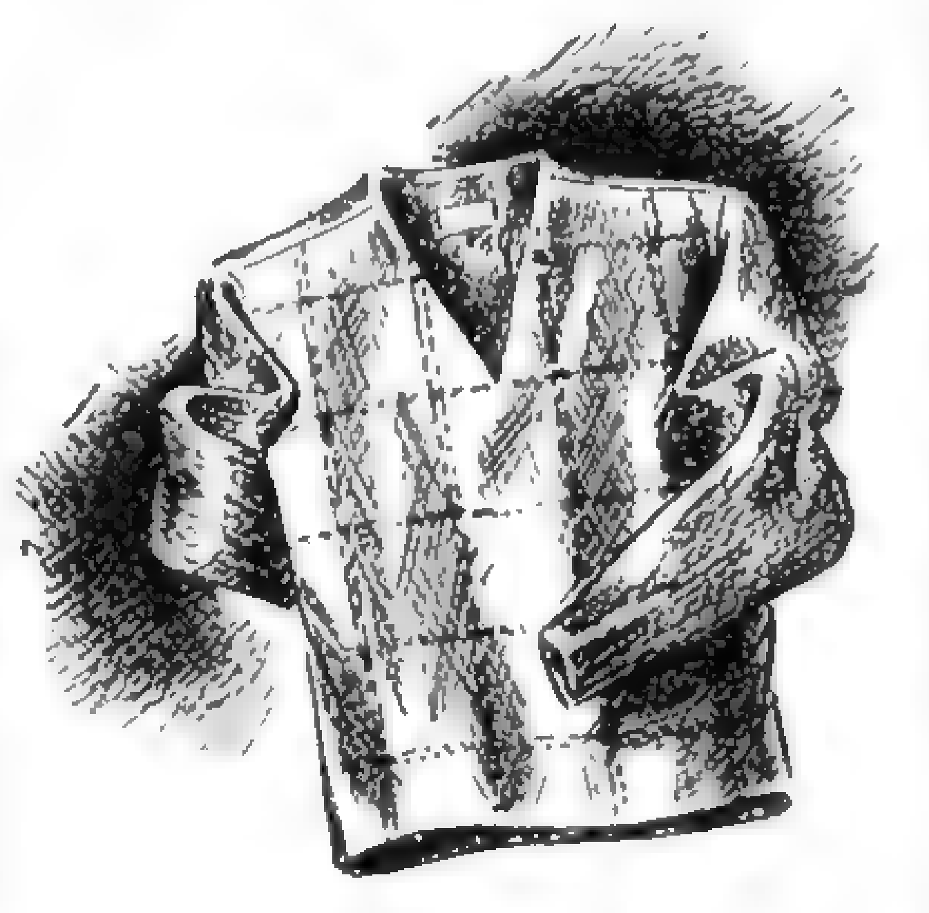
The Mystery of Hutter's Cave

Continued from page 47

of delicate crystal helictites. The range of color ran the spectrum from red to violet, from glossy black to unreal white.

From the rubber pouch he took his notebook and fountain pen. He would come in later with his camera. He had half a dozen chocolate bars in the pouch but he wouldn't stop to eat now. He blew out the candle economically and glanced at the rope.

"What the—" He seized it. The line was slack in his hand and coils of it were forming in the water. "Hell! Of all the hopeless, incompetent idiots! That is what I might expect of Ned. Damn it, he will take four hours now to get back to the cave mouth, then down the mountain to the car, drive to town for a new rope, and return. Then get back to the cave. Eleven or twelve hours. But why in hell did he untie the rope?"



Tan tweed front pullover marked with brown double overplaid. Knitted sleeves and back.

As Bishop drew the line out of the water he saw that the pick still was attached and that a screw topped can was tied at the end. His face was blank as he unfastened the can. He unscrewed the top. There was nothing in it. Yes there was, a photograph, a snapshot of Ned and Kate, taken before John knew her.

"Goodbye, John," Ned had said. And then, later, he had unfastened the life line and sent him this to let him know it was no accident. To let him know why.

"A clever message, Mr. St. George," said John. "You are improving." He was fighting panic.

It was a diabolical revenge. He could see Ned, coming out into the glorious sun, thinking of the man he hated, now cut off from all hope. Ned might organize an expedition to hunt for him. They would come to the pool. In all the centuries nobody else had ever tried to go into that siphon. One look at it and they would give him up for dead.

With a yell Bishop jumped into the water and hurled himself at

America's Most Distinguished Waterproof Watch

CROTON
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

CROTON 14 KT. GOLD *"Aquamedico"*

17 jewels . . . shockproof . . . sweep second hand . . . luminous dial . . . unbreakable glass . . . at better stores

Croton
WATCHES
FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

Write for booklet, "Of Time and Today's Croton Watches"
Croton Watch Company, 48 West 48th St., New York 19, N.Y.

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

Thirty days hath November
Mighty chilly, too, remember . . .
Better get Westminster hose.
Every man who wears them knows
That when you're shivering
In the stadium
These socks are worth
Their weight in radium.

Smart protection from the cold . . .
In styles to suit the hunter bold
As well as business men discreet
Who like Westminster patterns neat.
America's finest—that's our boast
You'll hear it echoed coast-to-coast
By men who know sock comfort best
Westminsters pass the winter test.

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

the tunnel. But there was no getting out against that current without a rope. There was no purchase for his feet, no hold for his hands on the slippery calcite-filmed rocks. Grasping at cracks and outcrops he dragged himself into it a few feet and then breathless had to let go and let the stream knock him heels over head back into the air. He tried again and again. At last he crept out to the level and sprawled.

The electric lamp was shining bright, exhausting itself. Let it burn. What was the difference? But he snapped it off and lay in the total blackness.

After a while he snapped on the light again. His waterproof watch had been knocked from his wrist in the tunnel. Of course, as he had only a few chocolate bars, he was raging hungry. He ate one. Then with the lantern he started around the cavern.

Clambering, crawling and sliding, he managed to follow the stream bed to a blank wall. The stream made a black whirlpool as it plunged down a vertical well scarcely larger than a man's body. No man could plunge that well and live.

Bishop circled the walls of the cavern. He came upon and followed four tunnels, dropping confetti to mark his route. In one was a veritable jungle of ferns formed from snow white crystal and here were glazed statuettes, a priceless find. He kicked them out of his way. The four tunnels pinched off into nothing.

He then repeated everything he had done. He took off his clothes and made another furious attempt to force the siphon. When he regained his strength he gave another despairing look at the sucking well. In deathlike despair he crawled over and around the clammy stalagmites.

His bones ached with weariness and bruises when he came back to the spot where he had first landed. How many hours had passed he could not guess. He wasn't hungry now. Why prolong it? Sometime later he awakened and heard the cruel mocking ripple of the stream, the death drip from the stalactites and the ghastly, hollow sucking of the whirlpool in the blackness that surrounded him.

John Bishop switched on the electric lantern. At this moment a rescue party might be within fifty yards of him, shuddering at sight of that hole where the roof sloped down to meet the water. There was nothing he could do to signal.

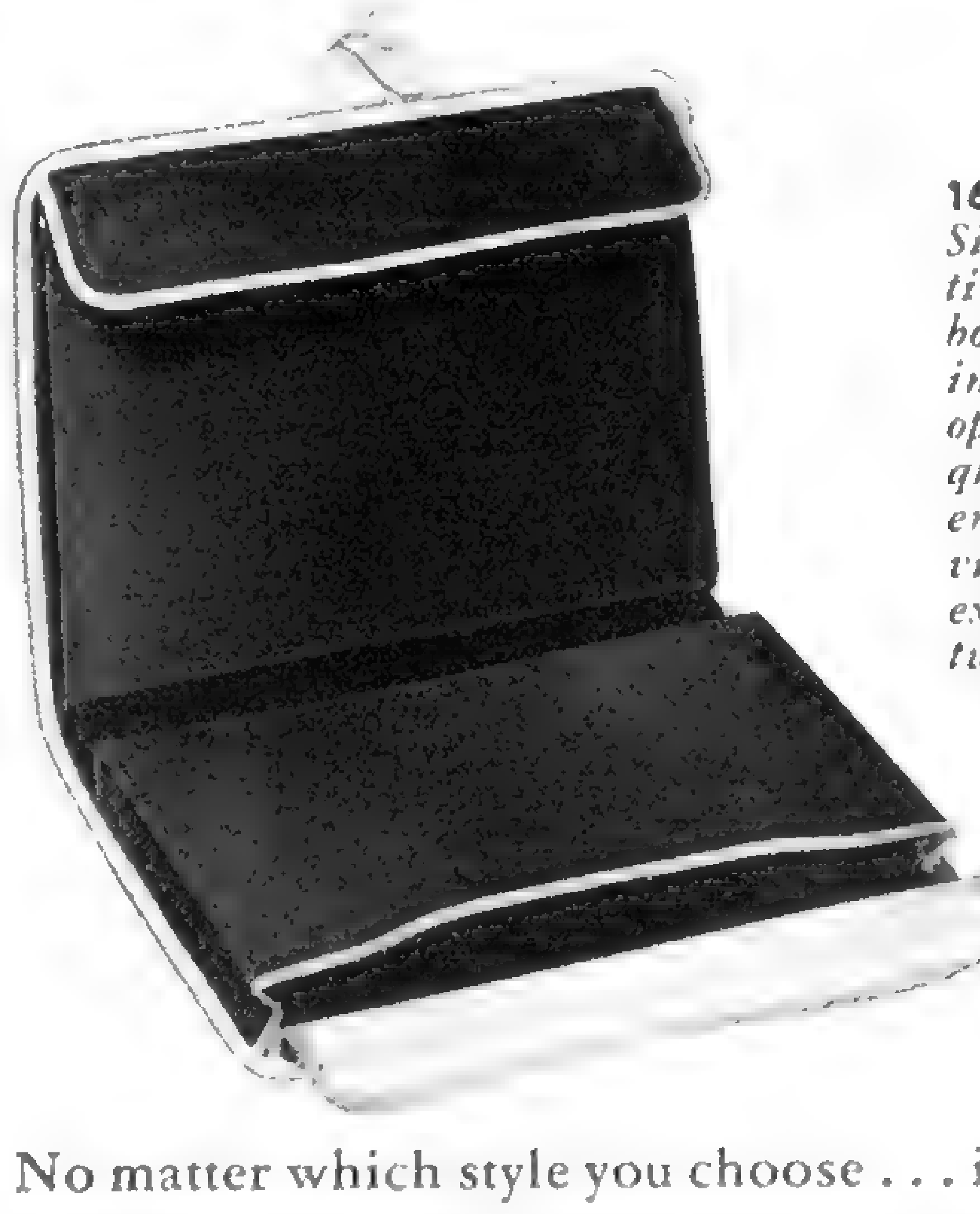
As he sat he looked at the photograph of Ned and Kate. At least he could have a last look at her face. It was like Ned to send him this message of his doom. Ned always muffed his big moments but he was clever in a mean way. John always knew that Ned must hate him. Up to now Ned had booted every big thing. Always something wrong about him. But he hadn't booted it when he put this photograph in the can.

John Bishop laid his head on his forearms and laughed. His

Continued on page 158

Now here's an amazing case...

IT'S the Stebco portfolio—the case that's sleek and smart, the fitting companion for the successful man. Your portfolio is as important to smart grooming as the suit you wear . . . A sure index to your success. Every Stebco portfolio is designed for ready access and the convenient arrangement of your papers. Stebco cases give the best protection that fine materials and excellent craftsmanship can provide.



16-3 *Underarm Envelope. Size 16 x 12, made of attractive and durable herringbone twill. Bound in genuine russet cowhide. Case opens flat for convenient and quick access to contents. Patented flap and thong provides secure closure. Two expanding pockets. Comes in two shades as illustrated.*

BETTER BUY
BONDS

No matter which style you choose . . . it's an amazing case. It is preferred by successful men in every walk of life. Stebco brief cases and portfolios have faithfully served Executives, Salesmen, Students—men and women the world over for more than twenty-five years. Ask your dealer about Stebco briefcases today.

STEBCO

STEIN BROS. MFG. CO.
231 SOUTH GREEN STREET • CHICAGO 7

CHAMPION BOSTON BULLDOG PHOTO BY H. WAXMAN

"Man's Best Friend"

New Era
SHIRTS
"YOUR NECK'S BEST FRIEND"*

The shirt with the patented Linefold collar that's soft as a cushion, yet Wrinkle-Free†! The kind of collar a fellow can only dream of . . . 'till he wears a New Era Shirt! . . . . . . $2 and up

*Copyright †Made under Celanese patents

NEW ERA SHIRT COMPANY • ST. LOUIS

Our 56th Year

The Mystery of Hutter's Cave

Continued from pages 47-157

laughter echoed madly. He laughed until he was weak.

* * *

The search party emerged from the cave mouth and moved down the mountain slope through oak brush and aspen. They had done all they could. Ned St. George walked down the trail behind the sheriff. "Whew! Gosh!" The sheriff turned to Ned. "Took all my nerve to crawl into that place. And then to see that water run into that suckhole under the rock. Godamighty how could a man like Bishop go into that hole?"

"He might be alive in there somewhere," said Ned luxuriously.

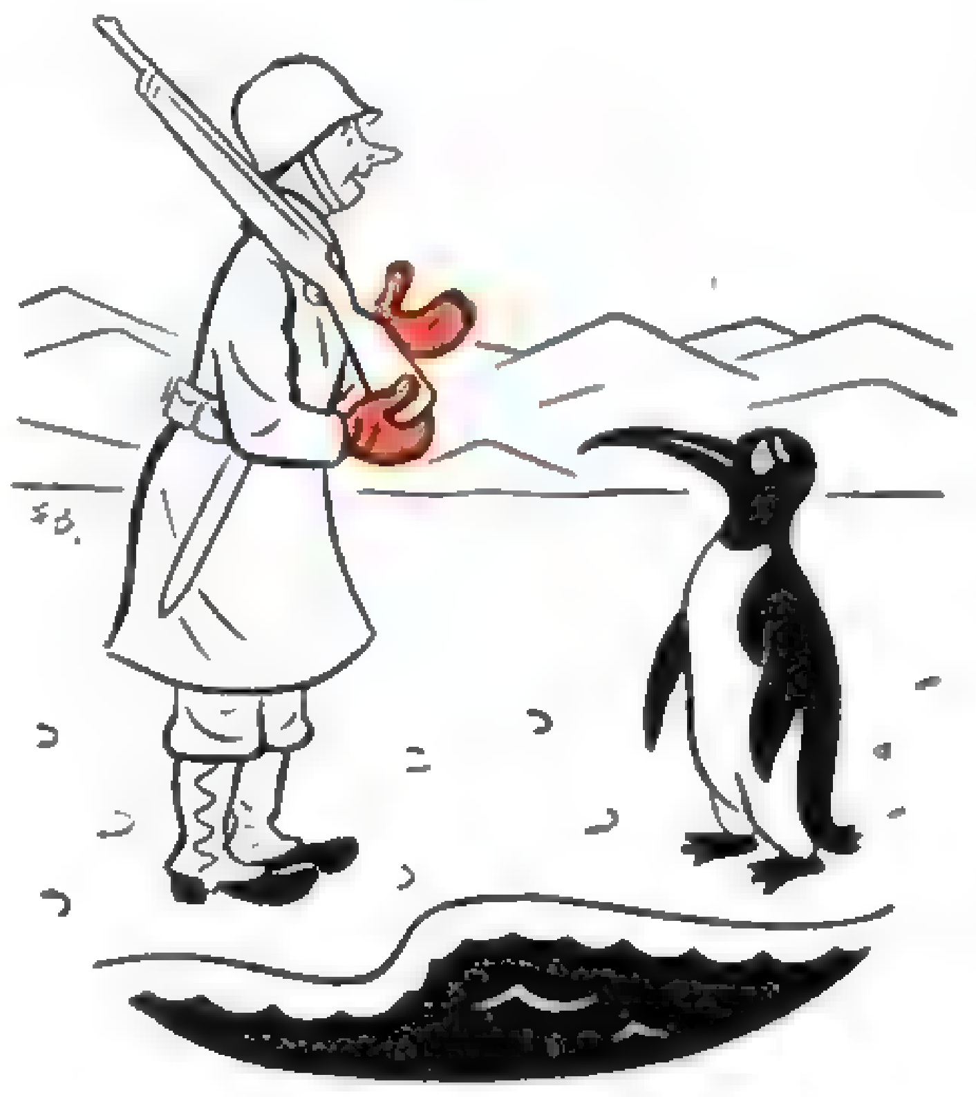
"Alive! How could the Professor be alive when that water sucked him in. If he was alive and we started to tunnel he'd be dead long before we could get to him. Months it would take. God, what a death."

Luxurious, careful to keep a smile off his tanned face, Ned followed down the trail, the other men coming after him. John Bishop may have gone mad by this time in that cave. Ned hoped not.

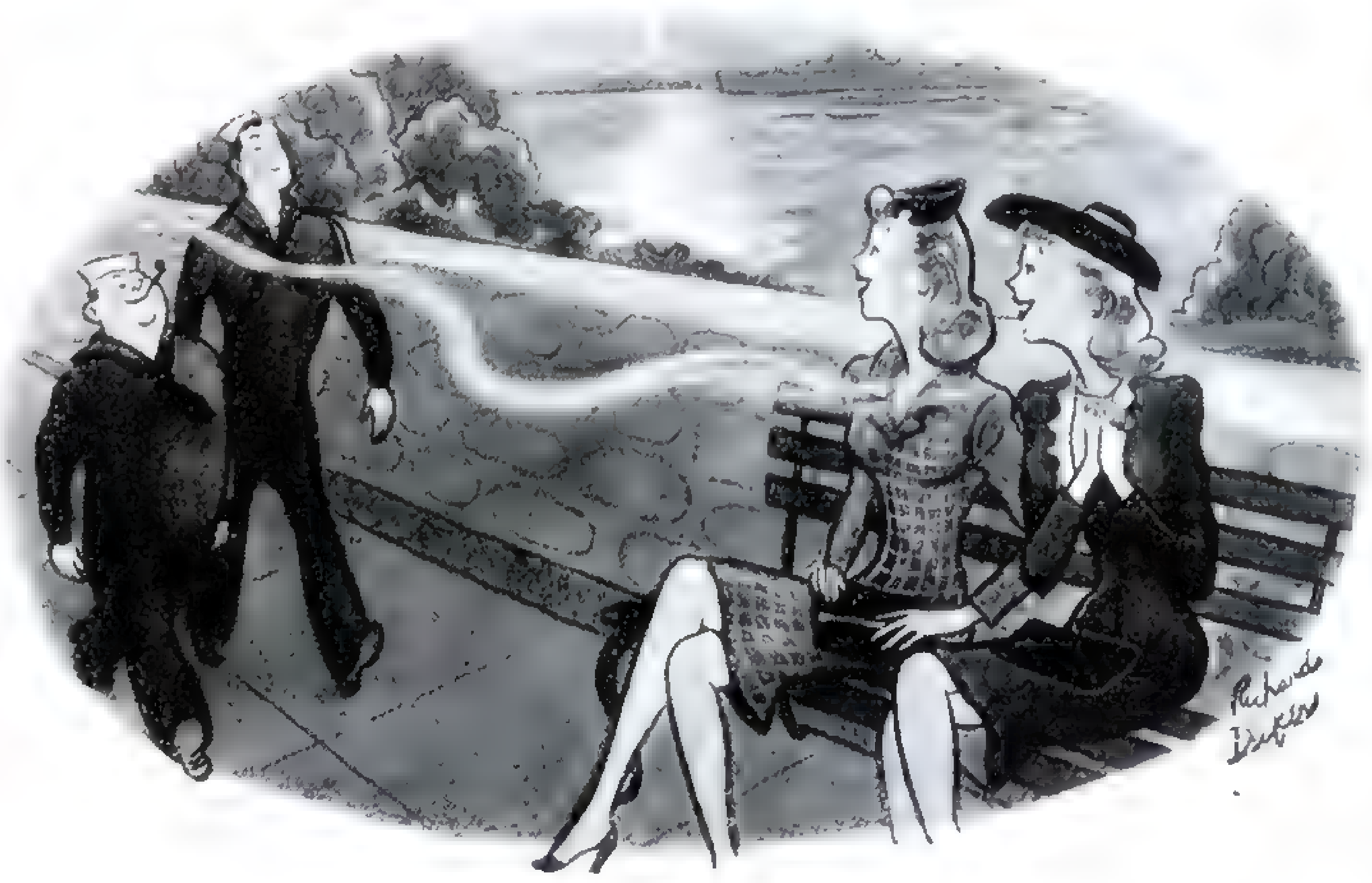
On the road around the foot of the mountain a dust cloud was rising. Another band of curiosity mongers roused by the tragedy. The men who had leaped out of the car were hurrying up the trail to meet them, gesturing wildly.

"Here's a can, sheriff!" shouted a sunburned farmer. "We found it floating in the spring. Message in it from Professor Bishop. He's all right. Safe and sound in a dry, comfortable cave. All we got to do is to send a rope into him with a piece of log for a float. We got the chunk of log and three hundred feet of rope. Come on, men.

"Brace up, Son," The farmer grasped Ned's hand. "Don't give way now. I know how you feel. Your friend's all right. Your feelings do you credit. You'll be shaking hands with him pretty soon. I know how you feel." ⧻



"I'm on guard duty, but why in hell do you stay here?"



"I want the one smoking Sir Walter Raleigh"

PICK UP your favorite pipe (one that gets cleaned regularly!) . . . fill it with mild, fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh . . . and just see what happens! Brother, those choice Kentucky burleys, blended for *extra* mildness, give you a smoke that smells sweet and burns cool right down to the last puff. Try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

SIR WALTER
RALEIGH
PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells

UNION MADE

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

Vibrant as a new romance,
yet poignant as an old . . .
Ybry's exciting perfumes!
What woman can resist
their promise?
What man
can resist
their lure?

FEMME DE PARIS
woman of paris

DESIR DU COEUR
heart's desire

MON AME.
my soul

JOIE DE VIVRE.
joy of living

$20.00, $12.00, debutante size, $6.50

PARFUMS
Ybry
PRONOUNCED (EE-BREE)
20 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y.
"THE JEWEL OF PERFUMES"

The Million Franc Reward

Continued from page 58

wire for, otherwise I should never have given him a piece of it. He is a fool."

"Why?"

"Because he is. The wire I gave him came from an antique telephone. Probably forty years old. It was covered with green silk which had a certain weave. It could easily be identified. He is a fool."

"Did you destroy what remained of the wire?"

"No."

"And what else do you know?"

"Ah, it is not the wire alone. It is the whole business added up together. The wire is important because out of the wreckage—fragments must have been sifted—they will leave no stone unturned in the whole of Belgium until someone is found."

"What else?"

"He carried the pieces of the mechanism home from the shop in the bottom of his lunch box. And I even saw him once on that street. And he saw me and knows that I understand."

"What street?"

"On the street near the Comedy Theatre where it happened."

"And so you are certain?"

"Yes. Dead certain. The wire would prove it. Or even one thread of that green silk. Even if it were charred, the weave around the wire would identify it . . . One million reward! He is certainly not worth it. For us it would mean freedom, salvation." But his heart beat steadily: "No, no."

Finally she said softly: "Victor, do you mean to say that you would become an informer, an agent of the enemy?"

"Not an agent," he said quickly. "But a million is a million. Someone is sure to have it. We would go away to the country where no one would know us. Juliet and I could get married and soon the war would be over and then—a million is a million. We could travel. Later we could even settle in America. We could have a house. A farm," he spoke faster and faster. "Fresh milk. Fresh butter. Meat. No fears. No hunger. We could be happy . . ."

"Happy!" she cried. "What kind of happiness are you talking about? With the blood of an innocent man on your hands!"

"Innocent!" he laughed. "You call him innocent!"

"He is more than innocent."

"How more?"

"He is a hero."

For a moment he had no reply. "He is a man without friends!" he said finally.

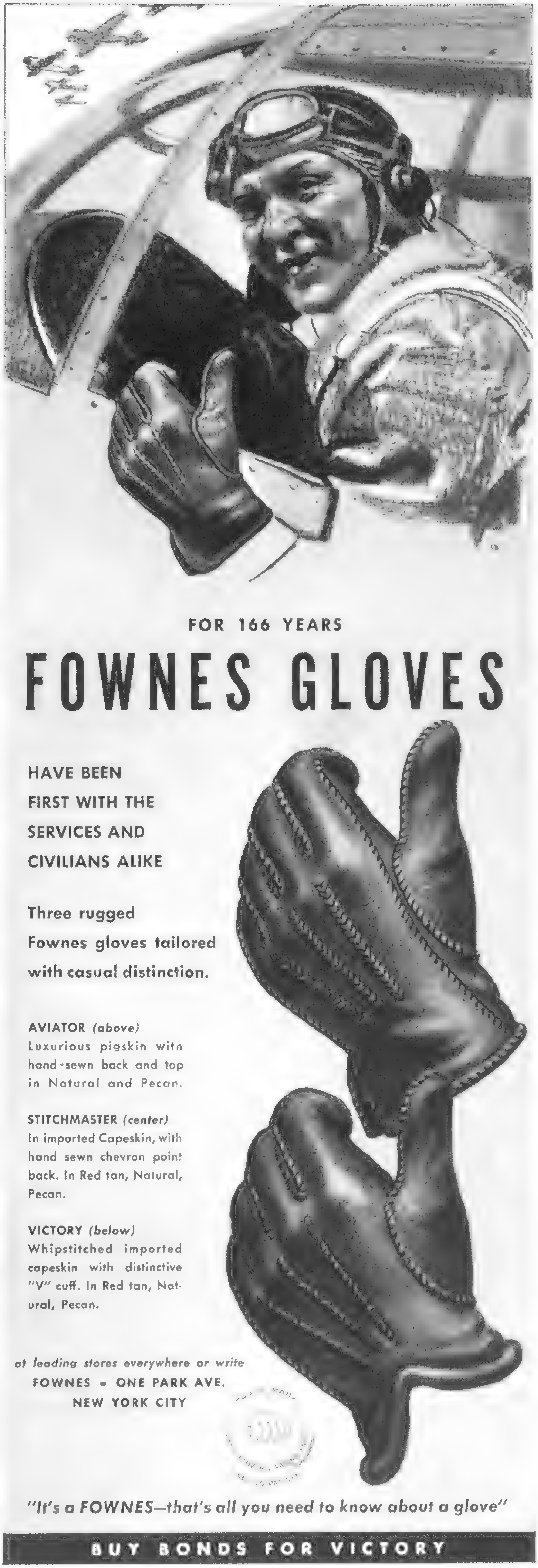
"I do not believe it. You are only inventing things against him."

He did not reply.

"This thing will not happen," she said to herself. "He will not do this thing!"

"Where is Juliet?" asked Victor finally.

"She is out gathering together



FOR 166 YEARS
FOWNES GLOVES
HAVE BEEN
FIRST WITH THE
SERVICES AND
CIVILIANS ALIKE

Three rugged
Fownes gloves tailored
with casual distinction.

AVIATOR *(above)*
Luxurious pigskin with hand-sewn back and top in Natural and Pecan.

STITCHMASTER *(center)*
In imported Capeskin, with hand sewn chevron point back. In Red tan, Natural, Pecan.

VICTORY *(below)*
Whipstitched imported capeskin with distinctive "V" cuff. In Red tan, Natural, Pecan.

at leading stores everywhere or write
FOWNES • ONE PARK AVE.
NEW YORK CITY

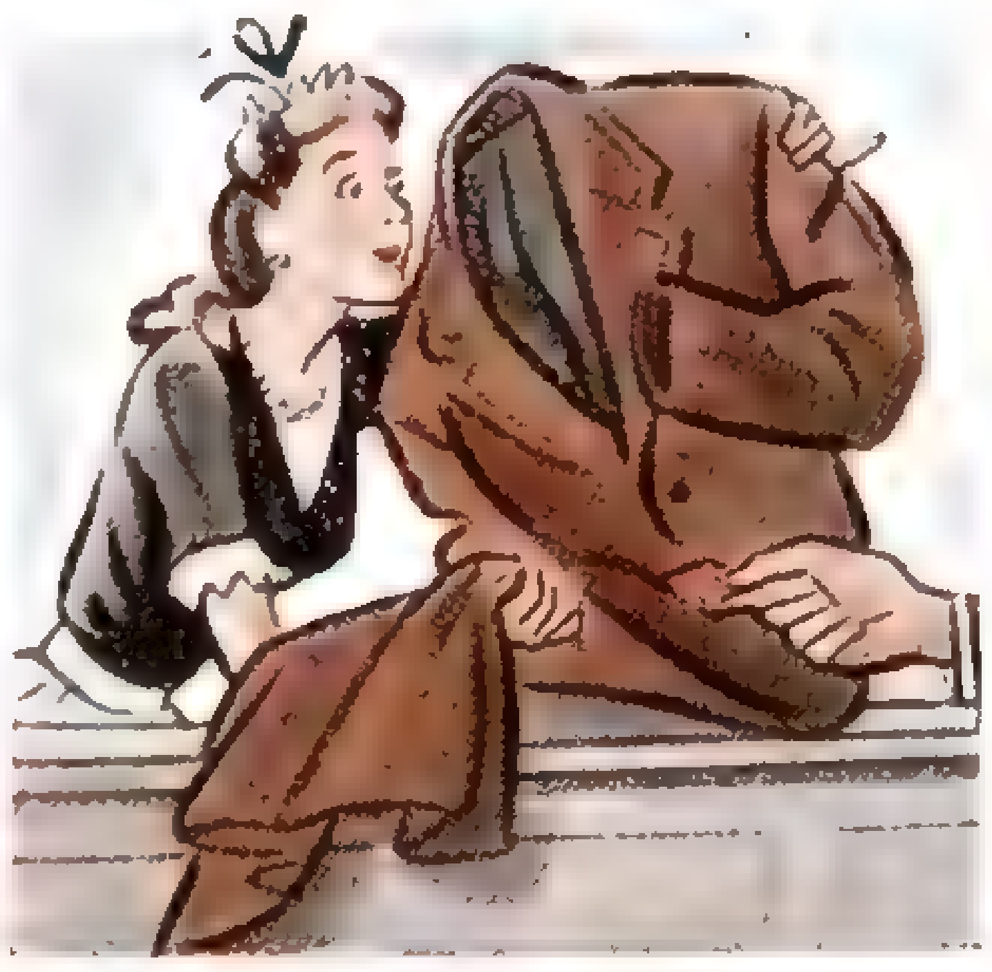
"It's a FOWNES—that's all you need to know about a glove"

BUY BONDS FOR VICTORY

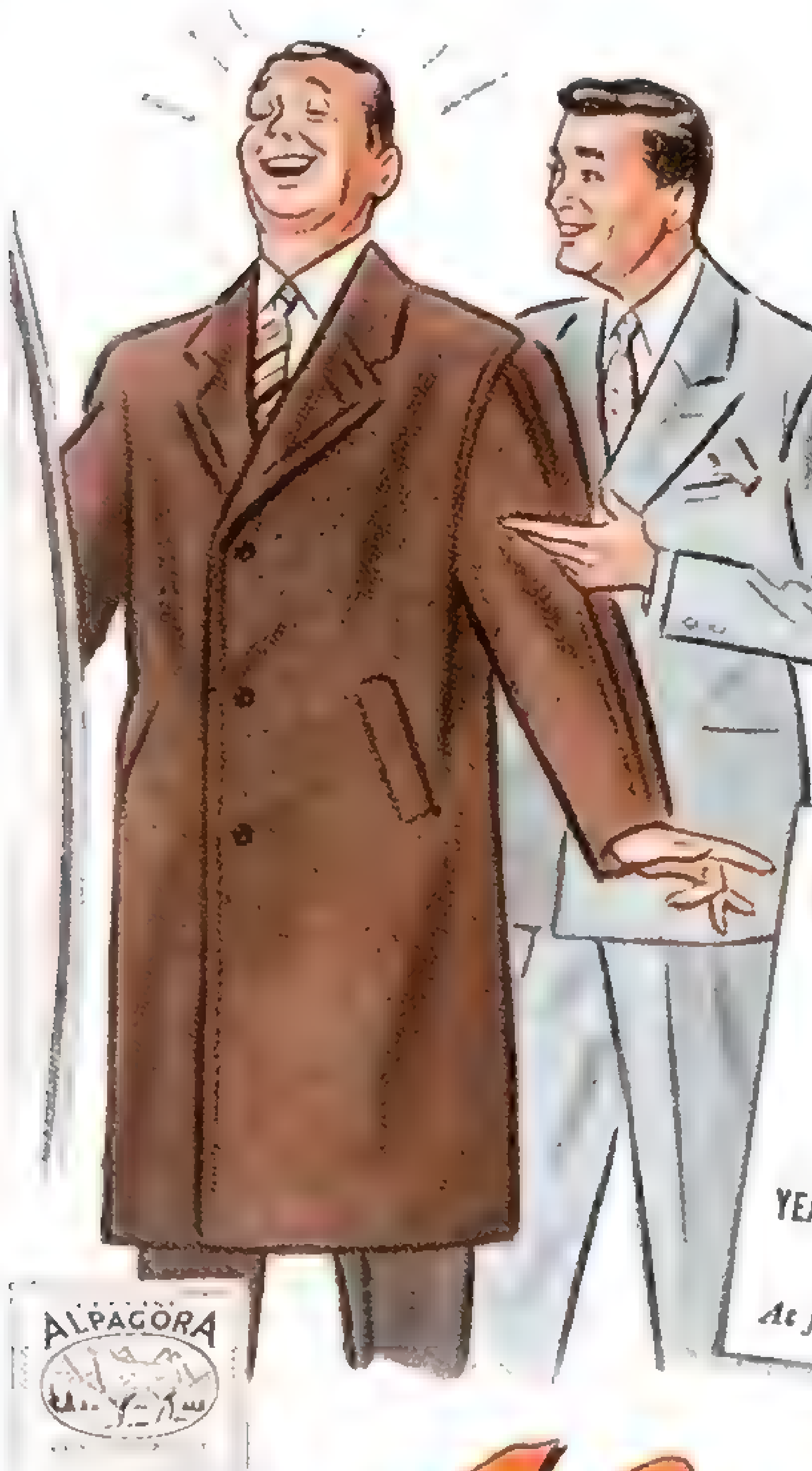
"I knew you were different ...the minute I touched you!"

1 "So that's what makes you so velvety —your double-dense fabric!"

2 "Yes, and that gives me my muscle and stamina, too. Do you know I'm the long distance long-wear champ?"



3 "You won't mind if I tip off some of my other good customers to Alpagora, will you? It'll mean tips for me, too."



4 "What gives Alpagora that rare combination of luxury and long wear? The special construction of the fabric. It has twice as many wool fibres on its surface as the average coat. *Double-dense*, textile scientists call it. Gives it that deep, rich texture . . . and makes it remakably resistant to wear. I've been selling Alpagora coats for years, and they've always made staunch friends for me."

THE TOPCOAT $32.50
THE OVERCOAT $37.50

At fine men's shops & department stores. Stratbury Manufacturing Co., Galion, O.

NOW FOR WOMEN, TOO

Yes, Alpagora is now available in feminine editions, too. Same famous fabric and same man-tailoring in the classic models.

YEAR 'ROUND TOPCOAT WEIGHT $32.50
OVERCOAT WEIGHT $37.50

At fine women's shops and department stores

GENUINE Alpagora

• REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

THE COAT WITH THE DOUBLE-DENSE* FABRIC

The Million Franc Reward

Continued from pages 58-159

some food for our supper. It gets harder and harder. But she should be back soon."

A long silence fell, and his mind was once more caught by that dream of grandeur. "With a million francs Juliet would not be spending half a day waiting in long queues. It is harder for us than for many. We were brought up in ease and comfort. And certainly Magda and Juliet never knew privation. A million francs. It would be for them." He repeated the words "for them" a dozen times, as though these words could be hammered into a wedge and the wedge driven into his brain. But his heart beat hard: "No, no! No, no!" Suddenly the door opened. It was Juliet. She threw down her bundles and exclaimed: "Victor! What brings you home so early?"

"Ah," he said quietly, rising from his chair, "I thought I was tired and feeling poorly."

"Yes. I am glad you are here." She threw her arms about him and kissed him. "I have news to tell you. Do you know why food has been cut down this week? Did you see the yellow posters that were on the streets?"

"Yes," Victor replied.

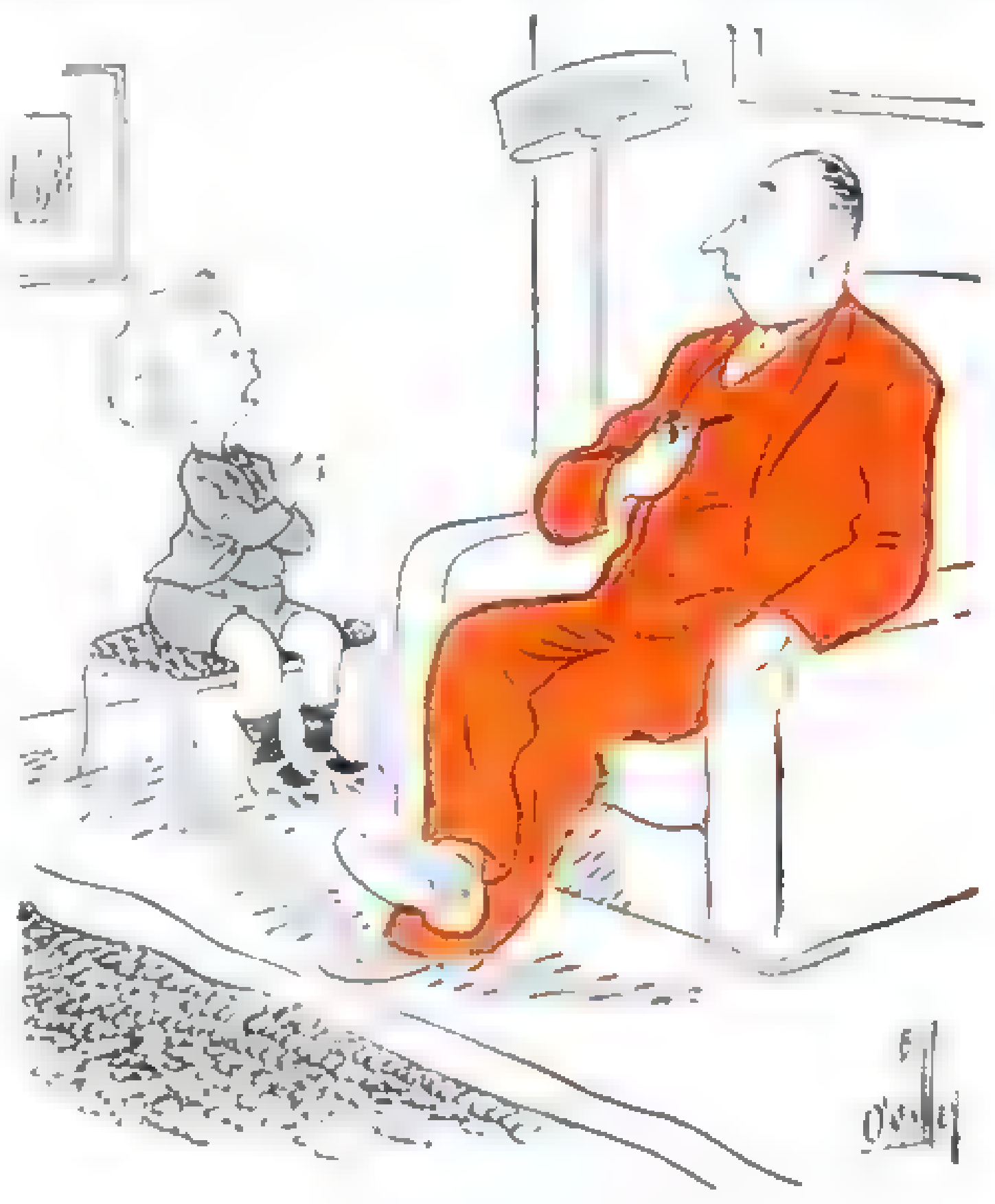
"It is all one thing. I stopped at Doctor Doriot's to see if he could give me something for my headaches and he told me."

"What?" asked Magda.

"The Germans are desperate but they know their physiology. There are wrecks every week and in all parts of Belgium Nazi officers and men have disappeared mysteriously. The load is too much for the Germans and they know now that by terror alone one cannot conquer."

"But the yellow posters?" he asked.

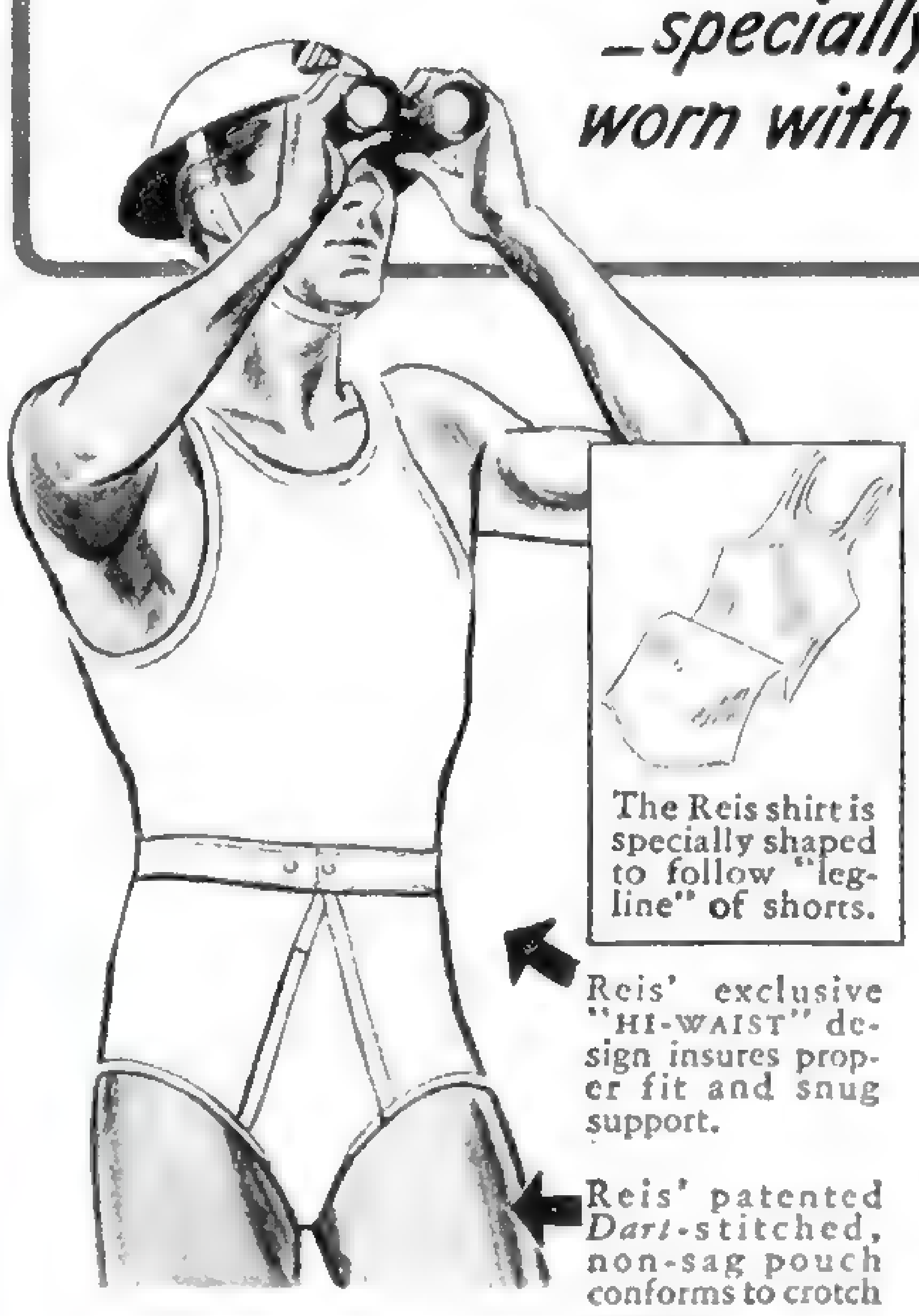
"Ah, it is all one. The swine are offering a million francs reward. They are desperate. And Doctor Doriot says they are counting on the reduced food to trap their victims. To him it is all a medical



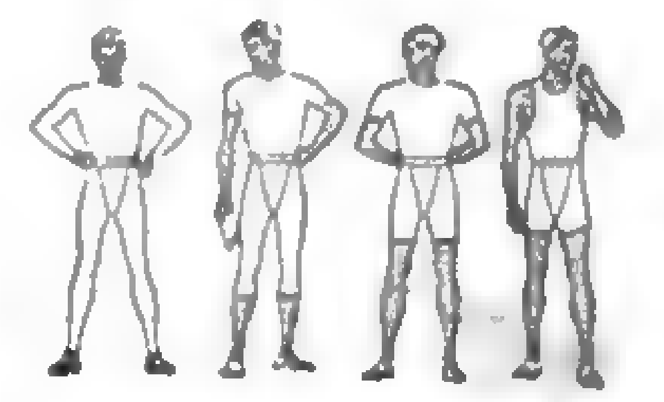
"Let's keep the conversation on a high level, Dad—leave my allowance out of it"

Of course you'll want the MATCHING SHIRT

—specially designed to be worn with REIS *Scandals*


The Reis shirt is specially shaped to follow "leg-line" of shorts.
Reis' exclusive "HI-WAIST" design insures proper fit and snug support.
Reis' patented *Dart*-stitched, non-sag pouch conforms to crotch contour.

Here's the shirt men really go for! Neat, trim, cool as an ocean breeze, it's designed to be worn with Reis Scandals. Actually shaped to follow "leg-line" of the shorts. Buy both Reis shirts and shorts for greater comfort! Only Reis Scandals gives you the patented *Dart*-stitched, non-sag pouch which conforms to crotch contour and gives *real support!* We are making every effort to keep our dealers supplied—and to meet the heavy demands of the Armed Forces.



★ Five styles—year round weights. ★

CHANGE TO REIS FOR GREATER COMFORT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

UNDERWEAR
SPORTSWEAR
PAJAMAS • HOSE

ROBERT REIS & COMPANY
2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY

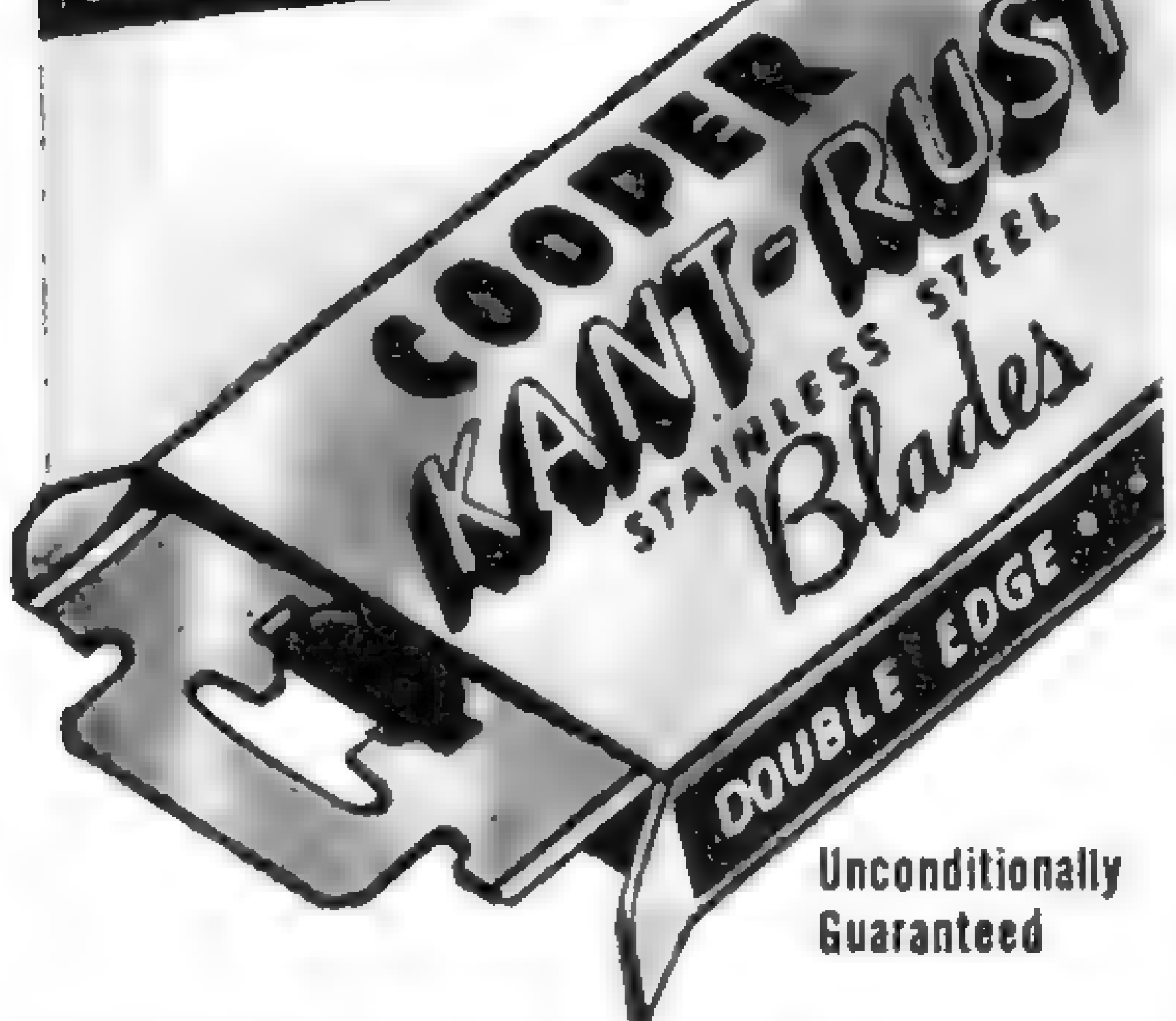
The Blade of Tomorrow Now!

AT LAST!
HERE'S A REALLY NEW SHAVING INVENTION!

My first new COOPER KANT-RUST BLADE gave my tough beard 26 perfect shaves without removing the blade to wipe and dry... I just rinse the razor ...and keep on shaving!

GUS EDSON
CREATOR OF "THE GUMPS"

15 to 30 SHAVES per BLADE
19 TIMES TOUGHER STEEL
NO WIPING • NO DRYING



Unconditionally Guaranteed

KANT-RUST BLADES are made of patented AEB Swedish Stainless Steel—costing many times more to produce. *They can't rust—ALL OTHER BLADES WILL RUST,* regardless of brand or cost...unless wiped and dried.

IDEAL GIFT FOR SERVICEMEN!

For damp or dry climates, with or without hot water.

Get **Trial Package** from your dealer (3 Kant-Rust Blades) 25c. If dealer can't supply you **mail coupon today!**

COOPER SAFETY RAZOR CORP.
35 York Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please send —
☐ 12 new Cooper Kant-Rust Stainless Steel Blades . . $1.00
☐ 60 new Cooper Kant-Rust Stainless Steel Blades . . $4.75
Name ____________
Address ____________

condition. First come the headaches. Then the sleepy and heavy eyelids. The hair becomes dry and brittle for lack of oil and a rheumatic weariness sets into the joints. Sleep creeps up upon one. Instead of the normal eight hours, one needs ten and even twelve. One rises from bed as tired as one entered it. Then come the dark rings under the eyes and black spots on one's lips. One's head feels large and heavy. It is an effort to walk and then one begins to breathe in deeply, for the reduced organism requires more oxygen to burn. Here is the point of danger!"

"What danger?" asked Victor.

"From this point on, the moral sense of right and wrong is weakened. Day by day it grows weaker. The will of a person is made watery. It is then that girls sell themselves to enemy soldiers and men who never in their normal state would dream of . . . Ah! They are no longer men. They are only creatures of circumstance and ready to accept anything. It is upon these poor limp creatures that the enemy depends. It is they who will point the finger."

"Yes, yes!" cried Victor. "It is true!"

And he buried his head in his arms and wept.

"What is wrong?" asked Juliet.

"He is not well," replied Magda. "That is why he came home so early."

He raised his head and said: "Tell the truth, Magda. She has described my own symptoms. I came home . . . The devil has entered my soul. The million francs reward has tortured me."

"Then you know?" asked Juliet in a whisper.

"Yes."

She faced him in silence. She did not ask how he knew or who it was.

Finally she took a deep breath and continued rapidly: "And Doctor Doriot had a lot more to say. He said that the sword cuts two ways. There are other symptoms also. And they who conquer soon . . . They too! They are far from home. And they dream of home. The climate is different. The life strange. The people unfriendly. Fears creep in. With each act against them they grow worse. They must find out who is responsible. Order is necessary for their peace of being. A million francs is a cheap price! At night they cannot sleep for they know that around them is an iron ring of enemies. The ring is bound to tighten. They have been told that the enemy will respect and obey them. But they find this is false. The winters are long. And so tension grows daily and a nervous twitch comes to their faces. This grows into an uncontrollable terror. Many officers, said the doctor, crack badly after only a month or two in Belgium. And many take to screaming at night. They are quickly removed to some mountain retreat. The morale must be kept up strictly. But daily it becomes harder. And they know that the day must soon

Continued on page 162

THE Taylor-Made SHOE

PROOF THAT CUSTOM CHARACTER NEED NOT BE EXPENSIVE

Although we are working for Uncle Sam, too, there are still Taylor-Made shoes for you. And they are made with the same scrupulous care in the selection of leathers and materials which with unremitting insistence on fine craftsmanship, have built their reputation for value over fifty years. For your convenience, below is a partial list of the leading stores which carry Taylor-Mades.

E. E. TAYLOR CORPORATION, Boston, Mass.

Allentown, Easton, Bethlehem, and Reading, Pa.	Farr Bros. Co.
Altoona, Pa.	A. Simon & Co.
Amsterdam, N. Y.	Goetz Shoe Co.
Ashland, Ky.	The C. H. Parsons Co.
Atlanta, Ga.	Davison-Paxon Co.
Baltimore, Md.	Goodman's
Bangor, Me.	The Enterprise Shoe Co.
Battle Creek, Mich.	H. A. Preston Co.
Beaufort, S. C.	Wallace & Danner
Boston, Mass.	Stetson Shoe Shop
Brunswick, Ga.	A. J. Gordon Dept. Store
Buffalo, N. Y.	Kleinhans Co.
Cambridge, Mass.	Leopold Morse Co.
Charlotte, N. C.	Tate-Brown Co.
Chicago, Ill.	Mandel Bros.
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	Halle Bros. Co.
Coatesville, Pa.	Hyman's Men's Shop
Cortland, N. Y.	Sarvay Shoe Co.
Council Bluffs, Iowa	Joe Smith & Co.
Daytona Beach, Fla.	Nelson's
DeLand, Fla.	V. M. Fountain Co.
Denver, Col.	Gano-Downs Co.
Detroit, Mich.	R. H. Fyfe & Co.
Des Moines, Iowa	Field Shoe Co.
Dover, N. J.	Hartman & Shorter
Durham, N. C.	Lipscomb-Gattis Co.
East Orange, N. J.	Harrison Bros.
Evansville, Ind.	Sater's
Fargo, N. D.	Strauss Esquire
Fayetteville, Ark.	Campbell & Bell
Findlay, Ohio	Turner-Fenstermaker
Galveston, Texas	E. S. Levy & Co.
Geneva, N. Y.	Conniff Shoe Co.
Greenville, Miss.	Johl & Bergman
Helena, Ark.	Smart Shoe Shop, Inc.
Hempstead, N. Y.	The New Shoe Store
Houston, Texas	Mosk's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Stauss & Co., Inc.
Ithaca, N. Y.	The Sport Shop
Kansas City, Mo.	J. J. "Jack" Schroeder
Kansas City, Mo.	The Schoenhard Co.
Lexington, Ky	Phillips Shoe Co.
Lincoln, Neb.	Magee's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Silverwood's
Macon, Ga.	Herbert Smart Clo. Co.
Martinsburg, W. Va.	Fiery's Shoe Store
Miami, Fla.	Cowan's
Middletown, Conn.	J. Poliner & Sons
Middletown, Ohio	C. E. Greathouse & Son, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Brown Clo. Co.
Nashville, Tenn.	Frank Scott's Shoe Store
Newark, Ohio	McDonnell & Son
New London, Conn.	Schablein's
New Orleans, La.	Schiro Shoe Store
New York, N. Y. 17 West 33rd St., 5 West 50th St., 365 Madison Ave.	The Nettleton Shops
Owosso, Mich.	Chase Boot Shop
Paterson, N. J.	I. J. Lefkowitz
Peoria, Ill.	Block and Kuhl Co.
Petersburg, Va.	Standard-James Shoe Co.
Phoenix, Ariz.	Bush Footwear
Philadelphia, Pa.	Stern & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Stetson Shoe Shop, Inc.
Portland, Me.	Gordon's, Inc.
Portland, Ore.	Armishaw's
Portsmouth, N. H.	Shaines
Princeton, N. J.	Thos. L. Brophy
Providence, R. I.	The Shepard Co.
Roanoke, Va.	Fox-Hunt-Loyd
Rome, Ga.	Higgins Shoe Co.
Saginaw, Mich.	Heavenrich's
Salt Lake City, Utah	McKendrick Shoe Co.
San Antonio, Texas	Guarantee Shoe Co.
San Francisco, Cal.	The Emporium
Savannah, Ga.	Morris Levy's
Seattle, Wash.	Turrells
Sioux City, Iowa	E & W Clothing House
So. Bend, Ind.	Robertson Bros. Dept. Store
Toledo, Ohio	LaSalle & Koch Co.
Trenton, N. J.	Geo. Weiss
Tulsa, Okla.	Clark's
Washington, D. C.	Julius Garfinckel & Co., Inc.
Wilmington, Del.	Sauter's Shoe Shoppe
Wyandotte, Mich.	Economy Shoe Store

THE Taylor-Made SHOE

FOR MEN WHO REALLY KNOW PIPES

Royalton

Royalton SPORTSMAN

Royalton CAMPAIGNER

ROYALTON $5
Silver Crown
Choice Grains

The Pipe that makes a Good Tobacco Taste Better

So often today — a man turns to his pipe as the one comforting source of relaxation. And men who are highly discriminating in their taste make Royalton their pipe preference. For they know that the pleasure a Royalton brings will remain long after ordinary pipes have been laid aside . . . Pre-tested for smoking satisfaction.

Royalton

WHEREVER BETTER PIPES ARE SOLD

© 1943 — Henry Leonard and Thomas, Ozone Park, N. Y.

The Million Franc Reward

Continued from pages 58-159-161

come." She finished breathlessly.

"The day must soon come." He repeated her words, rising from the table. "What time is it?"

"Five o'clock," replied his sister.

"I must go."

"Where?"

"I must find him."

"Who?" asked Magda, warily.

"The one who . . ." He said no more for he could see she understood him well.

"Why?"

"Because it is necessary."

"But why?" she tapped her foot.

"Why? Because I must tell him something. I must tell him that . . . He may suspect that I know and he may have fears. After all, a million . . . I must talk with him."

"Where would you find him?" asked Juliet.

"He is still at work. At five-thirty he will be leaving the factory."

His movements were quick and sharp with decision. In only a moment he had pulled a cap onto his head and gone out the door.

Magda looked at the closed door as if she could watch him going down the stairs. Juliet looked at Magda, questioningly.

"He was acting strangely," said Juliet at last.

Magda turned her head and looked down at the floor, for her eyes had filled suddenly with tears. "He was not well. He is better now." She stood up and straightened her dress. "You and I must go out, too."

"Yes?" said Juliet. "Why?"

"To Dr. Doriot. I did not know where to go, before." She smiled.

Juliet nodded. "I wondered . . ." Her voice lowered to a whisper. "Another movie house?"

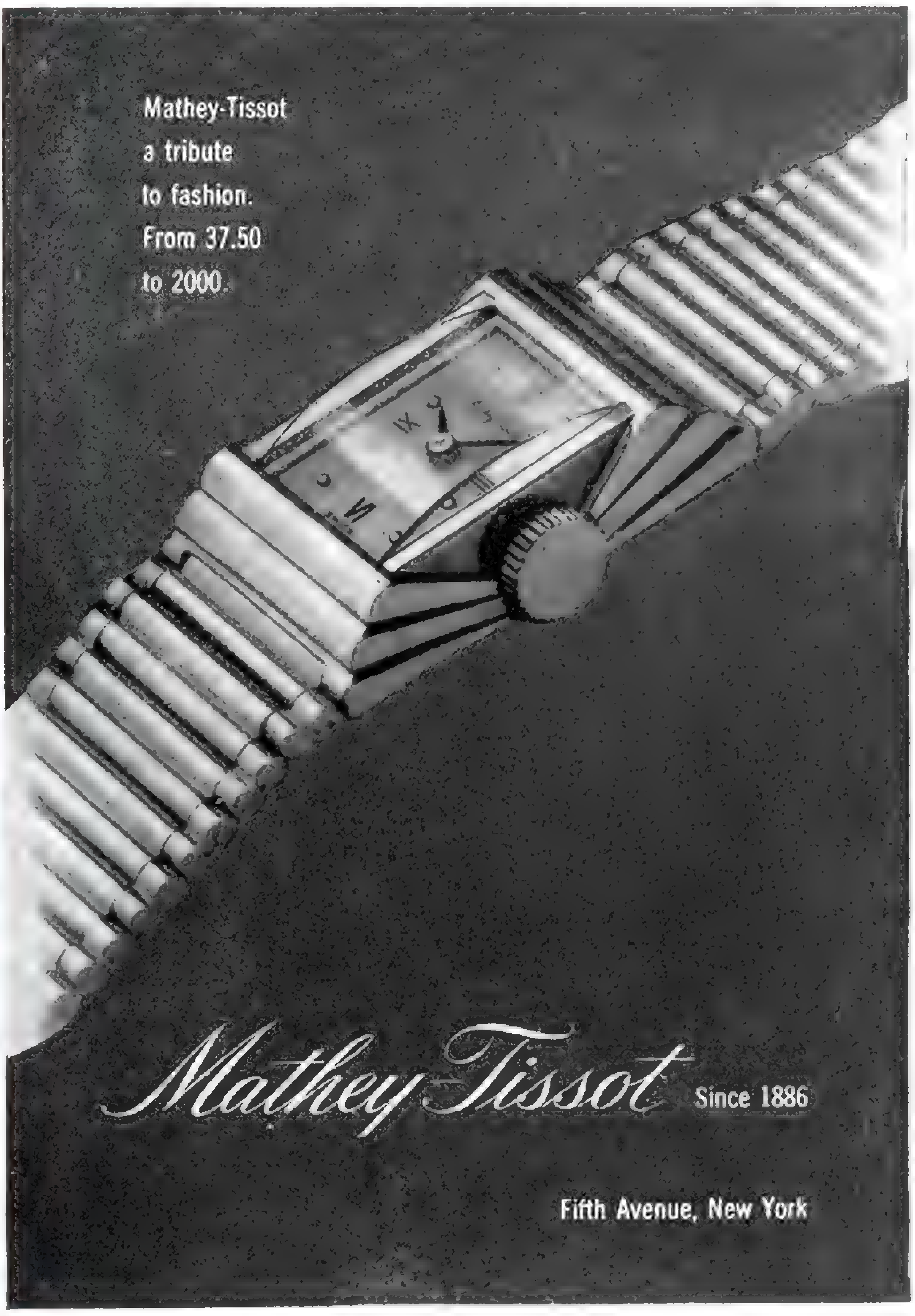
"I don't know. We will be told."

"But Victor? Will he be all right? Should we wait for him to return?"

Magda shook her head slowly, but a smile lightened the paleness of her face. "We will never need worry about Victor again . . .

"Come, we must go . . ." #

WESTERN UNION
-ALI-



Mathey-Tissot
a tribute
to fashion.
From 37.50
to 2000.

Mathey-Tissot Since 1886

Fifth Avenue, New York

So You're STOUT

HERE'S HOW TO Slenderize YOUR FIGURE

You'll look many pounds lighter, and feel it too. For V-Line's exclusive slenderizing design brings you new comfort and freedom. If you're a big fellow, or just starting to "bulge" try V-Line. You'll find as wide an assortment of fabrics as you could wish, in both single and double breasted models. Not a regular suit cut in larger sizes, but scientifically designed and tailored to make big men look smaller....feel smaller!

V-LINE Slenderizing STOUT SUITS

Your clothier or department store can obtain a V-Line slenderizing suit quickly, because of V-Line's famous "In-Stock" Service. Or write direct for name of nearest V-Line store.

V-LINE CLOTHES CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Flying Begins on the Ground

Continued from page 49

much to maintain the continued hitting power of the A.A.F. and the R.A.F.

The Air Service Command is actually a junior in the Army Air Forces. Supplying and repairing planes was formerly done by a section of the Matériel Command. But aircraft have become more and more complex, and on October 17, 1941, Air Service was established as a separate command. In two years it has grown from a handful of officers to about a half million. It not only has had to supply the airships of the U. S. Army Air Forces, but to organize and expand as it went along.

An outstanding example of how this has been done is the San Bernardino Air Service Command. In the Spring of 1942, it started with a personnel complement of nine. The site of the present San Bernardino Air Depot was an 1,800-acre tract of open country a few miles out of San Bernardino. For months, business of the depot and the Air Service Command's headquarters was conducted in office buildings, auditoriums, abandoned warehouses, and hotels scattered throughout the area.

Building the multi-million-dollar San Bernardino Air Service Command headquarters and air depot was only part of the job, however. More than 10,000 civilian workers had to be recruited and trained for highly technical and exacting work. Inasmuch as its personnel are generally not entitled to occupational draft deferment, the A.S.C. has had to recruit almost entirely from women, older men, and physically handicapped men. Practically without exception, these thousands of workers were entirely unskilled in the work they were to do. They had to be trained from scratch.

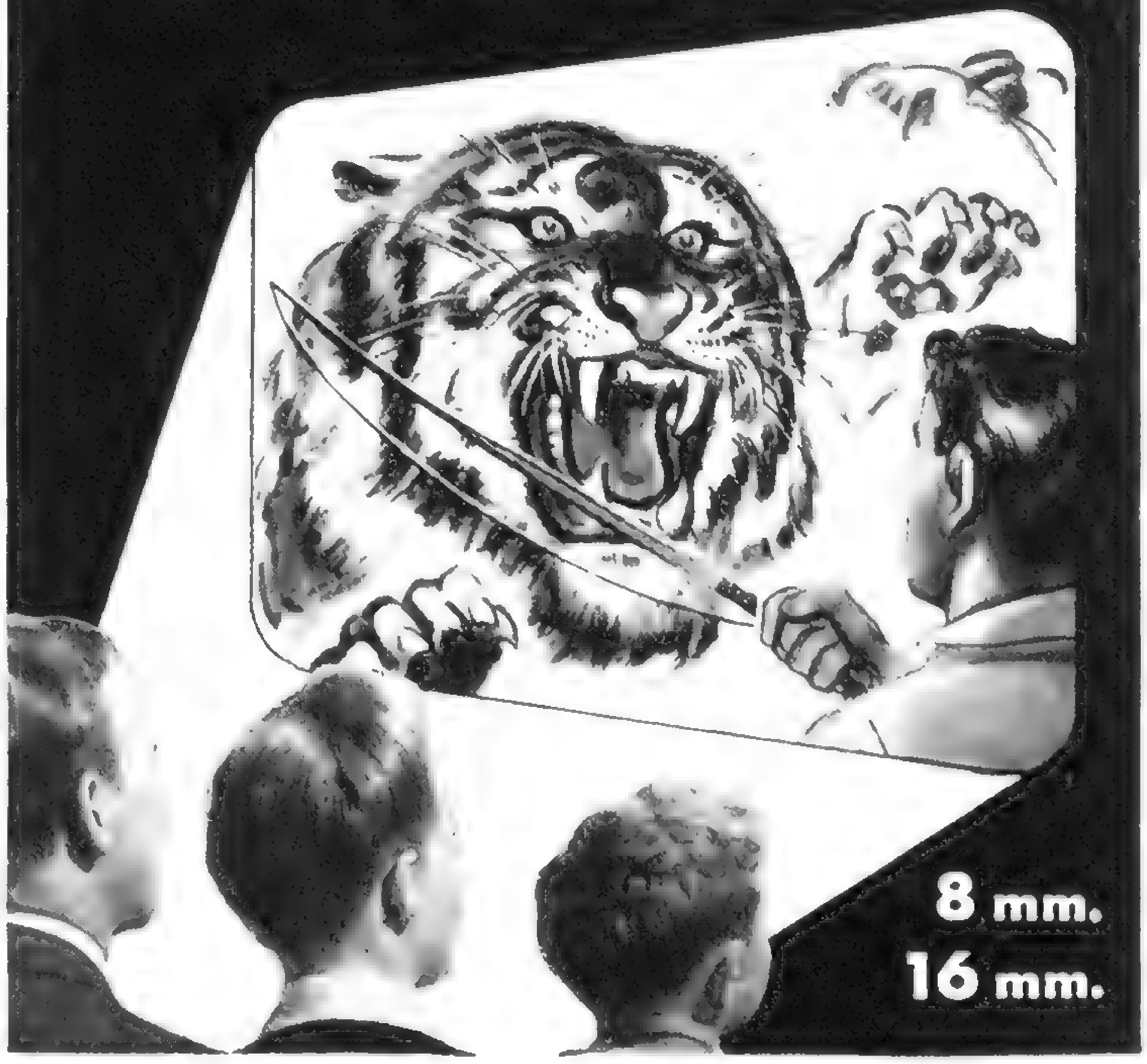
How this unique training program is conducted at San Bernardino Air Service Command would make a separate story in itself. Among its innovations is a process whereby the prospective employee selects his own job himself, through twenty separate "job experience" tests, covering the various categories of skills needed. With jobs of their own choosing, they are happier and more likely to succeed. So everybody is happy all around, including the A.S.C.

Not only in San Bernardino, but in every part of the country and in every overseas theater, A.S.C. personnel are working round the clock, seven days a week. Their slogan is "We Keep 'Em Flying." The next time you read about a Yankee air victory, remember those fellows on the ground who keep the planes in the air. ⧺

Answers to Flying Quiz on page 48:

1. b.
2. c.
3. c.
4. b.
5. d.
6. c.
7. b.
8. c.
9. a.
10. c.

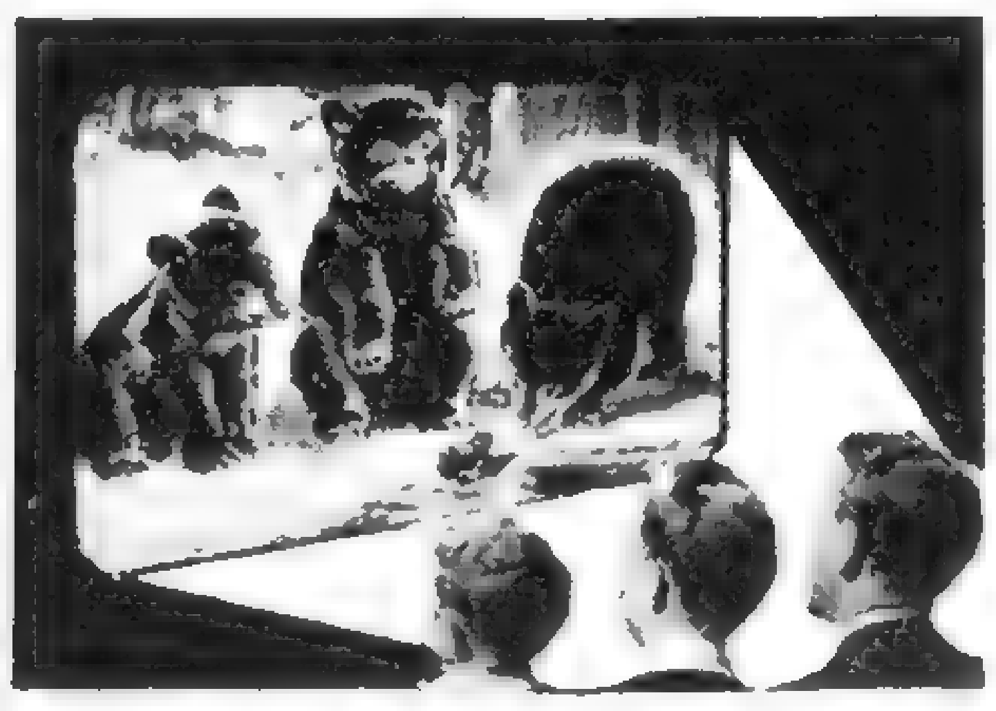
OWN THE MOST EXCITING HOME MOVIE EVER FILMED!



"CLYDE BEATTY'S ANIMAL THRILLS"

On your own screen! See Clyde Beatty in the ring with snarling jungle cats! See him face destruction every second! Watch him control born killers with sheer will-power! Here's a movie that makes you glad you own a projector... and makes you glad you're not a tiger-tamer! It's a super-thriller for kids and grown-ups alike! Give it to your family... to friends! Get it now!

"THREE LITTLE BRUINS"



This Castle home movie is pure delight. Three bear cubs meet baby foxes, an owl, skunk, and other animals in the woods. This is not a cartoon, but a picture of live, woodland creatures. Unspoiled. Charming. Amusing. Listen to your family go into gales of merriment as they watch the bruins' antics. Own this movie! Show it now!

FREE! New De Luxe Castle Films' Catalog describing 98 different thrilling home movies you can own! Profusely illustrated. Sports movies. Historic war movies. Travel. Adventure. Fun cartoons. Every projector owner should have it! Fill out and mail coupon now!

DON'T DELAY–See Your PHOTO DEALER or Send the Handy Order Form Below TODAY!

CASTLE FILMS INC.

RCA BLDG.
NEW YORK, 20

FIELD BLDG.
CHICAGO, 3

RUSS BLDG.
SAN FRANCISCO, 4

ORDER FORM

Send Castle Films' Home Movies indicated in the size and length checked.	8 mm.		16 mm.		
	50 ft. $1.75	180 ft. $5.50	100 ft. $2.75	360 ft. $8.75	Sound 350 ft. $17.50
"Clyde Beatty's Animal Thrills"					
"Three Little Bruins"					

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

E-11

Remittance enclosed ☐ Ship C. O. D. ☐

Send Castle Films' FREE DeLuxe Catalog ☐

SURRENDER
She will if you give it:
He will if you wear it:
Surrender
the perfume that spread Ciro's fame
. . . and many a woman's!
$5 · 10 · 17.50 · 32
(plus taxes)
CIRO
Your War Bonds will bring unconditional surrender sooner!

The Distressing Guest

Continued from page 71

and washed my hands as well as I could, under the tap.

Then I sank upon a *chaise longue* with a suppressed groan. I knew I would sleep no more that night.

In the morning I bathed, shaved and dressed.

Then I went downstairs. Mary's husband was in the living room. He was alarmed when he saw my face. Mary came in almost at once.

"I have a horrible confession to make," I gasped. "I have destroyed your beautiful guest room. I shall never forgive myself — not ever."

I explained in brief, hideous detail what had occurred that night.

Brownlea laughed forcedly.

"Fine work, old man. And a thousand thanks. I never liked that shade of wall covering and neither did Mary. Did you, darling? You never said so, because you thought I liked turquoise. Well, I do like turquoise—in sea water. But after all—a bedroom isn't Bermuda, is it, old man? Don't give it another thought."

Mary paled — but she smiled bravely, laid her hand on my arm.

"Poor Charles—how terribly you must have felt. And it really doesn't matter at all."

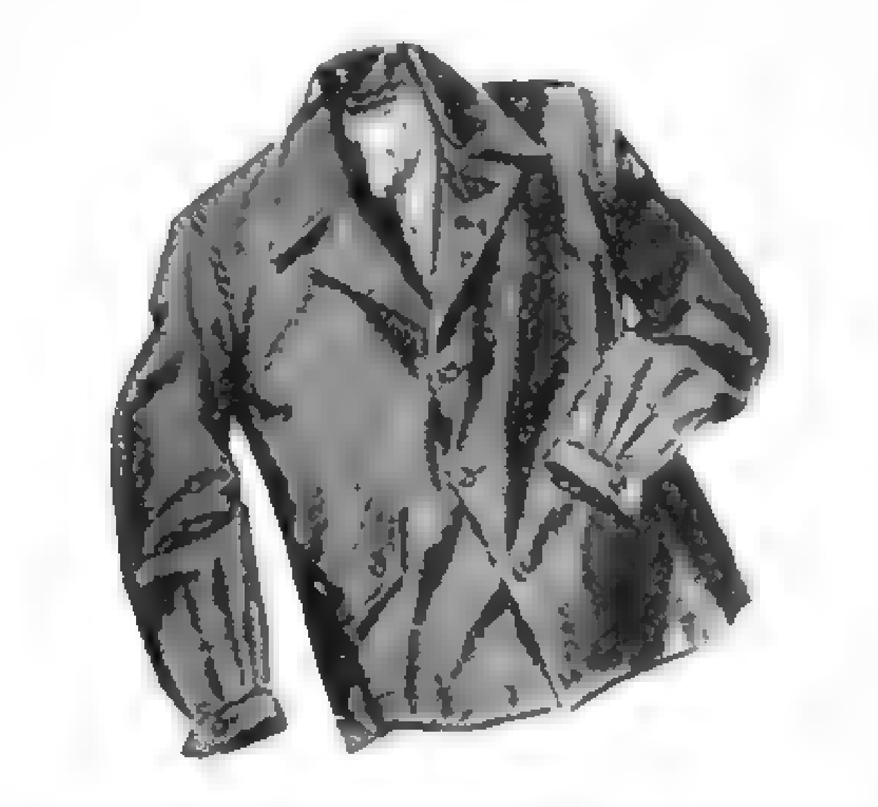
"You will have the decorator do the room over," I stammered, "and send me the bill."

"We shall not," insisted Brownlea, too boisterously. "We owe you a debt of gratitude for giving us an excuse to change the hangings. Forget it, Charles, old man."

"The rug—I'm afraid," I mumbled, "you must replace that."

"Now don't let's talk about it anymore," Mary said. Her eyes were misty and her lip trembled. But her kindly woman-heart could not permit her to throw the coffee pot at my head. "Come— breakfast is served."

Of what was said at that perfectly appointed breakfast table I recall nothing. I do not remember whether I ate my bacon and eggs or left them on the plate. I drank a little coffee, black and



Processed blue cotton ski jacket with red wool lining has become a general utility garment.

Nothing She'd Love More than a Gift from Cartier!

Smartest of ear clips — gold daisies, ruby centers, $210 a pair; the **first ladies' self-winding** waterproof wrist watch — shock-resistant, dust-proof, non-magnetic 17 jewel beauty in stainless steel, $65; shell effect gold ring, $44; and topping all — her diamond engagement ring — a large selection, all gem stones in the famous Cartier settings, from $87 . . . Prices include Federal Tax . . . *Mail orders filled carefully.*

Send for our booklet on diamond engagement and wedding rings

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK 22

LEKTR°LITE
FLAMELESS LIGHTER
Needs
NO PAMPERING
NO TAMPERING

LEKTR°LITE is the fighter's lighter because it needs no pampering. It works anywhere, anytime, under any conditions because it's FLAMELESS. NO FLAME to blow out in the wind, gale or slipstream. It needs no tampering, either — no wheels to spin, no spark to fail. And in the dark, there's no revealing flame, flare or glare, thus enabling our boys to smoke at night. *That's* the kind of lighter service men need* — and they're getting it! Every LEKTR°LITE goes to the front into the hands of a fighting man!

*Reprints of letters we have received from service men overseas are available on request

There is plenty of LEKTR°LITE FLUID for those owning prewar LEKTR°LITES. So fuel up your lighter — the more you use it, the better it works!

IT'S THE FIGHTER'S LIGHTER
TODAY..YOURS TOMORROW
LEKTR°LITE
Flameless Lighters

LEKTR°LITE CORP., 1907 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 35, N. Y.

hot, and burnt the roof of my mouth. Later I found half a slice of toast, buttered and daubed with marmalade, in my coat pocket.

It was their utter decency and comprehension of my state of mind that made the thing intolerable. Mary, I knew perfectly well, would go sobbing back to her couch the moment I was gone. I counted the laggard seconds that must intervene before I could decently withdraw.

Pleading urgent business, at last I managed to get away.

Brownlea drove me downtown and I got into the first bus leaving the public square. I did not discover until an hour later where the bus was going. It took me to a city where I had no business but my grief, and no remedy but throbbing repentance and remorse.

* * *

For two years I avoided Middleford. Time passed and I was presently able to think of something other than Mary Brownlea's anguished eyes.

At last I knew it was impossible for me to escape my crime by running away from it. I must face the thing and think it through to a conclusion.

Staying away from Middleford, I came to see, finally, would do no good.

I would remember—and Mary would remember. And she would know that I was remembering, for she knew me as did nobody else on earth. She might, indeed, suffer more in silent sympathy for me than she did over the wreckage I had wrought in her beautiful home.

So in the end, I knew I would have to go back.

Marching to the death house would have been easier.

I did not announce my intention of visiting them once more, either to Mary or her husband.

I could not trust myself so far.

Until I found myself shambling up the Brownlea's front walk, I was not sure my courage would hold out, and that I wouldn't turn back from the ordeal.

It was Summer. The front door was open. I pressed a button, but heard no bell.

Then I heard Mary's voice. She was calling:

"Chinky—Chinky—Chinky!"

Some fatal impulse of perversity—a sudden unaccustomed spirit of bravado, perhaps—prompted me to open the screen and enter the hallway unannounced.

I found my way into the cozy living room which I so well and painfully remembered. There was Mary's piano; on the table a vase of roses. There in shadow was the deep brown leather chair.

From the side yard came Mary's lovely voice. The room was darkened, its blinds drawn against the Summer heat.

"Chinky—Chinky—Chinky!"

I was weary—I had walked from the bus depot. But mostly my exhaustion was the consequence of the struggle that had been going on in my inner con-

Continued on page 166

THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

The joy of ownership!

There is more than successful shooting in the possession of a fine gun. It belongs to the group of personal articles for which a man develops affection—his watch, a favorite fly-rod—his dog.

To the true sportsman a good gun is like a picture or a beautiful sculptured piece in his home as well as a beloved weapon in the field. Looking at it is a joy. Cleaning it is a happy occupation.

The world's gun-makers are busy on different tasks now. Yet we still have a few fine guns that came from their hands. And when the war is over, these artists and craftsmen will again send to us the products of their hands and brains.

In the meantime, we are serving to the extent of our ability, men who are interested in guns and everything pertaining to them.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CHICAGO 2, ILL.: VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE 9 NORTH WABASH

NEW
Plastic Rainwear

New "Style King" Raincoat
Plastic coated material—smooth, supple and waterproof. Raglan sleeves—slash pockets. Transparent glass buttons. No. X959 in Blue, Black or Brown $9.95

New "Style Princess" Raincoat
Smooth, supple, waterproof plastic coated material. Raglan sleeves, two box patch pockets. Transparent glass buttons. No. X957 in Black, White, Maroon, Light Blue and Navy Blue..$9.95

"Style Princess" Marquisette Raincoats
A beautiful new type plastic coated highly lustrous waterproof material. Finely tailored, bound throughout, with charming Peter Pan style collar. Raglan sleeves. Two box patch pockets. Transparent glass buttons.
No. X958 Crystal..................$11.95

"Doubl-Prooft" Style Princess Rainwear
Women's Raincoat—Waterproofed on both sides. Soft and pliable. White, Red, Green, Blue and Olive Drab. No. X927......$6.95
(Attractive hood to match)..............75c
Women's Raincape—New plastic material waterproofed on both sides. White, Red, Green and Blue. No. X887..................$4.95
(Hood to match).......................75c

While stocks are necessarily limited—many dealers have adequate supply. Check with your dealer *today!*

S. Buchsbaum & Co.
MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1888 · CHICAGO

DEALER'S NOTE: Limited stocks on hand at our Chicago, New York and Los Angeles offices

The Distressing Guest

Continued from pages 71-165

sciousness—the battle I had fought to bring myself face to face once more with the gentle creature I had so cruelly wronged.

I sank into the brown chair.

I was not quite comfortable. Of this I became vaguely conscious, after a time. I was not quite conscious of it immediately.

Mary continued her pathetic search among the shrubbery.

"Chinky—Where are you? Here, Chinky!"

She was calling her Pekingese.

I do not care for lap dogs.

Mary, undoubtedly, loved her pet. Loved him a great deal.

If a dog is going to be a dog it ought to be a dog. What is the use of a dog that is no bigger than a small rabbit?

How much time had passed when the horrible suspicion crossed my mind I do not know—probably not more than a few minutes.

I rose from the chair as though I had felt the writhing coils of a cobra under the cushions.

The dog was there—quite dead!

It had been sleeping in the chair. I had pushed its body down into the crack beside the cushion and had stifled the creature as I sat down.

Reeling and weak—trembling with ghastly horror of the trap into which I had blundered—I stood holding the limp body in my hand. The thing looked more like a hank of reddish brown silk yarn than it looked like a dog.

AJAX PLUMBERS INC.
S.B.

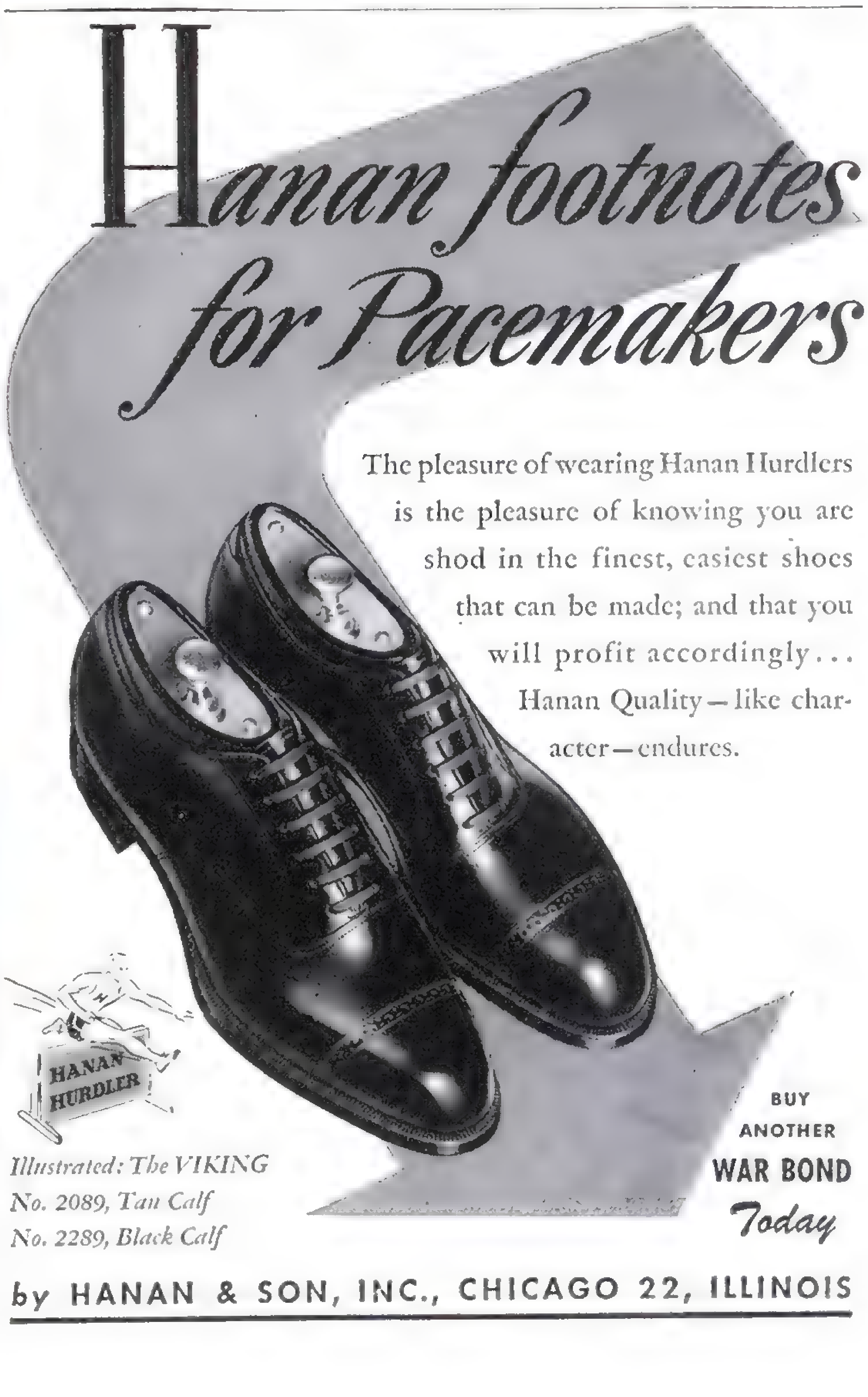
Probably none of my reactions could be described as thought. I did not think, then. I was past thinking. I felt crushed, beaten.

Like a sleepwalker in a Dantean dream, I stuffed the animal into my pocket and slunk out of that house, knowing it was forever.

The gods were with me. I was not observed.

As I scurried among the dwarf pines and arbor vitae, I heard a soft and plaintive call from the sunny side lawns.

"Chinky—my precious—where are you, Chinky?" ⫲


Hanan footnotes for Pacemakers

The pleasure of wearing Hanan Hurdlers is the pleasure of knowing you are shod in the finest, easiest shoes that can be made; and that you will profit accordingly... Hanan Quality—like character—endures.

HANAN HURDLER

Illustrated: The VIKING
No. 2089, Tan Calf
No. 2289, Black Calf

BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND *Today*

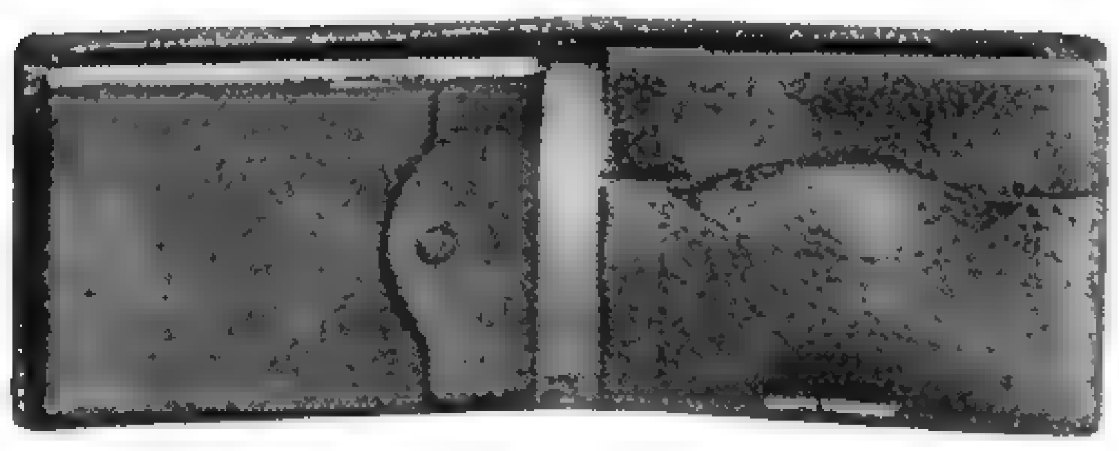
by HANAN & SON, INC., CHICAGO 22, ILLINOIS

MEEKER MADE
Fine Leather Goods

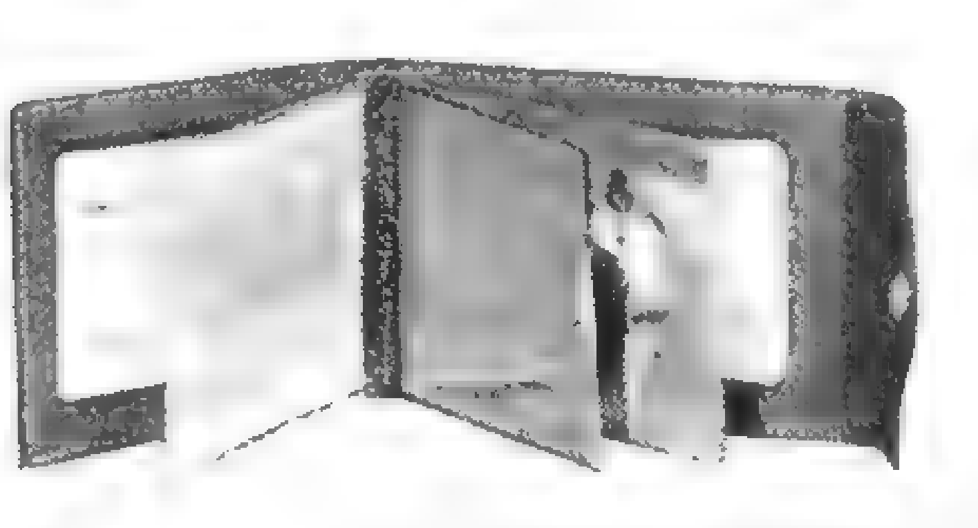
The DOUBLE-DUTY BILLFOLD

M
Scores with Men

Because it
Carries Those Passes
So Well!



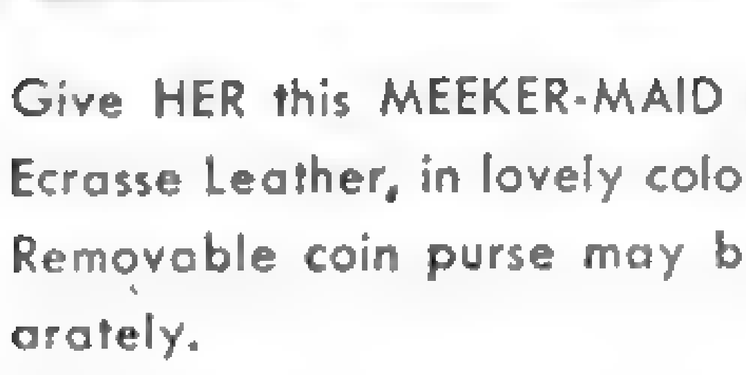
This newest MEEKER masterpiece—a combination Billfold and Removable Pass Case—is a "must" for busy men. It's neat, trim, compact—yet has a place for all the passes, cards, etc., you can think of!



Pass Case may be carried as part of Billfold, or separately. Holds 8 passes or cards. With Pass Case removed, you have a sleek, thin billfold, for evening wear.

MEEKER-MADE Billfolds, all noted for their fine quality, smart styling and expert workmanship, $1.00 up—At Dealers Everywhere.

Get THIS Little Beauty



for THAT Little Beauty!

Give HER this MEEKER-MAID Billfold of rich Ecrasse Leather, in lovely color combinations. Removable coin purse may be carried separately.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, Inc. • Joplin, Mo.
New York: 347 Fifth Ave. • Chicago: 36 S. State St.

MEEKER MADE
Fine Leather Goods

Wild Goose Chase with a Limit

Continued from page 56

a dense pattern of pellets in the track of the game not to kill with one ball, like a rifle. Veterans shoot at short-range when any size shot will prove fatal.

So into the pit you go. Some Boy Scout in the crowd has driven the car out of sight of the flock. The strip of light along the eastern horizon grows steadily and, finally, the fat, red sun rises out of the ground mists to herald the legal shooting hour. Shortly thereafter, if your choice of a field has been good, someone whispers, "Here they come." You are suddenly completely warm, where a moment ago you shivered.

As the birds approach, honking terrifically, they carefully re-examine every foot of the field. At last, their momentum having taking them well past the field, they circle and begin their glide.

Someone in the pits has been appointed shoot captain. It is his chore to yell at the proper moment. All others keep down, for a swivelling face might send the flock riding the air to safety.

"Take 'em!" yells the captain. Now, if you can hit one of the majestic birds flailing desperately at the air to get away, you will have bagged a honker. If you are keen and quick enough you may have bagged two, your limit, and can date events thereafter from this crowning moment.

Usually a flock will string rapidly into a feeding field. When several hundred are feeding their gabble is an uproar. Smaller flocks may feed in comparative silence. It might seem that a hunter could steal up on a feeding flock, Indian fashion, and get one on the rise, but this won't work, for the birds are always in a place from which they see a wide territory around them.

Fewer honkers will be shot this year because of ammunition and rubber shortage. But there are several spots where conditions favor hunters and large concentrations of geese may be expected, such as the Platte-Chamberlain area in South Dakota and the Bear marshes of Utah.

A beautiful spectacle of the honkers feeding and in flight may be seen on the Snake and Columbia rivers on the Pacific flyway. When resting on these streams the birds often have to fly up and down stream half a dozen times to get enough altitude to clear the gorge. When coming back they fly out to midstream, then butterfly deftly downward.

Big and boldly noisy as they are they look like easy game. But the only way to bag a honker is to earn one, with attention to the field in which they feed, to the sun and wind and proper placement of decoys. Once you have done that and had the thrill of bagging a brace of the snowy birds lesser game has lost much of its thrill. ##

Beneath Bancroft Smartness are New Exclusive Features

BANCROFT
Pak-Cap
CONSTRUCTION
PATENT PENDING *T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

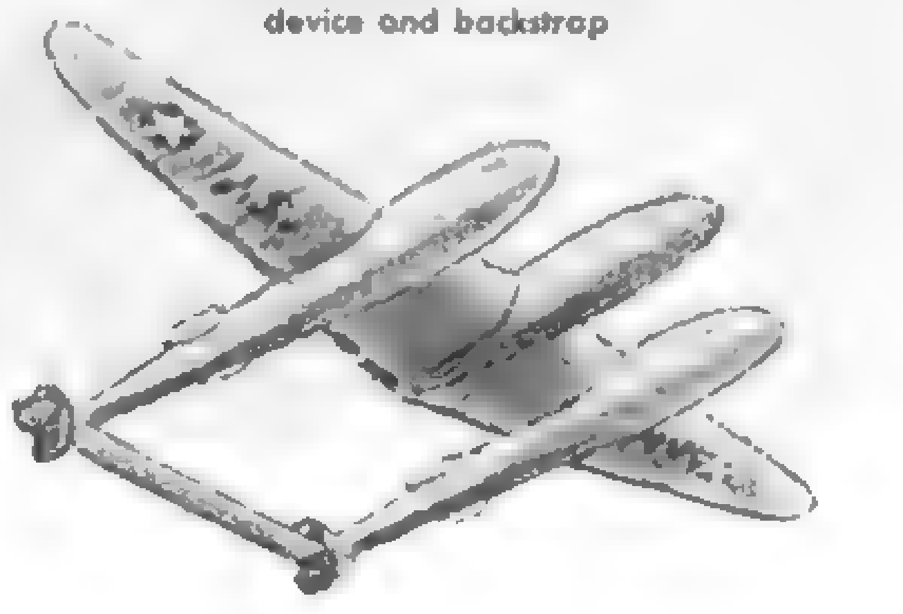
The only fur felt cap you can pack in your grip

Wales model
$15
Excluding device and backstrap

BANCROFT
"Flighter"
*T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The cap that stylized the American officer

$7.50
In elastique. Excluding device and backstrap



THERE'S more than meets the eye in a Bancroft cap. For the makers of Bancrofts have created the only important improvements in military caps in years. The "Flighter" started an entirely new style trend . . . became a symbol of the air corps and was later adopted by officers in other branches. The "Pak-Cap", also a Bancroft exclusive, is the only crush proof fur felt available. Both are products of the knowledge and skill of almost a half century of specialization.

BANCROFT
Military Caps

At better stores everywhere. Bancroft Cap Company, Boston, Mass.
Write for free booklet: HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR BANCROFT CAP.

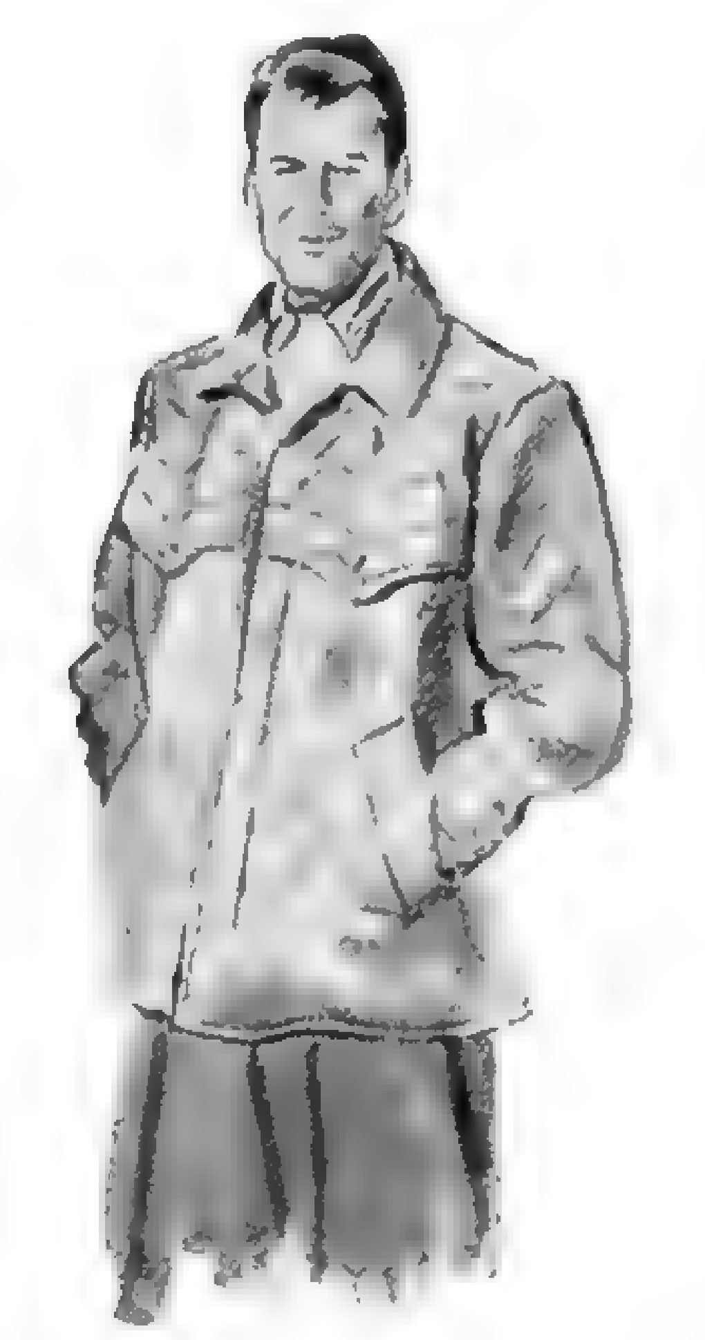
treat yourself to...
CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY
...and soda
CORONET
VSQ
Fine Brandy
CORONET BRANDY
Buy War Bonds first!
CORONET

California Grape Brandy 84 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, N. Y.
Tune in "Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival of Music" starring
Morton Gould's Orchestra and Alec Templeton over C. B. S. each Wednesday evening.

Oakland, Home of the Squirrels

Continued from page 64

but remained outside the screwball classification include: Louis Guisto, former Cleveland first sacker, Bruce Cunningham, ex-Boston hurler, Carl Zamlock, who once performed with Detroit, fighters Dave, Billy and George Shade, Ray Kremer, ex-Pittsburgh twirler, ball players Seacap Christensen, Milt Steengraffe, Bernie De Viverous, John Gillespie, Hack Miller, Eddie Lake, Eddie Fernandez, Les Scarsella, John Babich, Ray Lamanna, Lou Fonseca, Dutch Leiber, Herb McQuaid, Billy Hollander, Harry Krause, Buzz Arlett, Jimmy Reese, Ralph Kress, Fritz Muller and Tommy Fitzsimmons.



Suede jacket, patterned after model worn by British seamen in the North Atlantic, has quilted shoulder pieces. Pointed ends of these form pocket flaps.

Although Harry "Cookie" Lavagetto was never considered a candidate for the Society of Screwballs, he did much for Oakland. He had been besieging Victor Devincenzi, president of the Oakland team, for a berth but was given a trial by the Seals in 1932. He lasted two days and was back on Devincenzi's doorstep, to no avail. Then a week later in a busher's charity game Lavagetto fielded like a major leaguer.

Devincenzi signed Lavagetto and a year later, when the club needed money, sold him to Pittsburgh for enough cash to meet the situation. He is now with a Naval Air Base unit near Oakland.

Oscar Vitt was born in San Francisco but he has lived on the west side of the bay for years and is a former Oaks manager.

Walter "The Great" Mails was in large measure responsible for Cleveland winning the 1920 pennant and then taking the World

FABRIC IS MADE FROM
100% WOOL
NAPHTHALATED

Says

DR. WOOLLIE LAMB . .

WORSTEDS are choice wools with a college education. They are wool PLUS, that is, plus the extra refinement process of combing, plus extra spinning operations in making yarns. NAPHTHALATED WOOL WORSTEDS have still another great PLUS...they are made from *100% Wool Naphthalated*, that is virgin wool gently cleansed in naphtha to preserve life, strength and resiliency of wool fibers. Clothes made from quality-value Naphthalated Wool Worsteds are so identified. Look for label or tag when buying. Arlington-loomed Naphthalated Wool Worsteds, are a sound investment in outstanding quality-value.

ARLINGTON MILLS
LAWRENCE, MASS.

BUY BONDS . . . BUY NAPHTHALATED

PLAIN FACTS FROM THE

ROYAL DUKE GREMLINS
I'M PUMPING PETE! I CONDENSE THE MOISTURE IN HERE—SO IT SMOKES 17% DRIER!
I'M FILTER FRED! I FILTER THE SMOKE SO IT'S 23% COOLER!
I'M GREMLIN GUS! I TRAP 238 MG. OF TAR AND NICOTINE PER PIPEFUL!

ROYAL DUKE IS THE ONLY PIPE WITH A

PUR-O-MATIC BIT

That's Specially Designed to Trap Impurities!

● Yes, the Gremlins go to town for you when you smoke a Royal Duke Pipe. Every Royal Duke is equipped with a PUR-O-MATIC BIT, specially designed to trap impurities. It combines a filter in a special self-contained device and an exclusive condensation chamber that cools, dries and cleans the smoke. Continental Briar Pipe Co., Inc., York and Adams Streets, Brooklyn, New York.

Standard $1.50 De Luxe $2.50
Supreme $3.50

Royal Duke

At best counters. U.S. canteens overseas. Ship stores around the world!

Series from Brooklyn. Walter was born in the shadow of the walls of San Quentin where his father was a guard and his mother postmistress. Oakland squirrels claim him for the Society of Screwballs.

A few months before the blow up in 1929 he quietly sold all his stocks and advised his friends to do the same. At the outbreak of war Mails, bordering fifty, joined the Marines. He is a staff sergeant now and an example to the young men of America.

Jack Dempsey, Jimmy McLarnin, Gunboat Smith and Willie Ritchie top the list of ringmasters who got their start in Oakland. Dempsey and Jack Kearns landed in Oakland in 1917 with the future entirely ahead of them. Tommy Simpson, dean of the West's boxing promoters, came to the front for them.

As for what a true Oaklander will do when the spirit of his native soil wells up in him, take the case of Pat McDonough. He is head of a major Oakland war plant now but back in 1908 he was one of the best runners on west coast tracks. Twenty years after his retirement as a runner he was at a fashionable nearby country club one St. Patrick's morning. A friend at the club had bought a race horse for $1,500 dollars and was proudly exhibiting the animal.

"That shambling, cow-hocked, ewe-necked plater," said McDonough. "For fifty dollars I'll beat him at forty yards."

The race was run and with the advantage of a flying start McDonough won by two yards.

Sid Snow was named the year's outstanding cameraman after his production—with his father, the late H. A. Snow—of an epochal big-game picture made on the African veldt in 1919-1921. The film was released in 1924 and was placed among the ten best.

Before his climb to fame Sid had taken a thorough working over. Sid was built like a Tony Galento and had been a star athlete at St. Mary's. With his eye on the championship Sid approached Tommy Simpson. Sid's father conferred with Tommy and asked the promoter to match Sid with the toughest heavyweight that could be found.

Tommy obliged by pitting the young white hope against a hard hitting trial horse, one "Battling Savage." It was a four round thriller. Sid stuck to the end and made it close, but afterward his father was able to haul him off to Africa. Today he is the director of the Alameda County zoo.

In listing Metropolitan Oakland's contributions to the sports world, the natives go back no further than World War I. They don't talk of Pop Van Haltren, who starred in the big leagues nearly fifty years ago. Nor do they boast of Maurice McLoughlin, tennis sensation of three decades ago. There's nothing of the wistful "has been" about the Oaklander. He does not live in the past. ###

Essential
...FOR ACTIVE MEN

PROFESSIONAL MEN . . . doctors, lawyers, dentists . . . are "doubling up" on work these days. It's up to them to fill the shoes of their war-absent colleagues . . . and their own. That's tough on the feet. But many of these busy men have made Wright Arch Preserver Shoes part of their "regular equipment". *Every* active man who is working harder, walking more, should take advantage of the four exclusive features of these fine, durable shoes. You'll appreciate the energy-saving relief, the honest-to-goodness foot comfort.

A thousand fine dealers carry these top quality "essential" shoes. Below is a partial listing. If your city is not included, write to E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. E-11, Rockland, Massachusetts.

4 PATENTED COMFORT FEATURES
1. Patented Shank
2. Metatarsal Raise
3. Flat Forepart
4. Correct Arch Fitting
WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

WRIGHT
Arch Preserver
SHOES

Akron	M. O'Neil Co.
Albany	Beaumont's
Allentown	Wetherhold-Metzger
Atlanta	Geo. Muse Clo. Co.
Atlantic City	Katzinger's
Baltimore	N. Hess' Sons
Beaumont	White House
Birmingham	Selby-Bonfield
Boston	Graham Shoe Co. Filene's Men's Store Walsh Shoe Shop
Bridgeport	Meigs & Co., Inc.
Brooklyn	Phone WI 7-6540
Buffalo	A. M. & A's
Canton, O.	Vicary's
Charleston, S. C.	Condon's
Charleston, W. Va.	Diamond
Charlotte	Gilmer-Moore
Chicago	Marshall Field
Cincinnati	Potter Shoe Co.
Cleveland	Stone Shoe Co.
Columbus	Walters Shoe Co.
Dallas	Volk Bros. Co.
Dayton	Hageman's
Decatur	Folrath & Folrath
Denver	Fontius Shoe Co.
Des Moines	Field Shoe Co.
Detroit	R. H. Fyfe & Co.
Elizabeth	Hilgendorff's
Evansville	Combs Shoe Co.
Flint	The Hub
Fort Wayne	Selby Shoes
Fresno	Reliable Shoe Store
Grand Rapids	Steketee's
Greensboro	Rob't Sills
Harrisburg	Crego's
Hartford	G. Fox & Co. W. G. Simmons Corp.
Hollywood	Goodwin's
Holyoke	Childs
Houston	Sakowitz Bros.
Huntington	Foard-Harwood
Indianapolis	Marott's
Jacksonville	Levy's
Jersey City	Wenton's
Kansas City	Miller Shoe Co.
Knoxville	S. H. George
Lancaster	Shaub's
Lansing	Schaefer's
Lexington	Phillips
Lima	Crawford's
Lincoln	Haney's
Long Beach, Calif.	Dobyn's
Los Angeles	Gude's Inc. Bullock's
Louisville	Rodes Rapier
Lowell	Dickerman-McQuade
Macon	Macon Shoe Co.
Memphis	Oak Hall
Miami	Burdine's
Minneapolis	C. M. Stendal The Dayton Company
Nashville	Meador's
Newark	Funk, Lewis
New Haven	Emerson-Darby
New Orleans	Pokorny's
New York City	In Metropolitan New York are many dealers. For store most conveniently located — telephone Wisconsin 7-6540
Oakland	Chas. Kushins
Okla. City	Rothschild's
Omaha	Arch Preserver Shoe
Peoria	John Moser's Crawford's
Philadelphia	Cherry's Jacob Reed's Sons Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh	Kaufmann's Boggs & Buhl
Portland, Me.	Lamey-Wellehan
Portland, Ore.	Meier-Frank
Providence	Kays-Newport Thomas F. Peirce
Reading	Wetherhold-Metzger
Richmond	Miller, Rhoads
Rochester	Pidgeon's
St. Louis	Famous-Barr Co. Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
St. Paul	Emporium
St. Petersburg	X-Ray Shoes
Sacramento	Devlin's
Salt Lake	Thompson Co.
San Antonio	Frank Bros.
San Francisco	Sommer & Kaufmann
Scranton	Lewis & Reilly
Seattle	Nordstrom's Frederick & Nelson
Shreveport	Phelps
So. Bend	Selby Shoes
Spokane	The Crescent
Springfield	Morse & Haynes
Syracuse	Park, Brannock
Tacoma	Pessemier's
Tampa	Weil-Mass
Toledo	B. R. Baker Co.
Topeka	Payne Shoes
Trenton	Fischer's
Tulsa	Stern & Levy
Utica	Hughes'
Washington	Boyce & Lewis Raleigh-Haberdasher
Wichita	John Braitsch
Wilkes-Barre	Walters
Wilmington	Storm's
Worcester	Taymor's
York, Pa.	Newswanger's
Youngstown	J. W. Smith

For Women — Selby Arch Preserver Shoes, Portsmouth, Ohio

RENEW?
NIFTY CLEANSERS

"Why, My Dear Fellow, You Won't HAVE to Renew This Water Repellent Finish!"

"Why not?—Because it's Wat-a-tite. A normal amount of proper dry cleansing will NOT remove it. Positively, old chap; I've had Wat-a-tite raincoats before.

"You don't use soap in your cleansing solution? Of course not. That's what I meant by "proper". Soap doesn't actually remove Wat-a-tite, but it will affect its repellency if not thoroughly rinsed out.

"Fine raincoat indeed! Wear like iron. Wat-a-tite doesn't weaken the fabric, you know. And comfortable; fabric's still porous; no Turkish bath feeling.

"Yes, Wat-a-tite's available on various other kinds and brands of garments including hats, jackets, ski togs, hunting and fishing togs and what have you."

Ask your favorite clothier for Wat-a-tite garments.

Names of manufacturers using Wat-a-tite given to retailers on request.

MOUNT HOPE FINISHING COMPANY,
North Dighton Massachusetts

Trade Mark *Wat-a-tite* Registered
a LASTING water repellent finish
FOR COTTONS AND RAYONS

A Short Show for Albert

Continued from page 63

paced by two doughty destroyers that were sweeping the area ahead. A majestic Sunderland flying boat looked down on it all, and disappeared toward Iceland.

Flight Lieutenant Bacon, resigned and accepting the situation for what it was worth, appeared with his flying kit and began an earnest conversation with a flight-sergeant and an aircraftman helper. Albert stood off in the background, fumbling with his Mae West and parachute. He looked up at the contrivance, his hopes gradually evaporating with the giddy complexity of it all.

"Well, let's give the fleet a treat," Bacon said glumly, turning toward Albert. "You all ready, Sergeant?"

"I think so, Sir. Let's show 'em."

"I'll show you, and then you can show 'em," Bacon growled.

"Are you ready, Sir?" the flight-sergeant inquired.

"Wind her up while we climb into our kit."

They clambered into their rompers which included a seat-pack rubber dinghy. Bacon slipped a pair of head phones over his cap and completed his getup with a pair of lightweight gloves.

"Don't we need flying suits?" inquired Albert.

"What for? You'll wish you had a panama and a parasol as soon as the sun comes out."

The aircraftman stood by one of the long rubber pontoons on which the helicopter rested while the flight-sergeant started the motor below the rotor column.

"You see," explained Bacon with a Puckish grimace, "all you have to do is to put the rotors in gear and up she goes."

"Um," mumbled Albert, not fully convinced.

They climbed in and Bacon jacked his head phones into the radio set behind his seat. The helicopter was released from the holding-down cleats and began to bounce lightly on her pontoons. A RNVR 3-inch gun crew which had

BWH MFG. CO.
ZERO KING SPORTSWEAR
BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

When war work is done, relax in a casual, easy-going, hard-wearing, warm-as-toast Zero King—waterproofed and lined with soft-pile fabric. Be sure there's a Zero King label in your sportswear to be sure of service and satisfaction.

At leading stores, or write to B. W. HARRIS MFG. CO., Park Square, St. Paul, Minn.

STYLED for SERVICE

It's the Gift
of the Year in
LEATHER
by
Rumpp

Remember the day! A Rumpp leather gift keeps an anniversary remembered long after its page has been torn off the calendar. Give a Rumpp gift and it will be appreciated.

MULTIPLE 2 IN 1 WALLET—Special removable pass case for 5 passes. Thin, compact, just the wallet for the war worker or defense plant executive. Variety of leathers.

OVERNIGHTER—Traveling light? With the Overnighter, you are; for its slight bulk carries all the necessaries to good grooming—and with no space wasted.

PHOTOFRAME—For his favorite girl, or two—this wafer-thin photo case keeps her accessible for a quick glimpse for courage. Varied colors and many styles.

"The Sterling of Leatherware"

In all leading stores—identified by the Rumpp name. If you cannot find the Rumpp leather-gift of your selection, remember Rumpp is busy with war work too.

Rumpp
GIFTS OF LEATHER

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, PHILA., PA.
SINCE 1850

gathered on the platform cleared off like startled rabbits.

"There's really nothing to it," Bacon repeated. "Look, you just shove the throttle up . . . and there you are!"

To Albert's amazement, up she went. He hung on, held his breath just as he did in the elevator at Selfridge's, and swallowed hard. The pilot reached forward and drew a long black lever toward him and in a few seconds they were fluttering above the milky stern froth of the *Goodwick*.

"This is a war for your whiskers," Bacon grunted.

He eased the rotor lever away slightly and then moved the main control column forward. The helicopter moved away and bounced uncomfortably through the heat and smoke from the *Goodwick's* stack. The pilot pressed the left foot pedal and eased the control over and the machine skithered sideways and eventually moved along parallel with the course of the merchantman.

"It flies *sideways!*" gasped Albert. "Giddy, I calls it!"

"That's all there is to it," the flight-loot persisted. "Anything you want to do; just keep pushing or pulling things until she does it. I should have started that WAAF out on this."

Bacon slipped out from behind the control and at an altitude roughly equal to the height of the convoy jack-staffs, ordered Albert to take over.

"Try to fly her to that destroyer over there," he encouraged.

Albert squatted gingerly behind the cow-horn control column. His face had taken on the amazed expression of a goat that had suddenly found itself aloft in the basket of a kite balloon. He fiddled uncertainly with the bits and pieces until he had gathered in a general sort of way, how it all worked. In a few minutes he had guided it through a series of heavy-handed banks and canters, to a position above and alongside a destroyer that was knifing its way through the sun-gilded rollers.

"Here! Take it easy a minute," warned Bacon, showing a new standard of interest. "Doesn't that say *H-37* on the side of that destroyer?"

"As clear as day, Sir," answered Albert.

"Why that's the *Garland!*" Bacon cackled. "That's Prattle Tichbun's ship."

"I hopes they recognize us, Sir," Albert added as the helicopter rattled its rotors before the startled members of the deck crew. A hunched figure in a hooded convoy coat came to the wing of the bridge, stared across at the whirling apparition and fumbled for his binoculars.

"That looks like Prattle on the bridge now," beamed Bacon. "Ease back a bit, Nettlebed. I'm going down to have a look."

"But you're 'avin' a look, Sir!" argued Albert getting the first twinges of suspicion.

"Just pull back a bit on that control. That's it," Bacon ordered

Continued on page 172

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
Old Spice
Lather Shaving Cream
SHULTON
Spice
FRIENDSHIP

Our Course is Set

Today, as in the past, the original quality of Shulton products is being rigidly maintained. They remain exactly as you like them, with the same tangy Old Spice refreshment and well-bred character which have made so many loyal friends. The traditional excellence for which OLD SPICE Toiletries are renowned will be preserved for your shaving pleasure. Old Spice Shaving Soap *in the pottery mug,* $1.00. Old Spice Shaving Cream, *Lather or Brushless Type,* 50¢.

Conserve · Spend Wisely · Buy War Bonds

OLD SPICE AFTER SHAVE LOTION, brisk, cool and tangy. Sprinkler-top pottery container . . . $1.00.

OLD SPICE TALCUM, smooth and soothing—invisible. Shaker-top pottery container . . . . 75¢.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SHULTON, INC. • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.

A WINNER

SWANEE PRIDE LIQUEUR

100 PROOF

DELICIOUS STRAIGHT or MIXED

THE TOAST OF Southern HOSPITALITY

Swanee Pride Mint Julep
Use mint as you would serve any ordinary mint julep. Fill with ice. Add 2 oz. glass Swanee Pride. Shake or stir rapidly to frost glass. Add plenty of ice. Garnish with mint and cherry. Serve with straws.

Swanee Pride Manhattan
50% Swanee Pride
50% Dry Vermouth
Dash bitters, ice, shake, and strain

New England Cocktail
½ Swanee Pride
½ unsweetened grape juice
Ice, shake, and serve in cold cocktail glass

W. I. 123

TO ALERT DISTRIBUTORS
M. S. WALKER says — — Prepare now for the post-war period. • Write at once for exclusive territorial arrangements.

M.S. WALKER CO., Inc. BOSTON MASS.

SWANEE PRIDE
SWANEE PRIDE LIQUEUR
THE TOAST OF SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY
Straight or mixed, a delightful drink
MADE BY M. S. WALKER, INC.
Boston, Mass.
100 PROOF
4/5 QUART
ZIP YOUR LIP
SAVE A SHIP

A Short Show for Albert

Continued from pages 63-171

and opened the compartment door slightly. "Just put her over that aft gun turret. I think I'll go down and look old Prattle up."

"You . . . mean, Sir?" quaked Albert.

Bacon jerked impatiently at the control and trampled all over Albert's feet until the helicopter swished and grated into a position a few feet above the *Garland's* aft gun turret. Twisting in his seat, the flight lieutenant kicked a length of light rope ladder out of the door and began preparation for his departure.

"I'll go and look Prattle up," Bacon said again with delicious informality. "Just hold her heading in gently and then buzz off and have a bit of a patrol for yourself. I'll try to get you a bottle of beer from their ward room. You take a glass, don't you?"

"But Sir . . . ?" Albert protested weakly as Flight Lieutenant Bacon backed out of the doorway. He watched the young officer lower himself over the doorframe. He sat there gripping the control bar like a man throttling a twin-headed viper while the glassed-in nose of the cockpit pecked gently at the destroyer's aerial mast, like a nectar-seeking humming bird.

"Take her out in front and have a look around," Bacon explained, his chin in line with the floor boards. "You can come back and pick me up in half an hour. I must go and see old Prattle!"

In a few minutes Albert was alone, utterly alone, with three whirling rotor vanes slicing out tremendous discs of the atmosphere above him.

* * *

Pulling on the main control, Albert watched the destroyer charge away from him as the helicopter backed up. Flight Lieutenant Bacon could be seen teetering on the flash shield of the aft 4.7 Q/F gun turret, wagging a warning forefinger. Albert trusted that "old Prattle" would appreciate their effort at service cooperation. He reached over, carefully dragged the rope ladder in and closed the cockpit door with a bang.

With the left pedal and the main control depressed the helicopter swept past the *Garland* with all the grace and dignity of something discarded from a Mummers' parade. A round mug wearing a chef's hat came to a galley port, took one look and disappeared with a grimace of terror. Two ratings on the searchlight platform rolled up their bell-bottoms and tiptoed down the ladder. The lookout in the crow's nest decided he had "a touch of the snakes," turned his collar up and looked the other way.

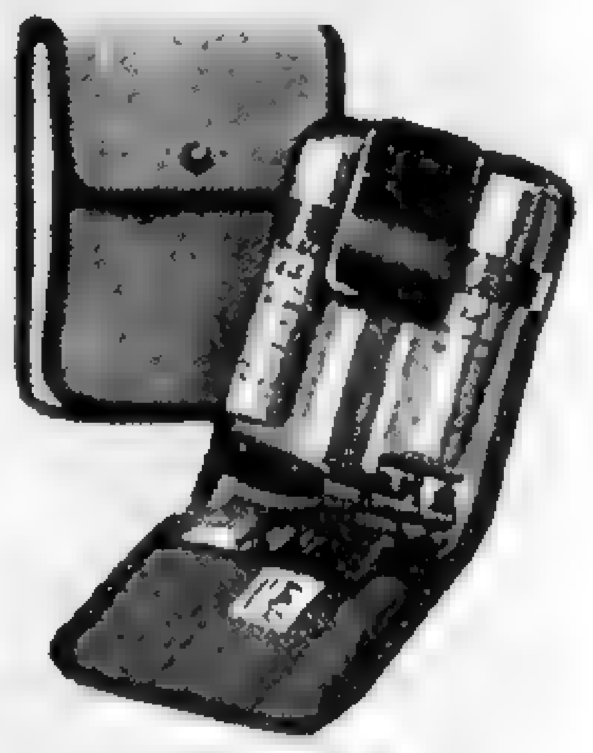
Albert set a course out ahead of the convoy and wondered whether he could manage for the next

FITS IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND

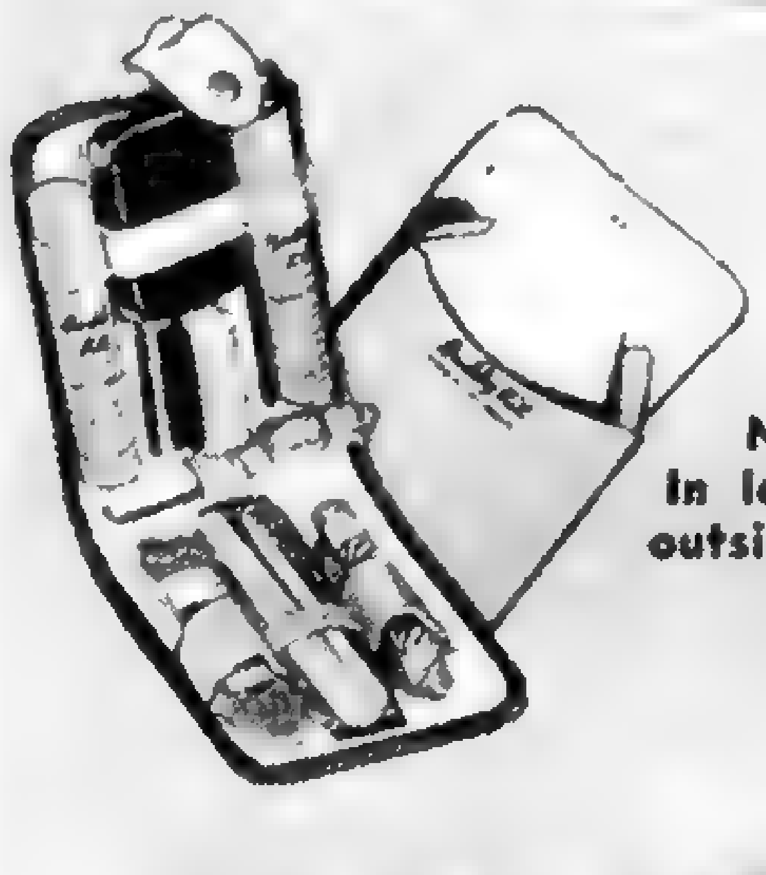
Buddy Kit★

to keep him clean and fit

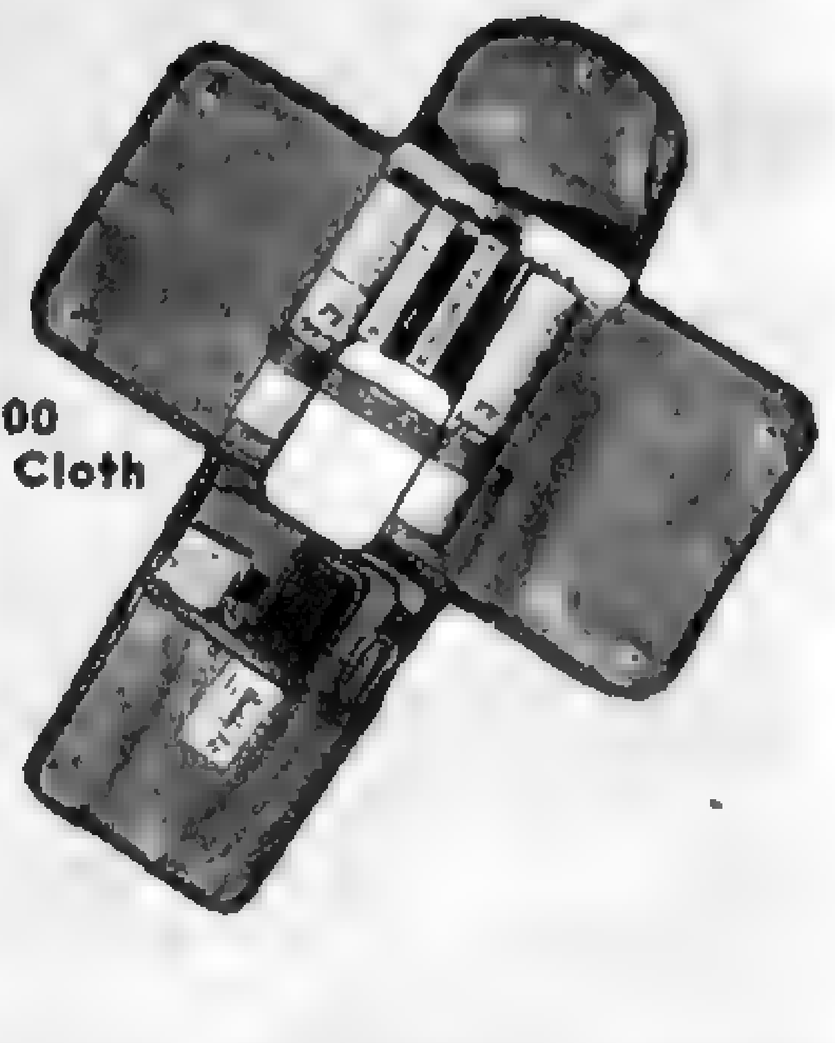
★ He can shave
★ He can bathe
★ He can file his nails
★ He can comb his hair
★ He can brush his teeth
★ He can mend his clothes



No. 3000
In airplane cloth with outside carry-all case.



No. 5000
In leather with outside carry-all case.



No. 600
Airplane Cloth

He can pass inspection in camp, on maneuvers, on leave or overseas if you send him a Buddy Kit—the compact sturdily built pocket-size utility kit designed especially for service men. Completely fitted with the necessary toilet requisites in refillable tubes. California styled in fine leathers or genuine airplane cloth (waterproofed). Army and Navy colors.

Sold at leading stores everywhere

AMERICA—The safest investment in YOUR life . . . Buy Another Bond Today

None Genuine Unless Stamped BUDDY KIT

The Buddy Kit Co.
Los Angeles 14, California
Pat. and Tr. Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

thirty minutes. He zoomed her up to the dizzy height of about 400 feet and began a sweep calculated to clear the ocean for the oncoming convoy. He tested his ability to turn and bank and managed to slobber through a series of amazing maneuvers that practically broke up the plodding stateliness of the convoy.

"That bloke's a caution, ain't 'e?" Quartermaster Blodgett of the *S. S. Murkrake* said to the first mate in wonderment as Albert went skating sideways through the smoke of a Canadian corvette.

Bloated with power, Albert headed west and left the convoy well behind. He swept back and forth carrying out his assignment. He dipped down and inspected slivers of planking. He hovered over slabs of broken lifeboats.

Then, ignoring most of the orthodox theories of flight, Albert pinwheeled into a flock of seagulls, fluttering and squabbling over a swirl of offal and garbage.

"Wot's going on 'ere?" he demanded and the gulls made it clear what they thought of him.

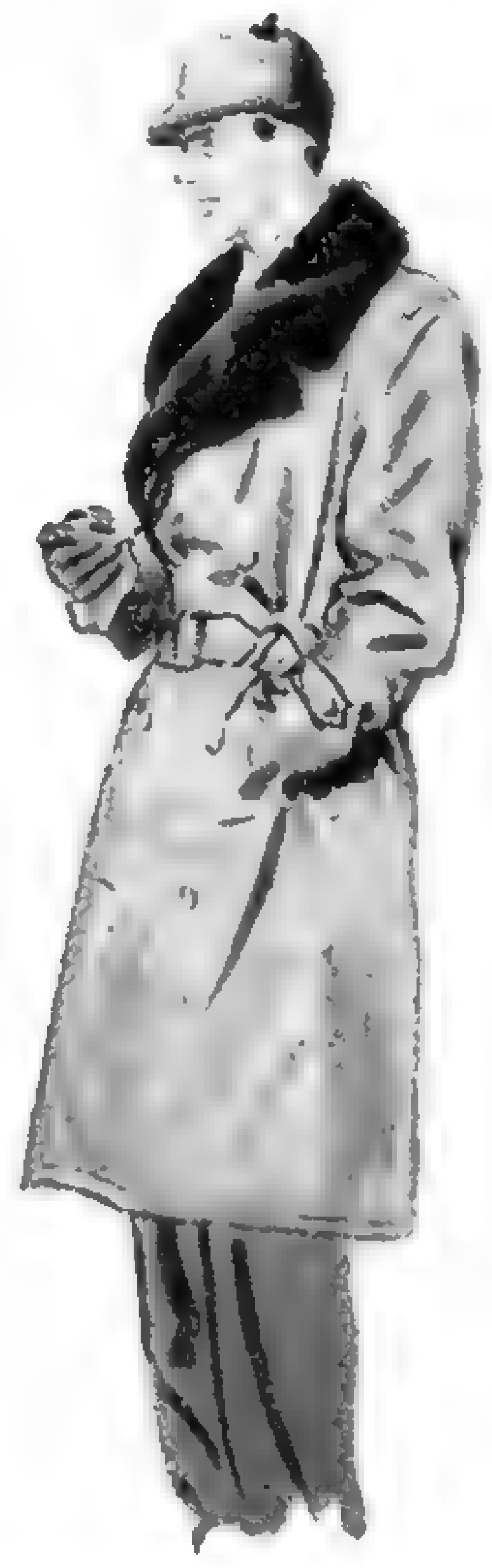
He circled, twice practically pirouetting on one pontoon tip.

"'Ere now," he pondered. "I wonder who could 'ave dropped all that. Orange peels, halves of lemons and bits of pertater peels. I ain't seen a 'norange in years!"

He held the helicopter dead over the covey of squawking gulls and considered the matter.

"Pertater peels, yes," he admitted. "You might expect that. But orange and lemon peels . . . and we're going west! And it was orl new. There was even that rainbow stain about it . . . like wot comes from brand new orange peels. Them seagulls 'ad just found it. Now I wonder . . ." He

Continued on page 174



Cold weather beaters—processed cotton coat with pile fabric lining and collar and matching cap with ear flaps.

UNITED STATES
CANADA
Hamilton (Bermuda)
Curacao
San José (Costa Rica)
Havana
Guatemala
Fort de France
Mexico City
San Salvador
Buenos Aires
Cochabamba
Oruro
Pelotas
Rio de Janeiro
Sao Paulo
Santiago
Barranquilla
Bogota
Cali
Pasto
Popayan
Guayaquil
Quito
Lima
Montevideo
Caracas
Maracaibo
Valencia

OMEGA

is making history, too

He's in South America, he's in Africa—wherever he goes he'll find an Omega distributor, that it's easy to service Omega—winner of first place in the famous British National Observatory accuracy tests . . ambassador of time around the globe.

OMEGA the most accurate watch in the world Ω

fifth avenue, new york

ED! FOR THE LOVE OF PETE,
QUIT MUNCHING YOUR NAILS!

What This JITTERY Guy Needs Is the Soothing, Relaxing Influence of

WILSON'S Popular...

SUPER-DART GAMES

"A Super-Dart Game in Every Home"—That's Our Slogan

Are you restless—nerves kinda tight—a little fussy and jittery? The war situation does that to some . . . with rationing and high taxes and shortages and "help" problems, and all.

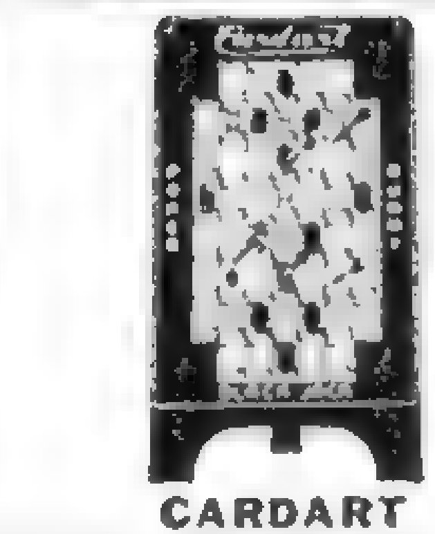
What you need is diversion—relaxation—mixed with a little competition, excitement and mild exercise.

And the way thousands are filling this prescription today is by playing Dart-Bowl, which is *bowling* with darts. Or Par-Dart, which is *golf* played with darts. Then there's Cardart and Speldart and many others to choose from.

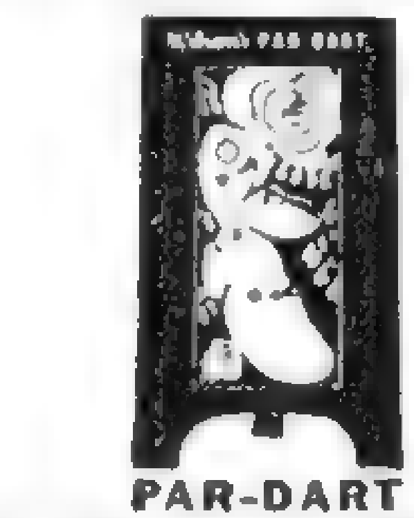
Folks from coast-to-coast are playing these games. They're the most popular home entertainment games of the war. Get yours now in time for long winter evenings. Great gift idea, too.

Sold by sporting goods and hardware and department stores everywhere. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

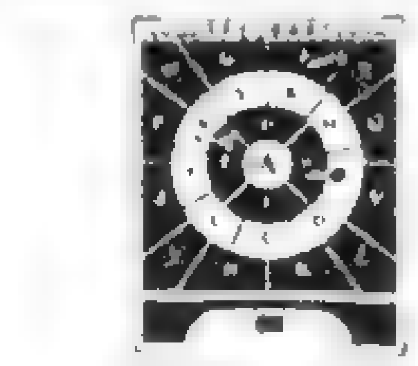
Wilson
SUPER-DART GAMES



CARDART
Darts, Black Jack and Poker combined. All card players go for it. Size 24 x 40". Complete equipment.



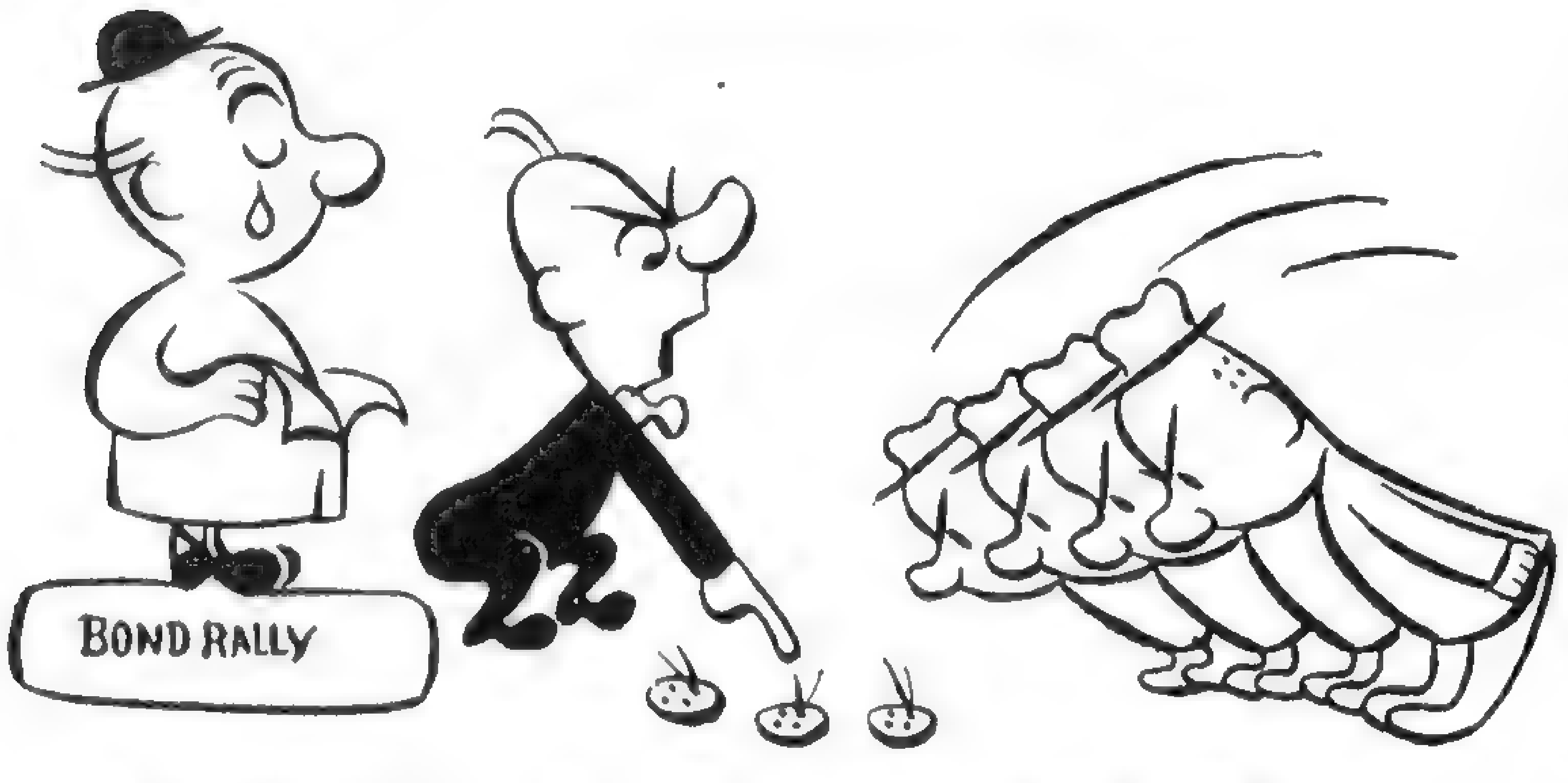
PAR-DART
Darts and golf combined. Appeals to golfers. Size 24x40". Fully equipped.



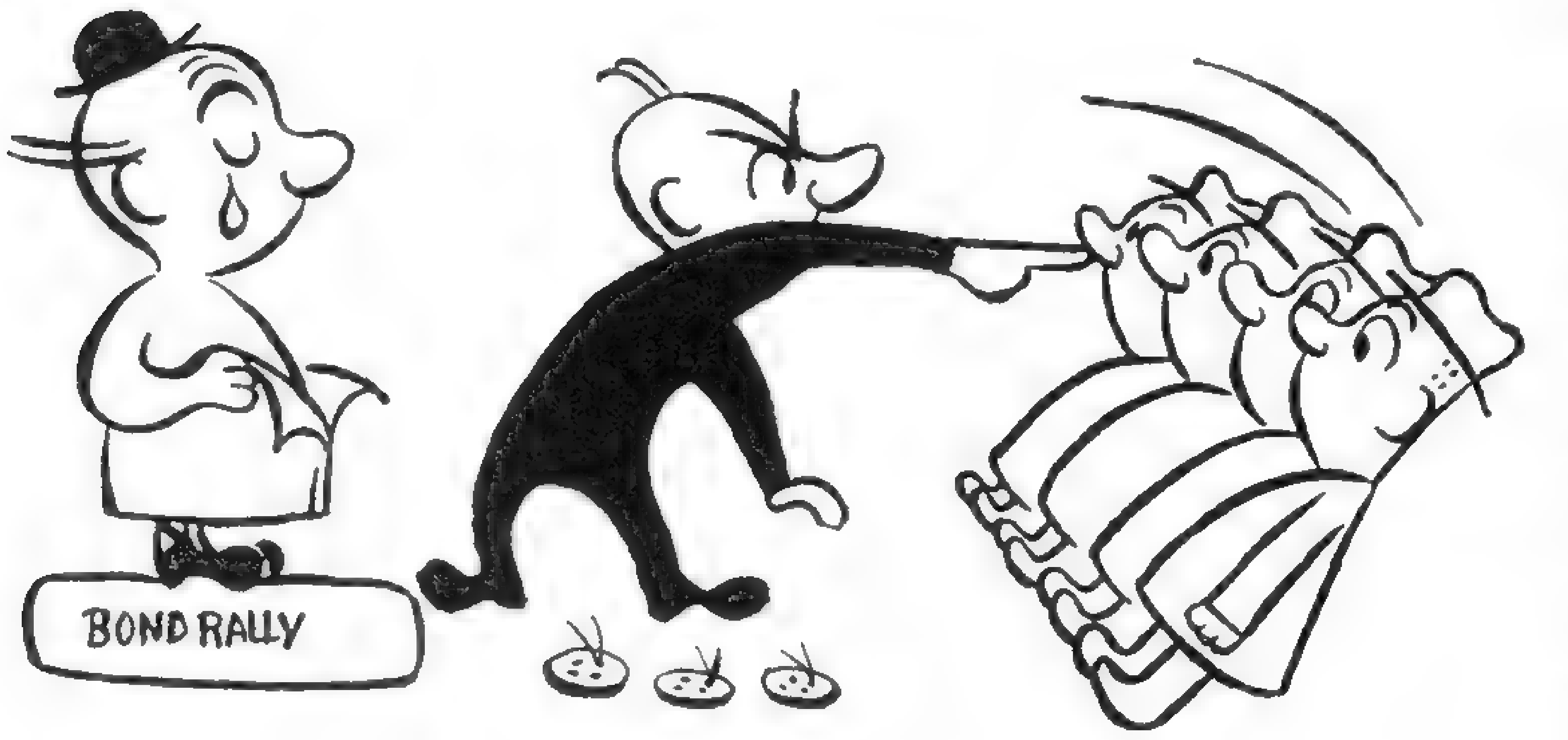
SPELDART
A great family game. Combines darts and a clever kind of spelling "bee." Size 24x30". Also a complete line of 20-point and "Bull's Eye" and 'Baseball" dart games.

BY THE MAKERS OF WILSON SPORTS EQUIPMENT

Behold!! . . . a victim of the war . . .



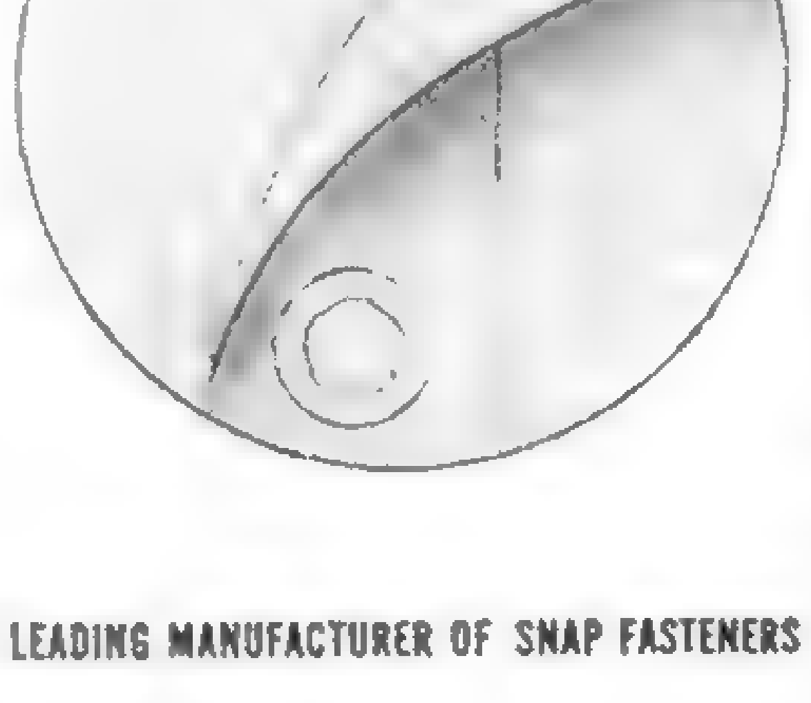
Behold!! . . . his buttons on the floor!



To end this curse . . . buy Bonds galore

and bring our GRIPPERS back once more!

The day is coming when Gripper fasteners will be back on a greater selection of merchandise than ever. To speed that day, all our materials and facilities are devoted to war production!



GRIPPER* FASTENERS
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
*The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"

MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN. • AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS

A Short Show for Albert

Continued from pages 63-171-173

sat there, a study of bewilderment. The helicopter slashed its way ahead until the smoke streaks of the convoy were black scarves thrown carelessly across the shoulder of the horizon.

Albert glanced about the unfamiliar cockpit and wondered about the radio. He didn't know anything about radios . . . except the kind that gets the BBC. Outside on a rack fitted to the pontoon gear was a long black canister thing with bright red figures stenciled on it.

"That could be a depth charge," Albert muttered, "but I wonder where the release gear can be."

However, time was fleeting and Flight Lieutenant Bacon would be expecting him. The convoy was almost out of sight by now and Albert had no idea how long this contrivance could stay in the air. He intended to put that orange and lemon business up to Mister Bacon when he got back. He swung back east and pondered on the vast expanse of the ocean which in turn brought up the subject of fish. Albert came to the conclusion that a chap could do a bit of fishing out here if he had a line. Probably catch a big one.

He was deep in this briny reflection and churning along a few dozen feet above the water when suddenly he noticed a distinct shark slash through the water. It was there as plain as day. Albert was glad he didn't have to swim about in a place like this. Sharks—and maybe whales that could swallow a chap in one gulp.

He had heard and read of sharks following lifeboats and suddenly he realized how big these fish were and how frightening they could be to chaps in a small boat.

The slash was again apparent and he turned off and followed it. After all, it was going his way. No harm in looking it over. A chap can learn something if he keeps his eyes open. He sat over it, peered down and wondered if whales had fins on top. He never knew sharks could be that size.

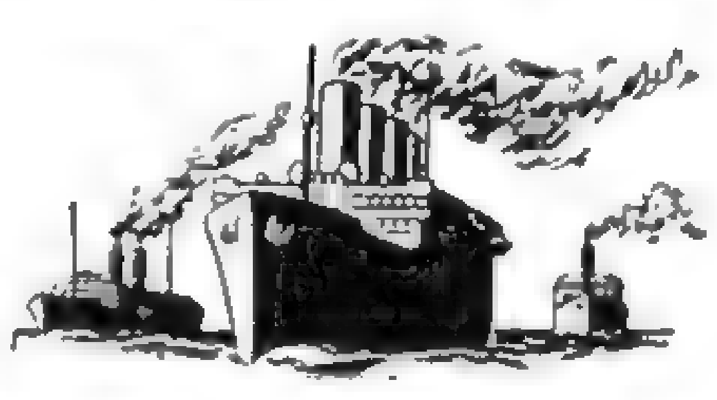
"Ought to be a bounty on a thing as big as that," Albert calculated and inspected the appointments on the instrument board. The magic casement of his imagination creaked a trifle and he added: "I'd like to know what would happen if . . ."

He tried a bank of switches but nothing startling took place. He studied the control handles and noticed for the first time two small metal levers fitted convenient to his thumb tips.

Albert pressed one experimentally and the helicopter jerked noticeably. He glanced outside for some explanation and blinked with the realization that one of the depth charges had disappeared.

"So that's 'ow you do it," he started to say but a violent explosion below hunched him in his

CONVOYS!



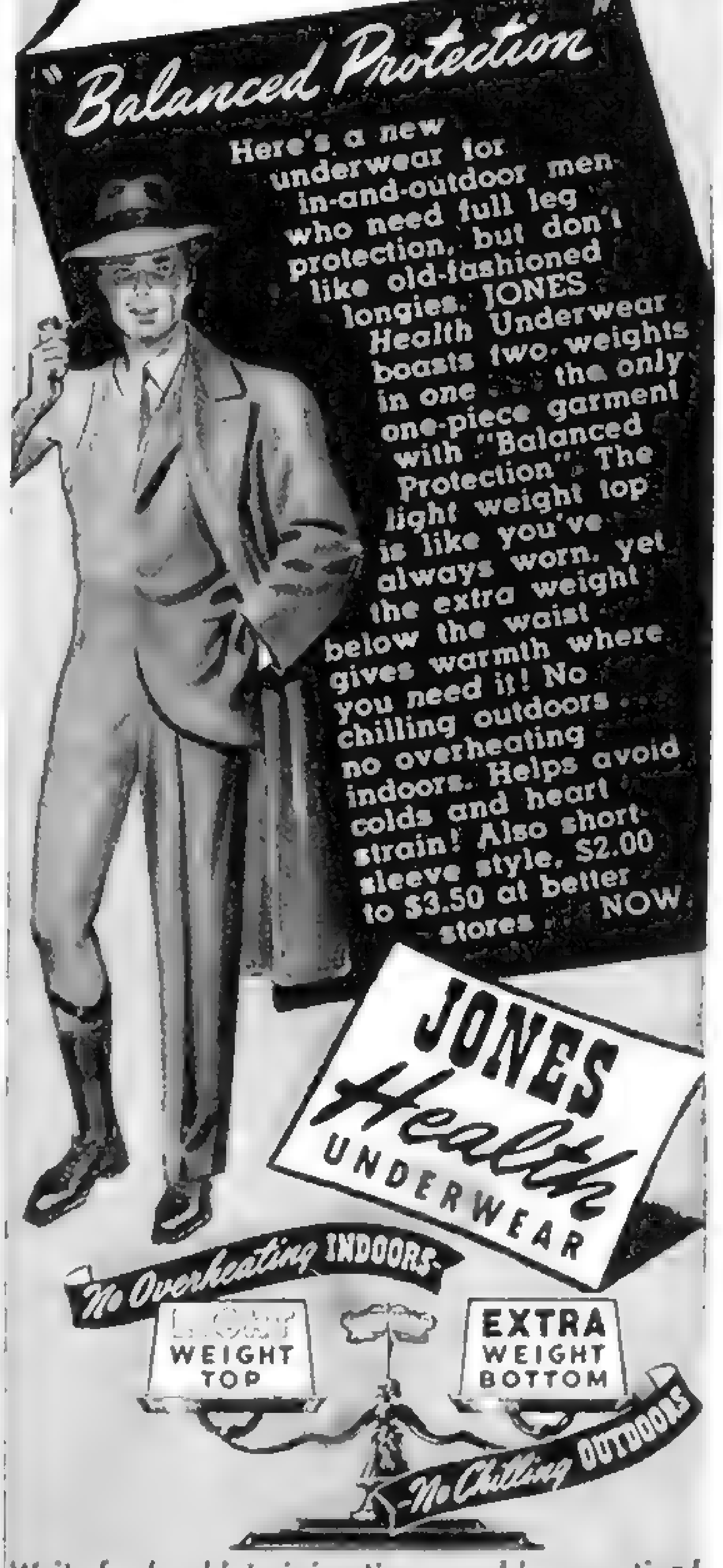
THEY GET THERE BY Hamilton TIME

Zigzagging convoys find their port accurately—thanks in part to the Hamilton Chronometer and the Chronometer Watch (illustrated above). Their high precision will be reflected in your post-war Hamilton.

HAMILTON
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

IF YOU'VE NEVER WORN LONG UNDERWEAR

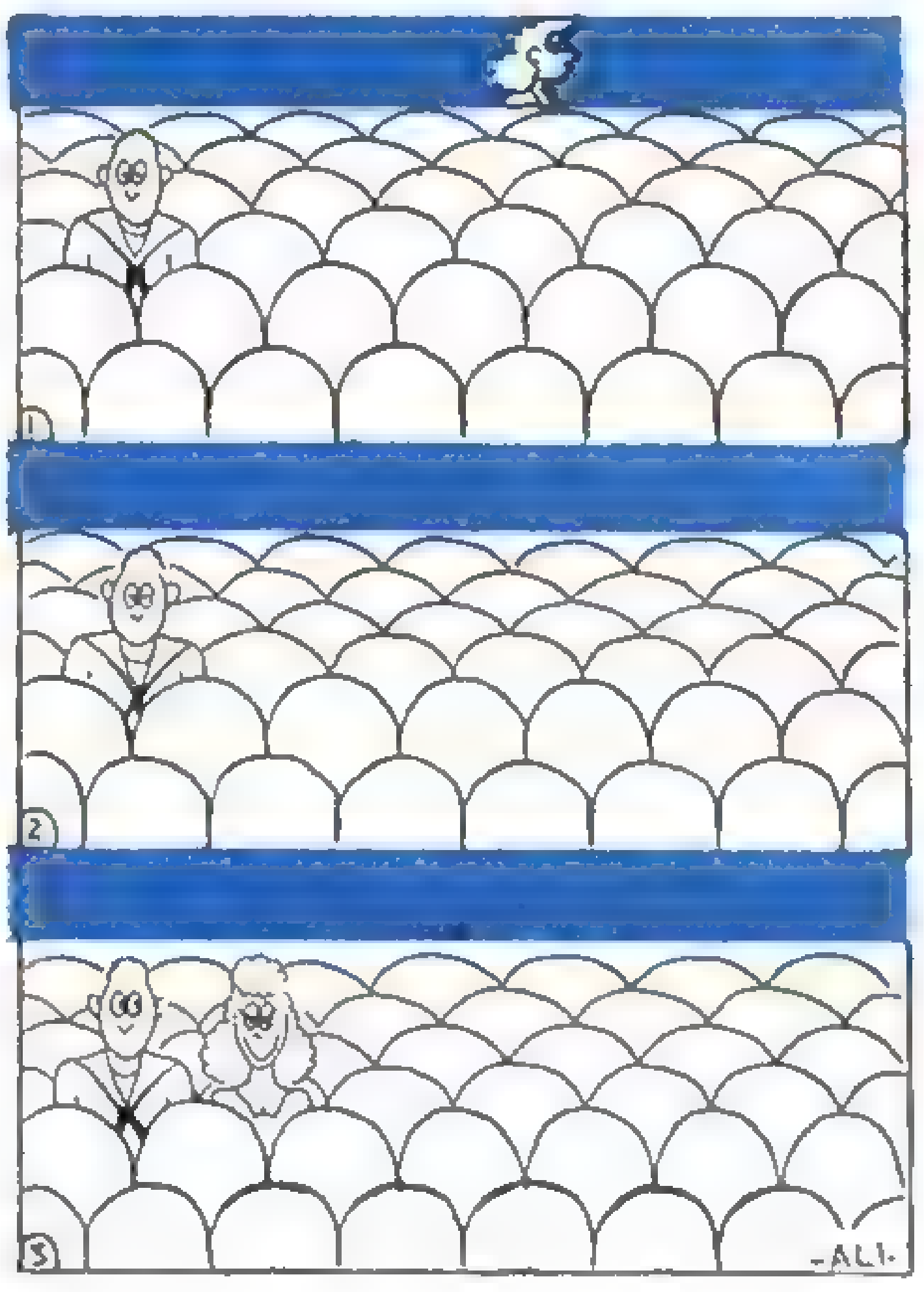
"Balanced Protection"



Here's a new underwear for in-and-outdoor men who need full leg protection, but don't like old-fashioned longies. JONES Health Underwear boasts two weights in one . . . the only one-piece garment with "Balanced Protection". The light weight top is like you've always worn, yet the extra weight below the waist gives warmth where you need it! No chilling outdoors . . . no overheating indoors. Helps avoid colds and heart strain! Also short-sleeve style, $2.00 to $3.50 at better stores . . . NOW.

Write for booklet giving tips on cold prevention!
Augusta Knitting Corp., Dept. D, Utica, N.Y.

seat. A great vortex of foamy water slapped the helicopter skyward like a shuttlecock. Albert was elevated suddenly to the top of the cabin and dropped back, breathless and bewildered.



"Now I've done it," he gasped, floundering to get the machine under control. He treadled the pedals and wrestled with the control column until he was circling uncertainly from the eruption. He couldn't however, resist the temptation of peering out to see what damage had been sustained.

A noise scrawnched out of Sergeant Nettlebed; a noise you get by scraping two clam shells together. To his astonishment, Albert saw a submarine wallowing and blowing its way to the surface. As he circled again he saw a hole on top of a conning tower.

"Ours or theirs?" was a natural query. Albert had no idea what had taken place. All he knew was that there was a submarine down there and in all probability the captain had surfaced to see what all the row was about. If it was a British submarine—there'd be the devil to pay. If it was a Jerry U-boat . . . Ugh!

The scene of a crime usually fascinates the ungodly and Albert found himself unable to depart. He circled and watched. And then he saw a swarm of men clambering out of the sub's great gaping hole, and moving slowly along the sea-drenched catwalk of the deck.

They'd plenty of time to size him up and get his number, Albert reflected unhappily. Better drop down and take his medicine. He couldn't pick up the whole crew but he could taxi the captain back to the destroyer, and maybe things would go better back home.

So Albert dropped lower and opened the cabin door. It would be just his bleedin' luck to have the captain a friend of Mister Bacon's, or probably, of the Prime Minister's. Full of apologies, he kicked the rope ladder out the door, and motioned the man to climb aboard.

The man stared at the dangling hemp, and didn't move.

"Come on up!" yelled Albert.

Continued on page 176

WAYNE Set	350.00
Engagement Ring	250.00
HASTINGS Set	182.50
Engagement Ring	175.00
CUSHING Set	450.00
Engagement Ring	350.00
SALEM Set	110.00
Engagement Ring	100.00

If it is a "Keepsake" the name is in the ring.

Rings enlarged to show details.

...and be sure it's a

GENUINE-REGISTERED

Keepsake

DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

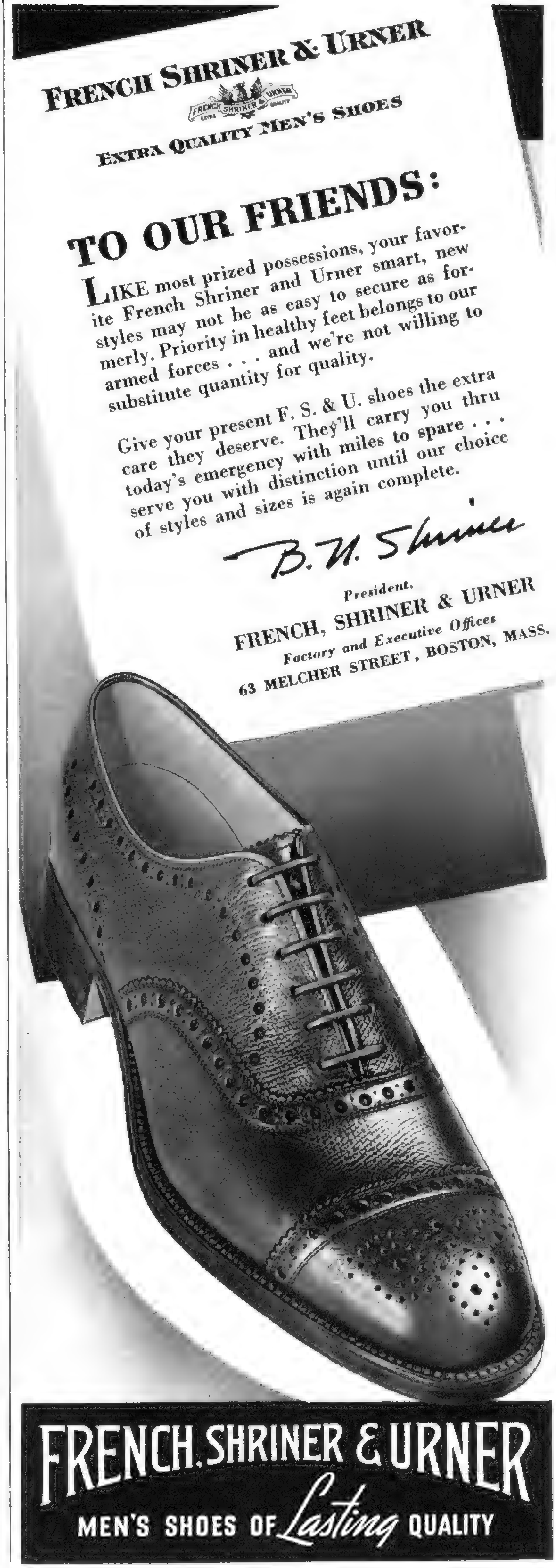
That's an order from headquarters soldier! And good strategy, too . . . because that lovely lady of yours knows the enduring quality and true value of a "Keepsake" makes it the perfect symbol of the engagement. The Keepsake Certificate of Guarantee and Registration is part of your purchase. See the new matched sets at your Keepsake Jeweler . . . to $2500.

IF YOU ARE OVERSEAS *you may send a money order to the person to whom you want to give a "Keepsake" and have that person write to us for the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. There are Authorized Keepsake Jewelers in practically every city and town in the United States, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Hawaii and Alaska*

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of "Keepsake" Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name .
Street and No.
City *E 11-43*


FRENCH SHRINER & URNER
EXTRA QUALITY MEN'S SHOES

TO OUR FRIENDS:

LIKE most prized possessions, your favorite French Shriner and Urner smart, new styles may not be as easy to secure as formerly. Priority in healthy feet belongs to our armed forces . . . and we're not willing to substitute quantity for quality.

Give your present F. S. & U. shoes the extra care they deserve. They'll carry you thru today's emergency with miles to spare . . . serve you with distinction until our choice of styles and sizes is again complete.

B. U. Shriner
President.
FRENCH, SHRINER & URNER
Factory and Executive Offices
63 MELCHER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

FRENCH, SHRINER & URNER
MEN'S SHOES OF *Lasting* QUALITY

A Short Show for Albert

Continued from pages 63-171-173-175

Then, when the man didn't move: "I can't 'ear a word you say."

He held the helicopter steady a few feet above the rim of the conning tower and saw the ladder tighten against the door sill. In a minute a heavily bearded face appeared over the edge.

"An 'horrible mistake," mumbled Albert, gripping the controls in a spasm of terror and misery.

But the man merely shook his head. He didn't speak a word of English.

Then at last the idea seeped into the squarish cropped head of Sergeant Nettlebed that he had captured a German submarine.

"Pull that ladder up, will you, Sir?" he stammered, and somehow the German understood, for he clambered aboard willingly and pulled up the rope like a man removing his feet from shark-infested water.

The helicopter clattered away, leaving a wallowing submarine and a bee's nest of survivors clinging to the wreckage. Albert delivered his prisoner—via rope ladder to the quarter-deck of *H. M. S. Garland*, which immediately shot off to capture the prize—in the name of Sergeant Albert Horace Nettlebed!

Flight Lieutenant Bacon returned to his rotor-rattling command—completely blotto, and to this day swears it couldn't possibly have happened.

* * *

Corporal Daisy Dugdale didn't hear from Sergeant Nettlebed for several weeks and when a letter did arrive from America it contained a bewildering and unsatisfactory report of his adventures. Nothing Albert wrote made very much sense, but one night, a short time later Daisy was nuzzling into the manly shoulder of Flight Sergeant Whipsnade at the station cinema. The lights were just right—until a special feature short was flashed on the scene.

Corporal Dugdale sat up as though she had been stabbed with a knitting needle.

The picture presented in gay detail the latest Allied anti-submarine weapon which had been forged in an American aircraft factory. A full reel of the lethal qualities of the helicopter was displayed to the astonished audience. The machine landed with the grace and delicacy of a weary pelican and out stepped—Sergeant Albert Nettlebed! He strode front and center, twiggled his cap a minute and then said: "Orl I'm allowed to say, ladies and gentlemen, is that it works!"

All Corporal Dugdale could say was: "Why, that's my Albert! In technicolor, tco!" ⋕

BUY
WAR
BONDS

The **MC** *Flyweight*

CAN TAKE IT!

The Flyweight is the kind of cap that literally "rolls with the punches." Its pliant shell-cordovan visor, its flexible band, and soft tailored crown give it a comeback to rough treatment that's truly amazing. Roll it up—pack it in your bag—lean on it—the Flyweight will still retain all of its original draped smartness. And it has a hand-worked sweat band of genuine calfskin that's the last word in comfort. Ask for the M-C Flyweight—you'll say it's the finest Military Cap you've ever worn.

Ask to see M-C Military Caps in all regulation materials for Officers and Enlisted Men in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

PACK IT!

CRUMPLE IT!

CRUSH IT!

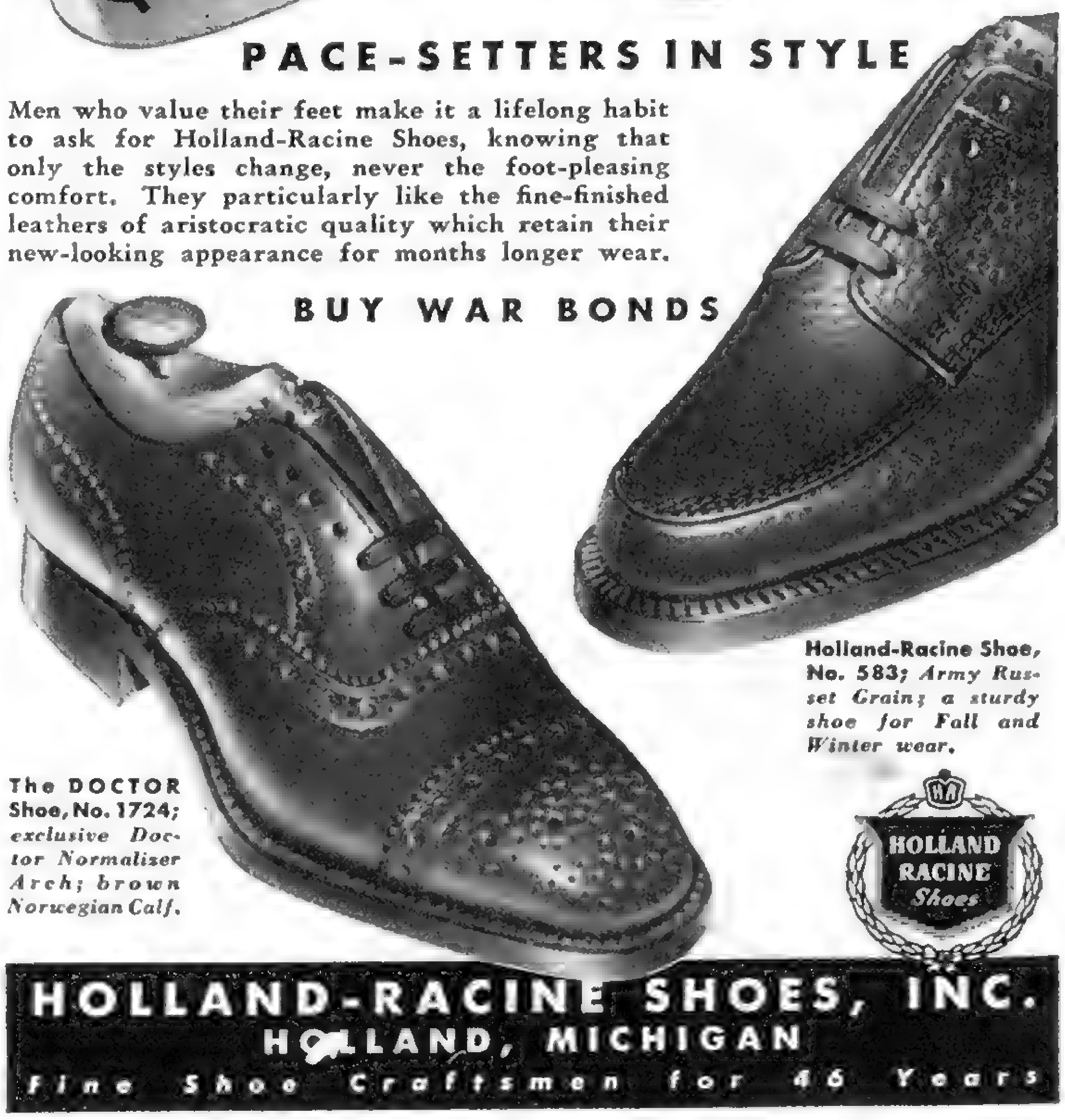
Mid City
UNIFORM CAP COMPANY
2330 W. Cermak Road Chicago 8, Ill.
WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF QUALITY CAPS FOR OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN

Holland Racine QUALITY SHOES

PACE-SETTERS IN STYLE

Men who value their feet make it a lifelong habit to ask for Holland-Racine Shoes, knowing that only the styles change, never the foot-pleasing comfort. They particularly like the fine-finished leathers of aristocratic quality which retain their new-looking appearance for months longer wear.

BUY WAR BONDS

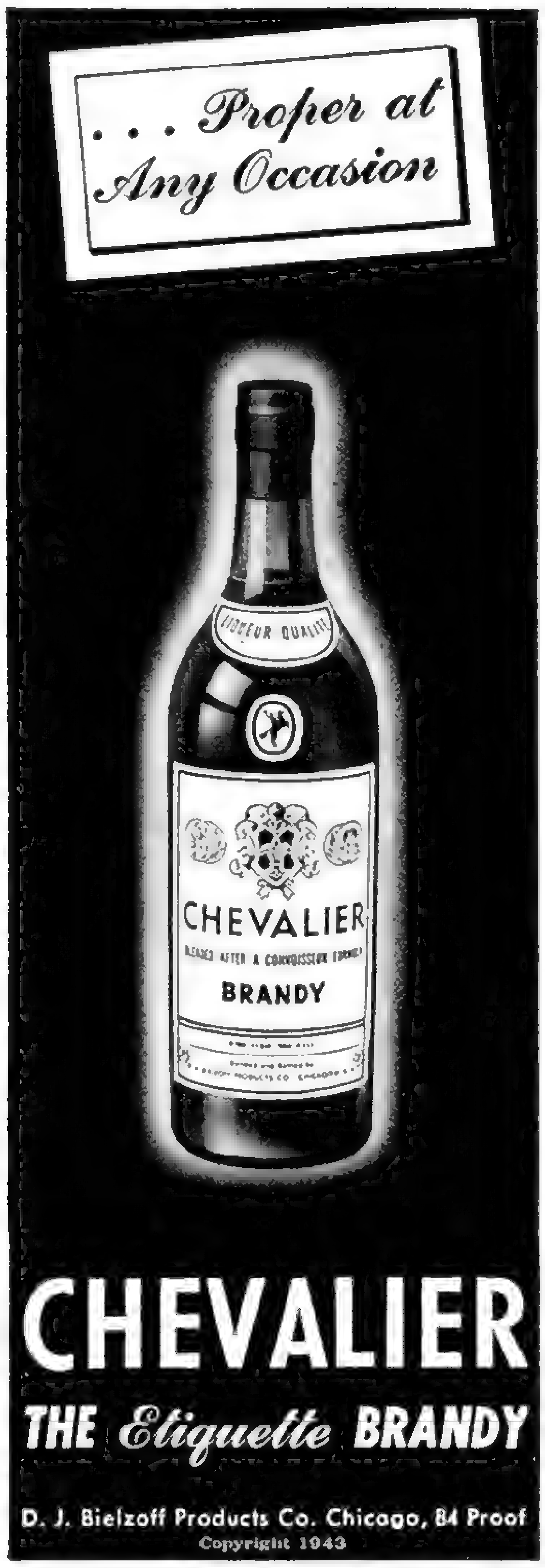


Holland-Racine Shoe, No. 583; *Army Russet Grain; a sturdy shoe for Fall and Winter wear.*

The DOCTOR Shoe, No. 1724; *exclusive Doctor Normalizer Arch; brown Norwegian Calf.*

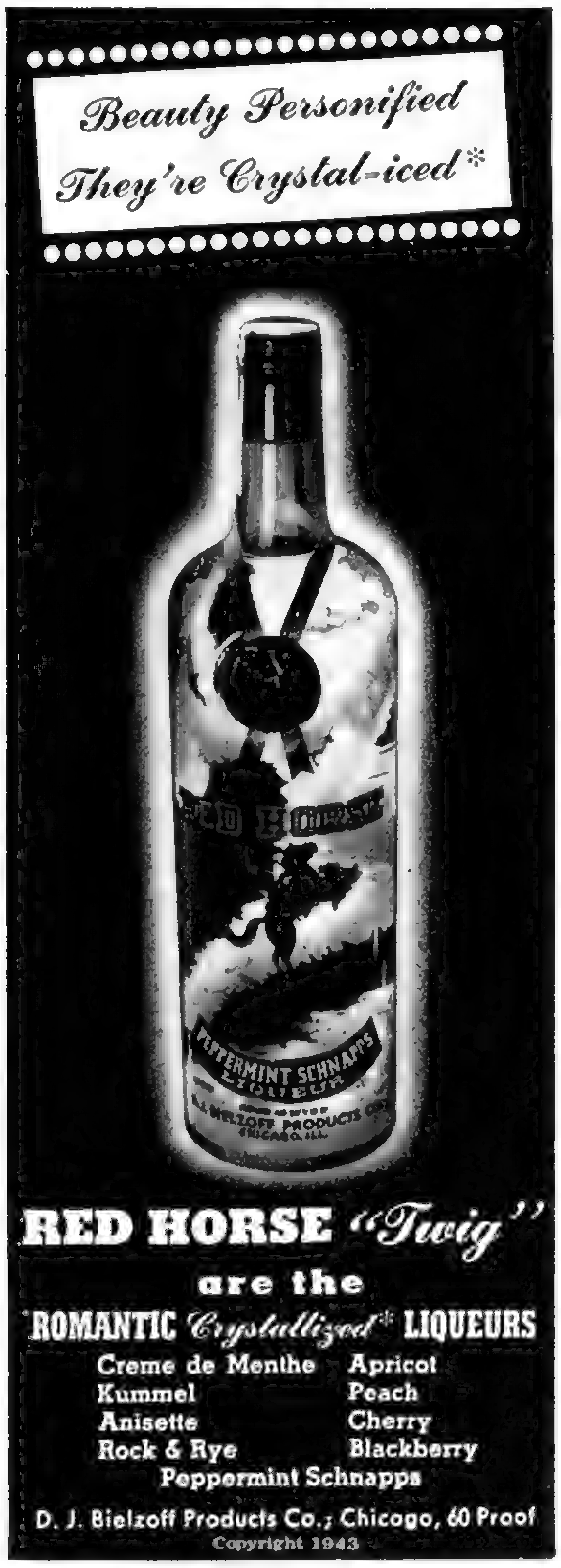
HOLLAND RACINE Shoes

HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, INC.
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
Fine Shoe Craftsmen for 46 Years


. . . Proper at Any Occasion

CHEVALIER
THE Etiquette BRANDY

D. J. Bielzoff Products Co. Chicago, 84 Proof
Copyright 1943


Beauty Personified
They're Crystal-iced*

RED HORSE "Twig"
are the
ROMANTIC Crystallized* LIQUEURS

Creme de Menthe
Kummel
Anisette
Rock & Rye
Apricot
Peach
Cherry
Blackberry
Peppermint Schnapps

D. J. Bielzoff Products Co.; Chicago, 60 Proof
Copyright 1943

Little Europe in Mexico

Continued from page 61

est. This would be hard to prove. Some funds he stashed away in the United States, accounts later frozen when Rumania declared war. He has 200,000 dollars in a Mexican bank which he draws on as needed.

Carol and Lupescu have a box at the Palace of Fine Arts and go regularly to the opera and concerts. Afterwards they may drop in at Manolo for a nightcap but one place they avoid is Ciro's, the town's swankiest night club which his majesty was once rumored, to his mortification, to be backing.

The rumor was a singularly happy coincidence for Jimmie Walker's former pal, A. C. Blumenthal: it sprang up just at the time he was opening the joint. The king denied it and swore he would never set foot in the place.

"Blumey," doing all right without Carol's patronage, came to Mexico City for his health prior to the tax evasion trial of Joseph Schenck.

Carol and Magda entertain occasionally at home. During one of their parties, a Marine colonel from the American Naval Attache's office went prowling for the bathroom. With eager innocence he opened a door and unleashed upon himself a pack of twelve yipping French poodles and Pekingese. The Marine made news by beating a hasty retreat.

The poodles, prodigious black beasts, have been prolific and his nibs sells the litters at approximately 100 dollars a puppy; proceeds going to the Red Cross.

In their hazardous flight from Europe, the couple brought many personal trappings, including an El Greco. Carol has resumed golf but rarely cracks 100 and enjoys far more swapping smoking room stories with his locker mates. His repertoire is enviable.

Apprised that Madame's age is fiftyish, her friends constantly marvel at her copper hair, her cold-cream-ad complexion and her figure, undamaged by her loss of thirty pounds while ill in Spain. Although constantly uncomfortable in Mexico City's 7,400-foot altitude, which aggravates her anemia, she works tirelessly at the Red Cross station.

Carol translated her first-aid handbook into French, and she sailed through the examination in the top group.

* * *

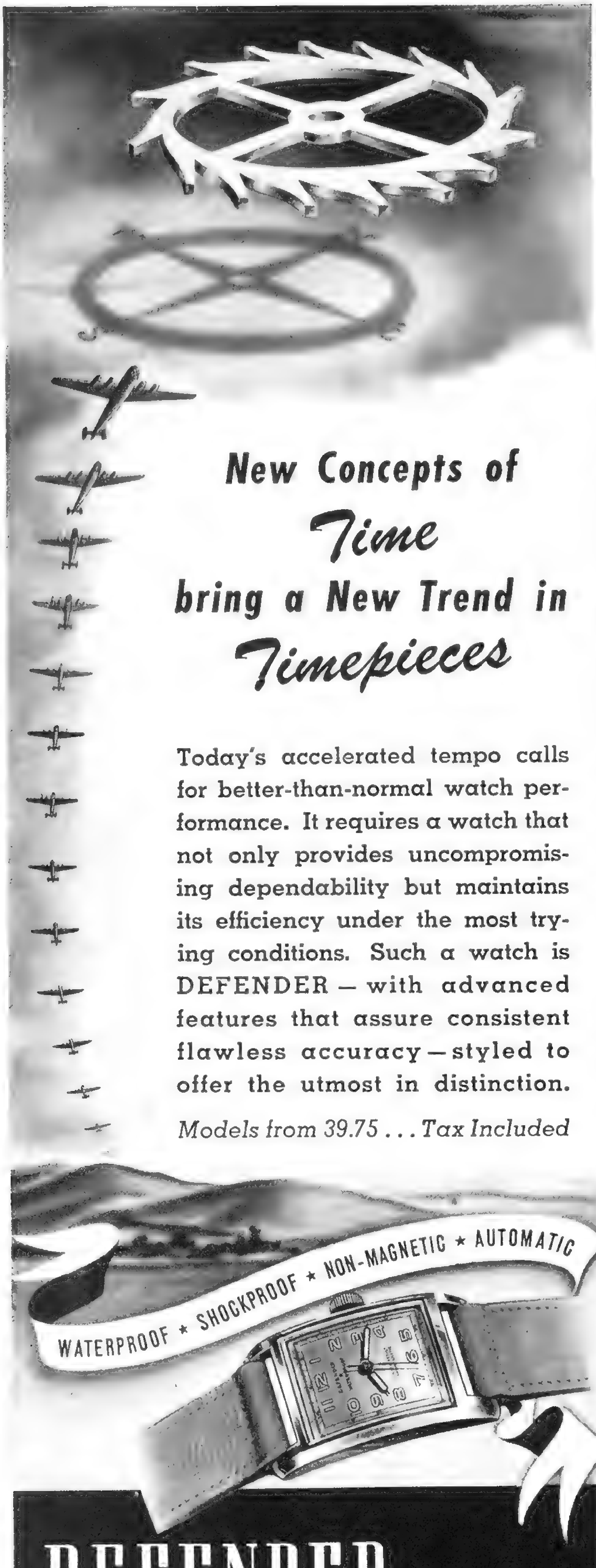
Not far from Carol's house, even closer to the villa of Frieda Kahlo, the artist wife of Diego Rivera, lives the saddest exile in Mexico, the widow of Leon Trotsky. In the company of her step-grandson, a brood of white leghorn chickens and a Phi Beta Kappa from New York University who always carries a .38 revolver, Natalia Sedov Trotsky, a withered little Frenchwoman of sixty-one whiles her life away. The pillbox atop the high gray wall at Calle

Continued on page 178

The perfume of promise...

Worth
JE REVIENS
(I will return)

unforgettable fragrance...
he'll remember it...
and you!



New Concepts of *Time* bring a New Trend in *Timepieces*

Today's accelerated tempo calls for better-than-normal watch performance. It requires a watch that not only provides uncompromising dependability but maintains its efficiency under the most trying conditions. Such a watch is DEFENDER — with advanced features that assure consistent flawless accuracy — styled to offer the utmost in distinction.

Models from 39.75 . . . Tax Included

DEFENDER *Watches*

DEFENDERS OF TIME — Now and in the Future

EDWARD L. STERN & CO., 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Little Europe in Mexico

Continued from pages 61-177

Viena 19 is empty. The electric catch on the steel door is disconnected. The sharpshooting guards are gone. All their precautions failed when Jacques Mornard van den Dreschd, posing as a friend, came to call one August afternoon in 1940 with an alpine axe, a dagger and a gun concealed in his raincoat. After the attack, Trotsky, sprawled bleeding on the floor, implored the guards to spare his assassin's life so they could prove Stalin's GPU plotted the crime. Three years later, his identity still a mystery, Mornard van den Dreschd was sentenced to twenty years in prison.

A prisoner of circumstance, Mrs. Trotsky lives a bleaker life than he. She rarely leaves the house, and never alone. She and the sixteen-year-old grandson are all that's left of Trotsky's family (the others one by one died violent or mysterious deaths) and the boy's name is never mentioned in public in the hope he can grow up "unmarked" and unknown.

Ailing, nearly forgotten, Natalia still carries her husband's torch. When Moscow announced dissolution of the Comintern, she declared: "It is now clear to the world that the tradition of the October revolution, and of Lenin and Trotsky, is carried on only by the Fourth International."

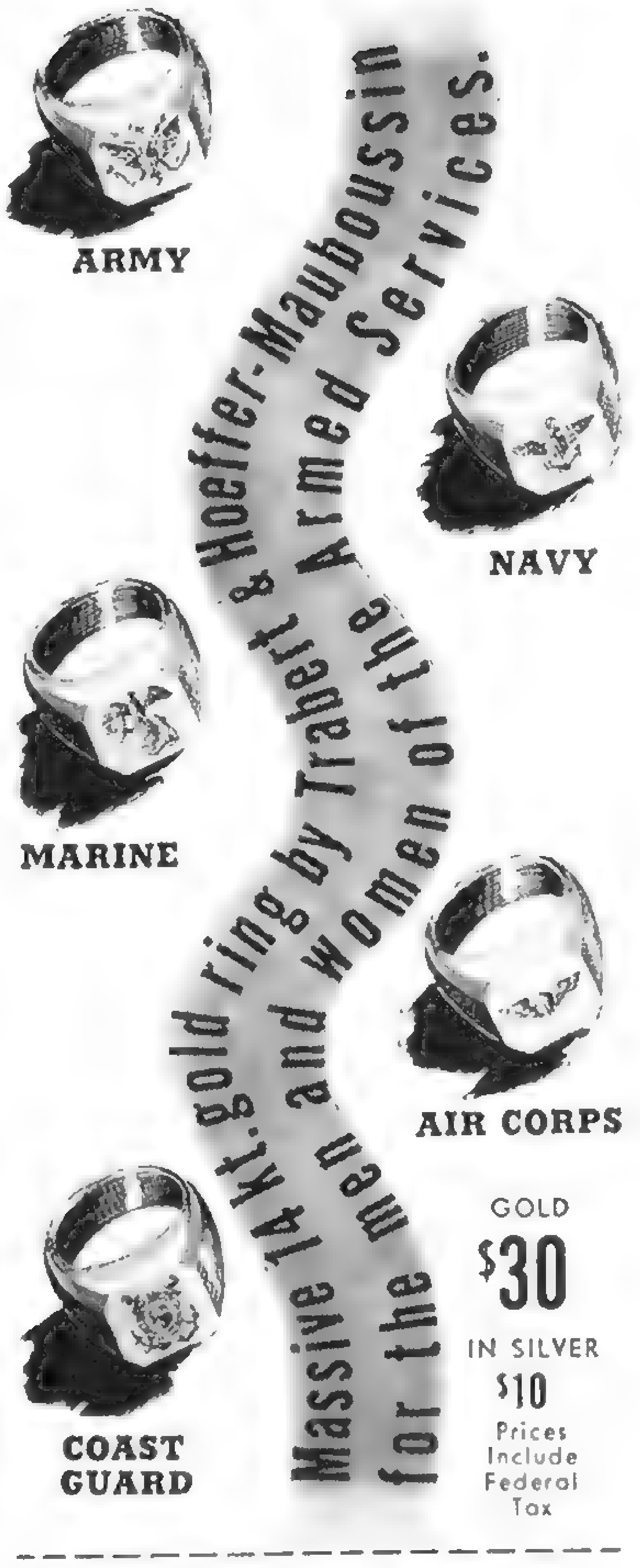
* * *

Pursuing private revolutions of their own, another miscellaneous collection of refugees simmers impatiently in Mexico, occasionally exploding pinwheels of political theory in all directions. Seldom are they on speaking terms with each other. There is Victor Serge, fugitive from Stalin, disowned by most of the Trotskyites, a brilliant, unstable revolutionary writer; Marceau Pivert, once associated with Léon Blum; Gustav Regler, German novelist, author of *The Great Crusade* whose adventures in the Spanish war purportedly inspired parts of Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

Andre Simon, whose *J'Accuse!* led the exposés on the fall of France, never sees Jules Romains, who wrote voluminously himself on the collapse of his country. Romains is spending his time in Mexico finishing his historical novel, *Men of Good Will*. He's into the twenty-fourth book of the projected twenty-seven and calculates two years more will see him through.

These people are immersed in a Babel-like confusion of "free" movements, an acrid foretaste of the difficulties confronting a solid, lasting peace. Ludwig Renn, leftist writer, formerly a German baron, heads one of the two Free German groups, bitter rivals.

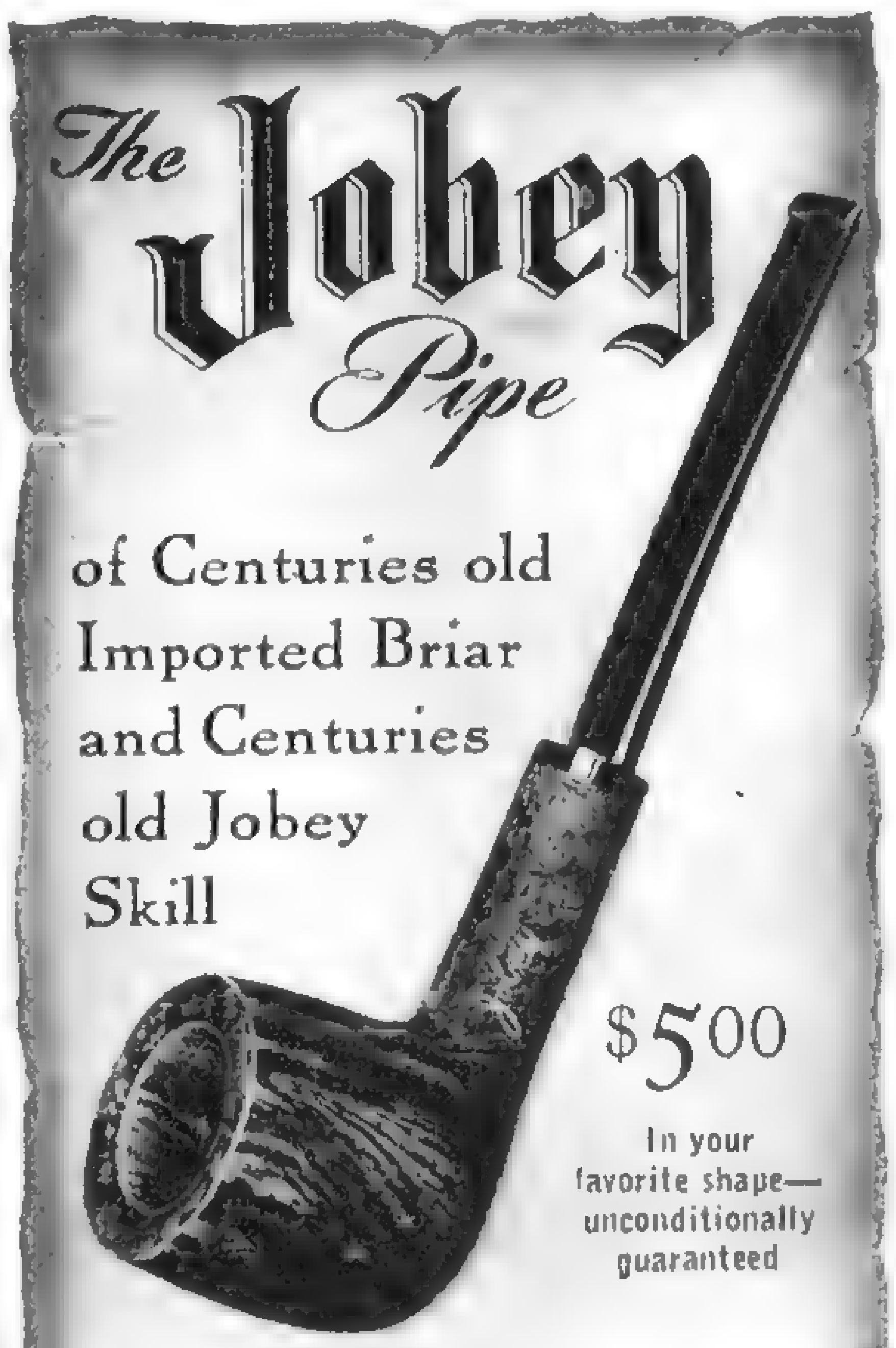
Dr. Francesco Frola, a man whose bald dome rises above a fringe of flowing gray hair like a full moon edging up over the



Massive 14 Kt. gold ring by Trabert & Hoeffer-Mauboussin for the men and women of the Armed Services.

GOLD $30
IN SILVER $10
Prices Include Federal Tax

Trabert & Hoeffer-Mauboussin
407 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 22
BEVERLY HILLS CHICAGO
When ordering by mail please state
RING SIZE AND BRANCH OF SERVICE



The Jobey *Pipe*

of Centuries old Imported Briar and Centuries old Jobey Skill

$5.00

In your favorite shape—unconditionally guaranteed

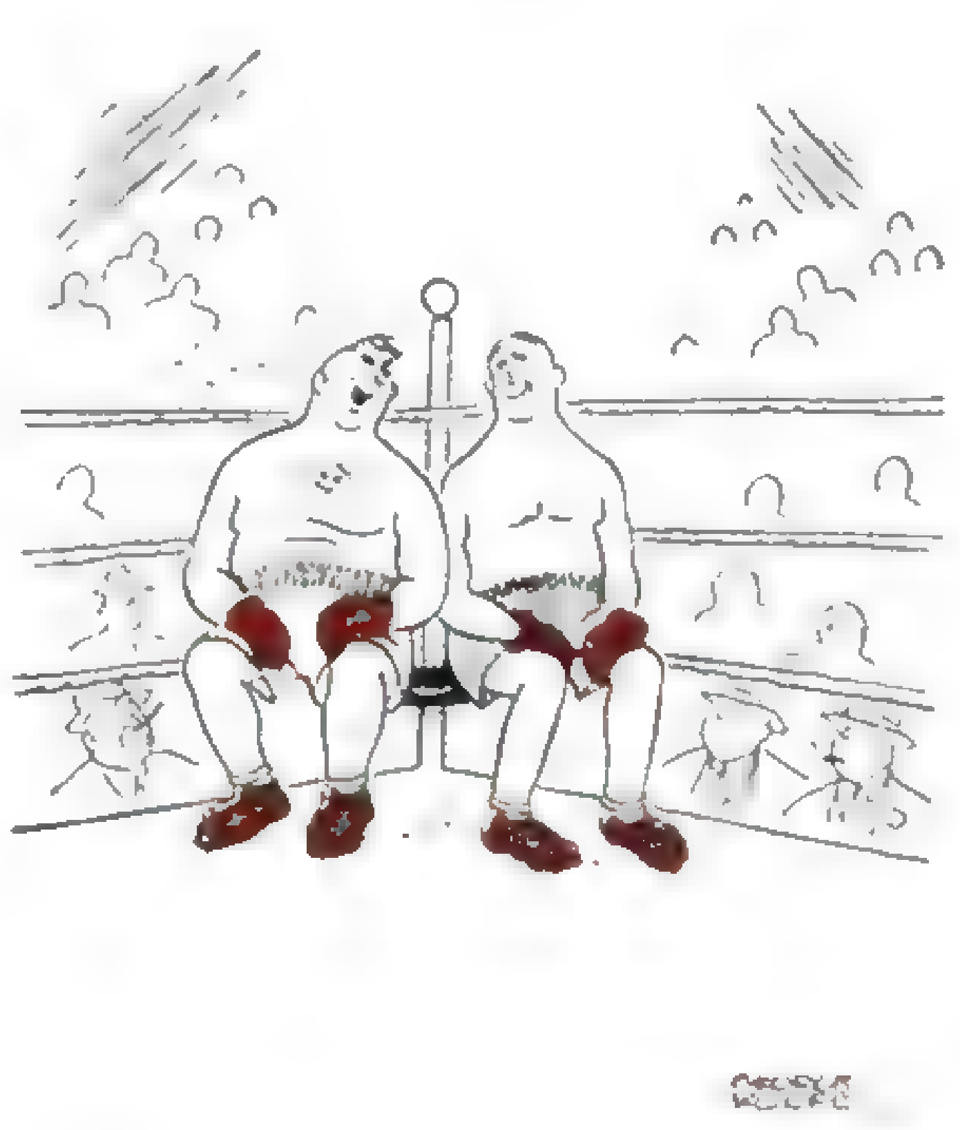
PEER of pipes, flawlessly crafted. Distinguished for the perfect grain of its matchless briar, the glowing depth of its superb plum finish, the unique comfort of its hand-cut Jobey bit. Exclusively processed to give you—with no break-in—your most satisfying smoke.

Ask to see the JOBEY VIRGIN BRIAR $7.50
and the JOBEY NUT BRUYERE $6.00

At fine pipe shops or write for Booklet C

Norwalk Pipe Corp. 218 E. 26th St. N. Y. C.

Everglades, is president of the International Garibaldi Alliance, a semi-underground Free Italian movement. He's a perfect picture of the absent-minded professor but he outwitted Mussolini for fifteen years. He escaped from Italy to France, and later to Brazil, on a freighter, hoping to organize anti-Fascist Italians in South America but Mussolini cabled Rio officials to refuse him permission to land. One night he dived over the side, swam ashore and hid in the jungle for twenty days. Bearded and bedraggled he emerged, won a hero's acclaim from the Brazilian press and columns of anti-Duce publicity.



"This is going to start a lot of tongues wagging!"

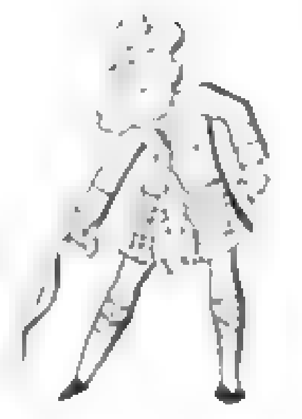
The American tourist lady was only technically misinformed that her smart silver shop was the property of Axel Wenner-Gren, princely tall blue-eyed Swede with hair as waxy white as dental floss. The place belongs to one of the many companies in which he is the principal stockholder. Other Wenner-Gren enterprises are springing up like dandelions.

Wenner-Gren and his American wife, a hearty soul from Kansas City, Missouri, were returning to Nassau aboard their steam yacht *Southern Cross* after a visit with Gen. Maximino Avila Camacho, when the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor. They scurried back to Veracruz. A few weeks later Washington and London blacklisted him for alleged connections with Berlin, which he passionately denied. He had been about to embark on a spectacular series of Mexican industrial ventures. His funds abroad were blocked but he had at least a million and a half dollars cash in Mexico and thus has managed to survive.

His unquenchable acquisitiveness has spurred him to acquire, besides silver and furniture enterprises, half a dozen Mexican haciendas where he experiments in model farming. He has bought 250 acres of beautiful land at Cuernavaca and 250 Mexicans are building him a twenty-five-room house which he intends to present to the government as a president's weekend cottage. While he was perfecting title to various sections of

Continued on page 180

LEWIS
HARRIS
UIST
BARRA



EVERY YARD OF GENUINE
HARRIS TWEED
IS HAND-WOVEN IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES

• Far across the Atlantic, in the wind-swept isles of the Outer Hebrides of Scotland, Harris Tweed is woven by the crofters in their own cottages today as it has been for generations.

Harris Tweed is a registered trade mark which, under rulings of the British Board of Trade and the Federal Trade Commission, refers only to virgin Scottish wool tweed, hand woven in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland.

Look for the Trade Mark on the Cloth
Look for the Label on the Garment

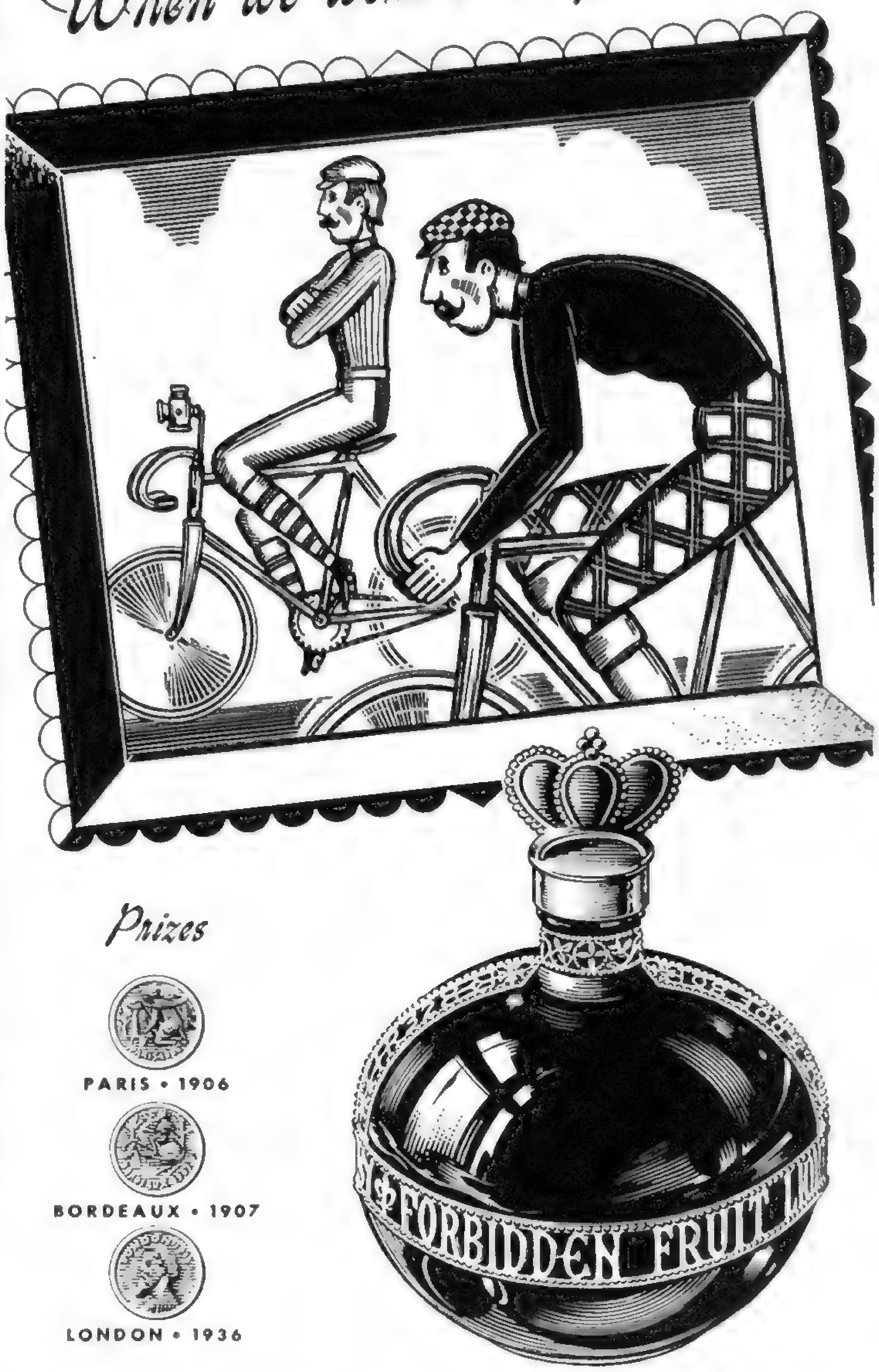
HAND WOVEN
Harris Tweed
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.
Nº 353757
COPYRIGHT 1937
GRANTED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT BOARD OF TRADE TO THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.
HARRIS TWEED
FACSIMILE OF THE TRADE MARK APPEARS ON THE CLOTH

Issued by The
HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION, Ltd.
10 Old Jewry, London, E. C. 2, England

Harris Tweed assures wear, distinction and style.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT LIQUEUR

When we were a couple of kids



FORBIDDEN FRUIT
LIQUEUR
WAS THE TOAST OF THE TOWN

This Aristocrat of liqueurs was lauded then as it is today. Incomparable as a "Gift of the Gods"—delicious and delightful before dinner—after dinner—anytime. Forbidden Fruit is as distinguished as the people who drink it. 70 proof.

MADE BY CHARLES JACQUIN et Cie., Inc. ★ PHILA., PA.
MAKERS OF QUALITY CORDIALS SINCE 1884

FORBIDDEN FRUIT LIQUEUR

Little Europe in Mexico

Continued from pages 61-177-179

the property, an astute Mexican claimed a piece adjoining his southern exposure and started building a structure resembling an oversized privy. The emergency was met by settling the squatter on a more sizable tract on the periphery of the estate.

Dr. Wenner-Gren (the University of Cuzco awarded him a doctorate of science for the Wenner-Gren expeditions' work in Peru and ever since he's been partial to the title) rides horseback over his land almost daily, commutes frequently between a Mexico City mansion and still another house in the heart of Cuernavaca.

He thinks Mexico has enormous post-war possibilities and means to help exploit them. He talks of the time when he will be able to fly from Mexico City to Stockholm in thirty-six hours. Meanwhile he is constantly bumping up against the confines of his isolation. He cannot communicate directly with anybody outside the republic. Recently his brother in Stockholm worriedly queried the Swedish legation if Axel were still alive.

Isabel de Palencia, another former resident of Stockholm, nearly lost her life in Mexico. The famous feminist and wartime minister to Sweden suffered third-degree burns when gasoline she was cleaning a dress with exploded. Fourteen eminent doctors, all fellow Spanish refugees, contrived to keep her alive while her pulse ticked 150 and her temperature read more than three degrees below normal. They said such vitality in a woman sixty-one was miraculous.

One of her friends is a beautiful Spanish woman, still in her thirties. Of a wealthy family, she and her sister live in Mexico and sew for a living now. Her husband died in France of heart disease. Her brother, a poet, was condemned to death by the Fascists and while waiting thirty-two days for execution, he composed and memorized a thousand verses. Then his sentence was commuted—to life imprisonment in chains. The woman is the widow of Don Manuel Azaña, last president of Republican Spain.

To the land Cortez conquered in the sixteenth century, there has been a new and tragic migration of Spaniards. Judges, generals, doctors, lawyers, diplomats, writers, admirals, statesmen and just ordinary folk. As the war spread, others came, Rumanians, Poles, Germans, French and, from everywhere, Jews. Some came in desperation to die, some to start a new life, but most of them want to go back home. For them Mexico is a waiting room until Hitler takes the last train from Berlin. ⌗

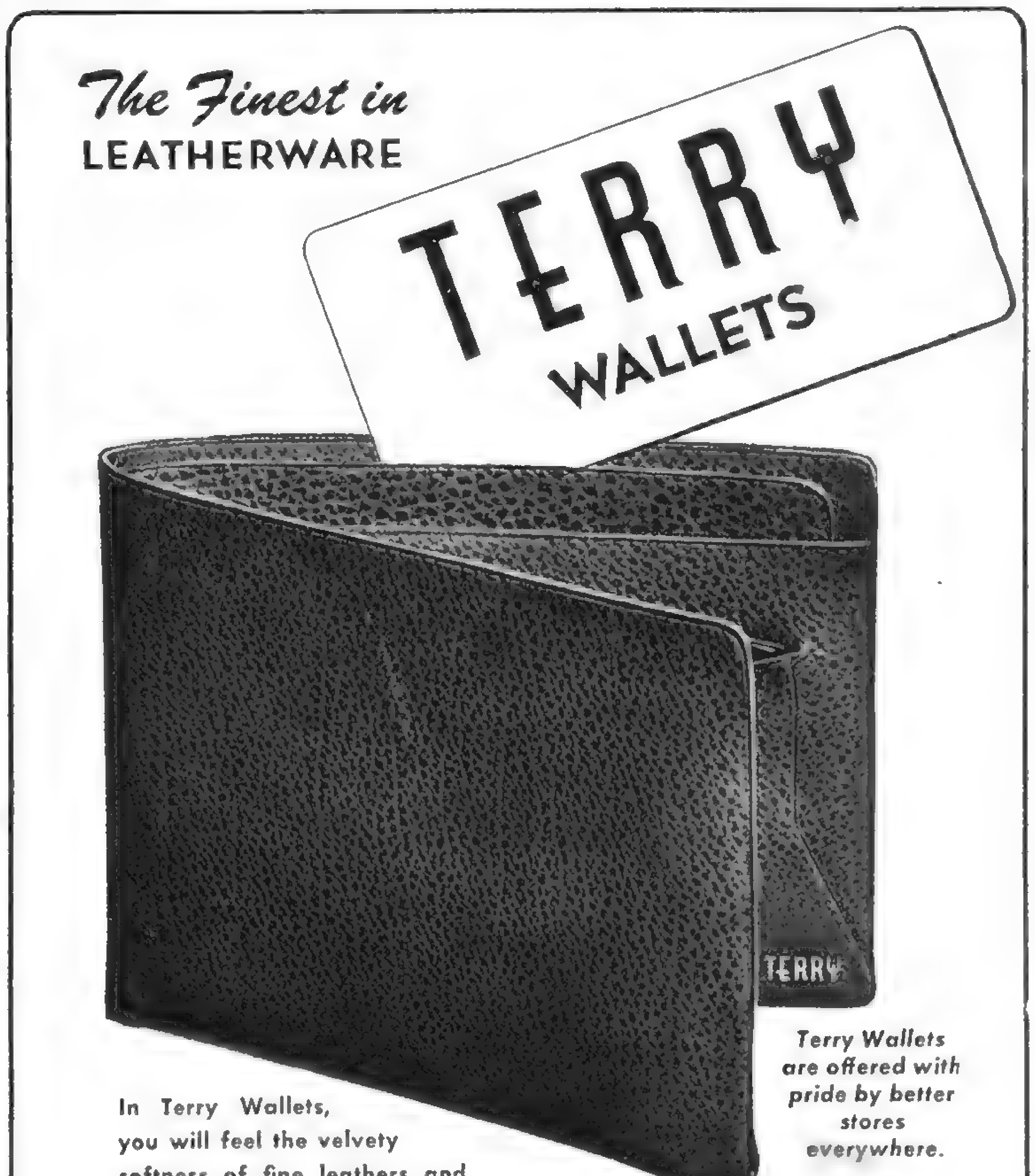
Complete your WARdrobe with a
PLYMOUTH
RAINCOAT

For "topcoat" style, custom comfort and reliable protection against drenching downpours and chilling blasts, a PLYMOUTH WEATHERPROOF offers the finest in processed "weathertested" fabrics, correct tailoring by master tailors, and many other original exclusive features. Be smart, be right, buy genuine PLYMOUTHS at better stores everywhere.

Look for the label "PLYMOUTH of BOSTON"

Plymouth OF BOSTON
WEATHERPROOFS
Tailored by Tailors

PLYMOUTH MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 100 HAMPSHIRE ST., BOSTON, MASS.


The Finest in
LEATHERWARE

TERRY WALLETS

In Terry Wallets, you will feel the velvety softness of fine leathers and the sturdy quality of fine craftsmanship. Use them for your money and papers with the assurance that no better fold was ever made to carry about day in and out.

Terry Wallets are offered with pride by better stores everywhere.

KAYE-MEYERS CO.
NEW YORK CITY

new
IMPROVED
Cutter Crossette
ELASTI-GLASS*
TIES

$1

- ★ can NOW be ironed and perfectly dry-cleaned.
- ★ look, feel and wear like more expensive neckwear.
- ★ new, exclusive patterns and colors found only in the more expensive ties.
- ★ 100% American Fabric.
- ★ an organic glass containing no fibres of silica glass.

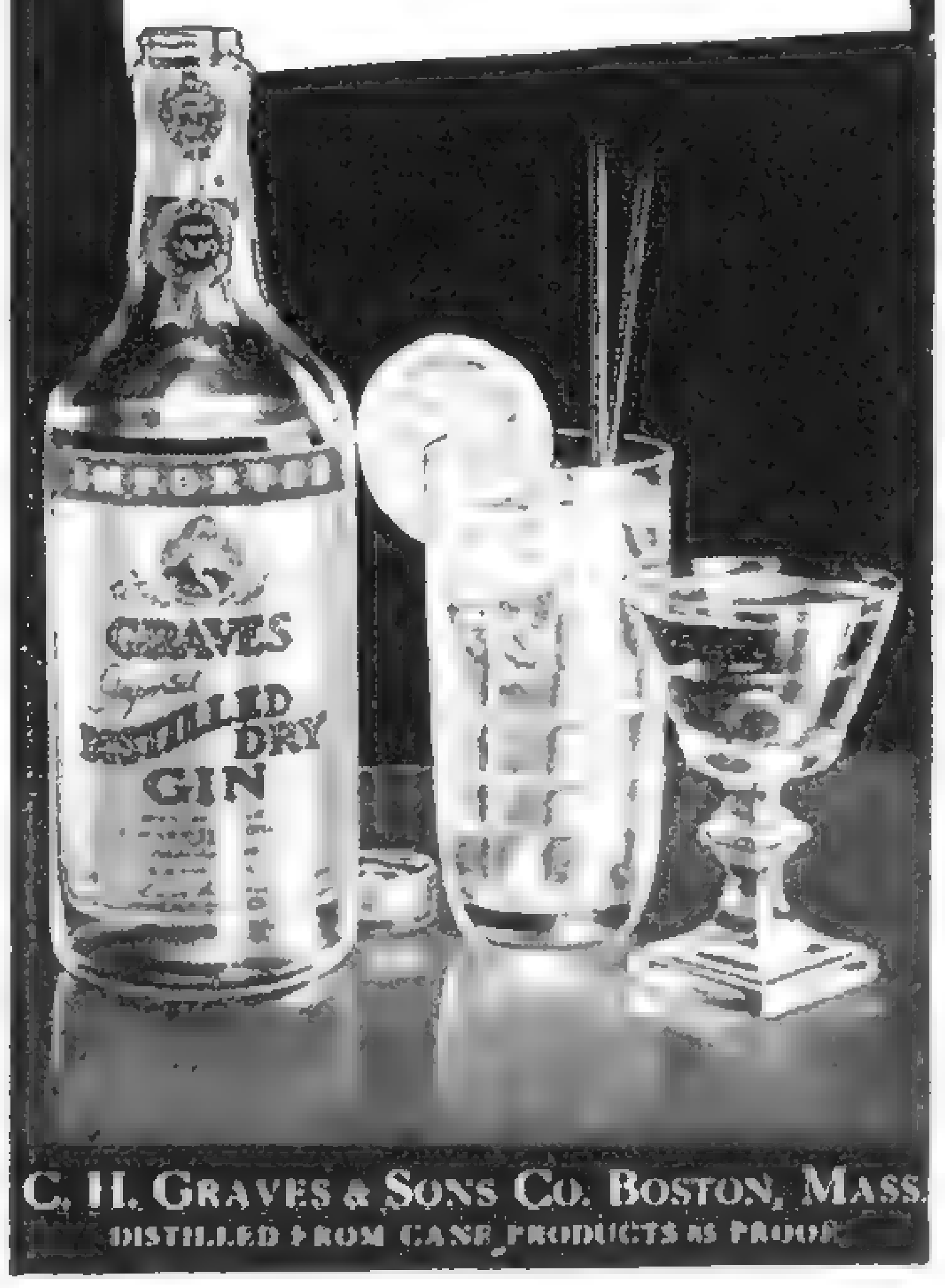
An Exclusive
Cutter Crossette Cravat
Fine Neckwear Since 1874
529 S. FRANKLIN, CHICAGO

* Reg. Trade Name—S. Buchsbaum & Co. Licensee—Cutter Crossette Co.

FAMOUS
SINCE
1849

Graves
IMPORTED
Distilled Dry
Gin

...since 1849, GRAVES GIN has been carefully distilled for a knowing public who want only the finest ... distilled dry.



C. H. GRAVES & SONS CO. BOSTON, MASS.
DISTILLED FROM CANE PRODUCTS 85 PROOF

So You Want to Drive a Tank!

Continued from page 79

this." I knew my way around here.

"That's enough—"

"Push the clamp lock over to the unlocked position."

"Just a minute," Hamrick broke in. "We've got a crew coming. I'm not supposed to operate this tank without them. Want me court-martialed?"

"I'm the man who'd be punished but a civilian is not subject to court-martial—" I laughed.

"They can break me for letting you operate Government property without special permission."

Just then Sergeant McBain and four rather bored-looking soldiers arrived. All wore tank suits and helmets like the one I had borrowed. They made us appear more Gremlin than human. Hamrick and I slid down *Iron Mike* to join them. The forehead-touching over, Lieutenant Hamrick introduced me and announced he would take but two of them.

"I'm going out to 6-c," he said.

"Might be a bit rough—" McBain suggested.

"Oh, that's all right," Hamrick exclaimed heartily.

"I'm thinking of the range—part of 6-c is used—"

Hamrick cut McBain short. "Just what we're looking for!" He turned to me. "That's correct, isn't it?"

"Why, yes—I don't know exactly—"

McBain asked: "Have you signed out yet?"

"Oh," Hamrick said, "almost forgot that detail. Come with me."

We went into a low, grey building where a sergeant sat at a pine table. Hamrick told him he wanted the papers for a civilian to sign before being allowed to ride in a tank. The sergeant went into an inner room and returned with some mimeographed sheets.

"If you'll answer these questions and sign on the bottom line of each page," he said.

As usual, Hamrick took over. "Be sure to answer who we are to notify in case of accident together with the address, also next of kin."

"This paper," the sergeant pointed to one of the sheets, "absolves the Government of any damages in the event of death."

"Do you have many accidents?" I attempted to ask lightly.

"We've found," Hamrick answered for him, "that widows and orphans look to the Government every time—we've got to get your signature as a matter of self protection."

I was cooling on the idea of a tank ride.

"I understand all that," I said sharply. "My question was: have you so many accidents that it is necessary to go through with all these formalities?"

"It's just good business," Hamrick replied. "You might be the only one killed this year. It would still be necessary."

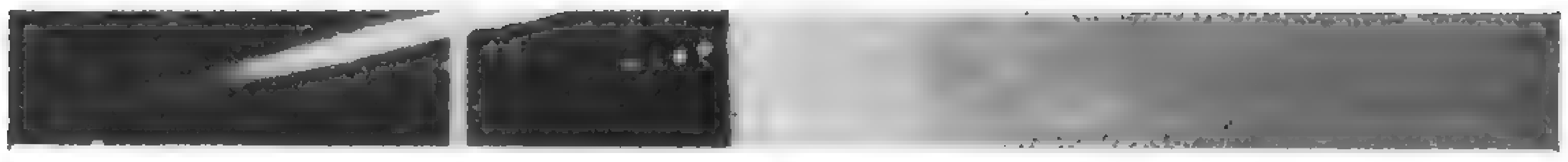
I forced a laugh and signed the

Continued on page 182

Guardian

Men charged with directing the world's destiny must make every minute, every second, count. The superb Rolex Oyster is a trustworthy companion of such men ... for it is a true guardian of today's important moments. ☆ ☆ ☆ The scientific accuracy of this fine wrist watch ... the simplicity of its design ... have long made the Rolex Oyster the preference of many ranking officers in our Armed Forces ... as well as first choice of important executives here at home. ☆ ☆ ☆ A limited number of Rolex Oysters ... and a few other models ... are still available for civilian purchase. Visit your local Rolex Dealer. ☆ ☆ ☆ Priced from $80.00.

ROLEX
The Masterpiece of Watch Craftsmanship
SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY QUALITY JEWELERS



SKINNER'S TACKLE TWILL*
Modern Design In a Rainwear Fabric

Like pre-fabricated housing and the "flying wing," Skinner's Tackle Twill* is the modern conception of a rainwear fabric. Rich, dull cotton poplin on one side, satiny rayon twill on the other, it is the engineer's idea of what a fabric should be.

Tough as a Flying Fortress, yet light as a Piper Cub, most Tackle Twill* is now being used by the Armed Forces. After the war, of course, you'll be able to buy all kinds of wonderful rain and sportswear, all identified by the Tackle Twill* label.

There will be other equally unusual fabrics coming from William Skinner & Sons after the war. For Tackle Twill* is just one example of the designing ingenuity that has made Skinner a source of great fabrics for 95 years. William Skinner & Sons, New York.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Established 1848

Skinner's QUALITY RAYONS

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

So You Want to Drive a Tank!

Continued from pages 79-181

papers. "Come on, let's go," I said.

* * *

6-c is lovely Kentucky countryside. The Salt River winds across a corner of the three hundred acres. This is one of the practice and training fields for tank crews and the earth is scored with deep ruts which criss-cross the terrain in every direction. Tracks have torn huge divots from the bluegrass and tossed them aside. These holes were filled with water from a heavy rain and the clay surface was slippery.

On the way to the field I stood up in the turret resting my arms on the rim, my feet on the commander's stool. Here I was, the tank commander *pro tem.* Lieutenant Hamrick was in the gunner's seat. "Take my place," he said. "We'll give you the works."

His choice of words was unfortunate but the thrill of riding atop the clanking monster lulled my apprehensiveness. The M-5 can do better than 50 miles an hour, an excellent reconnaissance tank, maneuverable and hard-hitting, not the powerhouse the M-4 is but—well, the English call it *The Honey*. And it was a honey!

It was only when we turned abruptly off the concrete highway into a little ditch that I was reminded of possible trouble. Directly back of me was a vertical radio antenna looking for all the world like a collapsible fish pole. When the tank banged into the ditch, the steel rod cracked me across the shoulders and head. I was glad I was wearing my heavy leather tank helmet, otherwise it would have knocked me out. One reason for the rule that a regulation helmet must be worn by everyone in a tank was now clear to me.

Hamrick called up from below. "Ground's slippery, if we should skid and go over sideways, drop down inside and hold everything!"

The prospect of the tank rolling over with me inside wasn't pleasant. I could envision myself being hurled from one steel projection to another. But I had little time to think of such contingencies. With a lunge which whipped the antenna back and flashed it past my ear when it returned, we landed on 6-c.

Directly ahead was a growth of young ash trees. The iron demon snarled and attacked them as though they were enemy troops. The trees were flattened and we emerged on the edge of a ravine. It was probably fifteen feet deep and from my post looked twice that. At the bottom a stream flowed, yellow and turgid. Surely we weren't going down there, I thought, but soon learned we were.

The nose dipped and with a growl, *Iron Mike* plunged to the bottom. I caught the impact of the fall with my shoulder, instinctively protecting my ribs. Water and mud were thrown high in the air, a large hunk of Kentucky clay

PROPER FILLING MAKES PENS WILLING

No smudge and no dirt, no sand and no grime. Ideas flow fast into words every time. Your Ink-O-Graph races, when properly filled. Hard work becomes play, and everyone's thrilled! If Ink-O-Graph filling's a mystery to you, read the offer below and learn what to do. So you, too, can enjoy a wonderful time, with no smudge and no dirt, no sand and no grime!

ONLY ONE PERSON IN 5,000 KNOWS HOW TO FILL ANY FOUNTAIN PEN PROPERLY!

An Ink-O-Graph Pen will give perfect satisfaction for many years—equal to that you expect from the highest priced fountain pen—*provided you fill it properly.* If you haven't received one of our instruction sheets from your dealer, send us a 3c stamped, self-addressed envelope and we will mail you a copy.

Beware of imitations—Only by getting the genuine can you enjoy *all the advantages* offered by Ink-O-Graph. Look for the name Ink-O-Graph on every pen.

DeLuxe Model INK-O-GRAPH $2
Inkograph Co., Inc., 212 Hudson St., N. Y. C.

BACK THE ATTACK!
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Anywhere you see it
V.V.O. *means better Scotch*

• The smooth, light mellowness of Martin's V.V.O. is due to the fact that only the very pick of choice Scotch Whiskies go into its making. Try this better Scotch.

MARTIN'S V.V.O. BRAND
Blended Scotch Whisky
88 proof

IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N.Y.

smacking me in the face. Before I could wipe my eyes and see what we were about, the now thoroughly aroused monster raged up the other bank. I was thrown back against the edge of the hatch.

"How're you doing?" Hamrick yelled up to me.

My voice was drowned by the roar of the beast. I saw level ground ahead and got gingerly to the floor. "Thought I'd try it down here for awhile," I explained. I could see that Hamrick didn't hear what I was saying. The noise was deafening. No wonder the tank crew used an inter-communicating telephone system!

Hamrick pointed to the periscope in front of me and I peered through it. Periscopes are vulnerable. Enemy gunners aim at the slits and force the crew to close them. With these sights gone the driver and gunners are blind, the 37 useless. Etched onto the periscopic sights are reticles, a series of concentric circles and broken lines, yard marks which enable the gun crew quickly to adjust their weapons for both range and deflection.

PUBLIC TELEPHONE

"I'll meet you at the corner of 4th and Merkle—I will be wearing the uniform of a corporal of the United States Army"

Through the periscope I could see the progress of *Iron Mike.* It lunged across ravines, through brush and swamps, lurched perilously down hill and roared frightfully up hill. The steel tracks flung a barrage of mud and water high into the air. I was battered from one side of the iron cylinder to the other. I clung to the breech of the gun and was thrown violently back, landing on the floor.

Lieutenant Hamrick seized my arm. "Ride 'im cowboy!" he yelled, grinning. I realized that was no mere phrase. He was literally riding the tank, relaxed and undisturbed.

I climbed to my seat and tried to imitate him when we hit bottom somewhere. I was smashed against the breech of the gun and dropped to the floor. Hamrick gave an order through the interphone and the tank stopped.

"Want some more?" he asked.

I could see the driver and Bog in the hull, below. "Perhaps I should try it down there," I

Continued on page 184

"TRAVELO" BY Revere

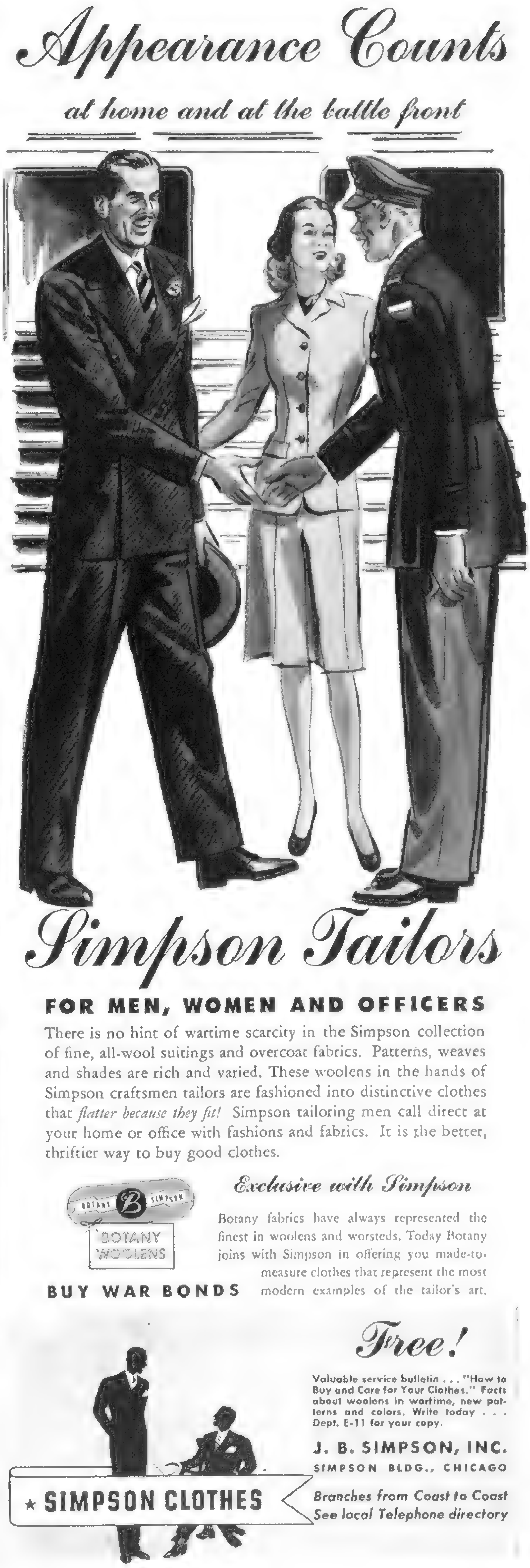
Saying "Travelo" is America's way of saying "warmth without bulk... smartness without sacrifice of solid comfort." For war work or your necessary leisure and play, "Travelo" is ideal.

This "Travelo" jacket is all pure wool worsted, reinforced throughout and cut full to fit. Comes in the popular rib-stitch in navy, military, dark brown heather, dark oxford—or in a special inter-lock stitch which holds its shape because it's *locked* ...in navy, dark brown heather, and dark oxford.

Rib stitch No. 489
small, medium, large . $6.50
Inter-lock stitch No. 1029
small, medium, large . $9.50

Better Department Stores and Men's Shops everywhere feature these two famous labels

REVERE KNITTING MILLS, INC.
Malden, Mass. • 302 Fifth Ave., N. Y. • 833 Merchandise Mart, Chicago



Appearance Counts
at home and at the battle front

Simpson Tailors

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND OFFICERS

There is no hint of wartime scarcity in the Simpson collection of fine, all-wool suitings and overcoat fabrics. Patterns, weaves and shades are rich and varied. These woolens in the hands of Simpson craftsmen tailors are fashioned into distinctive clothes that *flatter because they fit!* Simpson tailoring men call direct at your home or office with fashions and fabrics. It is the better, thriftier way to buy good clothes.

Exclusive with Simpson

Botany fabrics have always represented the finest in woolens and worsteds. Today Botany joins with Simpson in offering you made-to-measure clothes that represent the most modern examples of the tailor's art.

BUY WAR BONDS

Free!

Valuable service bulletin . . . "How to Buy and Care for Your Clothes." Facts about woolens in wartime, new patterns and colors. Write today . . . Dept. E-11 for your copy.

J. B. SIMPSON, INC.
SIMPSON BLDG., CHICAGO

★ SIMPSON CLOTHES

Branches from Coast to Coast
See local Telephone directory

You must
SELECT YOUR SHIRTS
with care

Lion of Troy
SHIRTS

M. NIRENBERG SONS INC
1140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

So You Want to Drive a Tank!

Continued from pages 79-181-183

pointed, indicating the hull below.

"We can't let you drive the tank," Hamrick said.

This gave me the out I had been seeking. "Can't!" I exclaimed in feigned surprise.

"Government regulations," the lieutenant explained.

I attempted a blank stare. "Well, you should have told me," I said. "All right, let's get back." My side hurt where I had hit the gun breech.

The tank started again. We crashed to the bottom of a gravel pit and bogged down for a moment in two feet of water. I heard the motor die as the tracks fought for footing and held my breath in joyous expectancy. Perhaps it would stop and they couldn't get it started! Sergeant McBain had said the tank was in for a motor check. Nothing would have pleased me more than to walk home. But *Iron Mike* was not to be denied. Renewed power surged through its hull. It fought up the steep slope, rattling and bellowing defiance, and we reached the top.

Hamrick shut the turret hatch, gave some instructions through the interphone and closed the periscope lids. The tank sang an old familiar song, the sound I had heard so many times on F Street. We were on level ground.

Then another sound. "It's hailing!" I cried.

Hamrick grinned silently.

I glanced over my shoulder and saw a fine spray which came through some minute opening where the welding wasn't as tight as it should have been or from a hatch which wasn't closed properly. For a moment I thought little of it, then looked again—rain couldn't sift into the turret of a tank!

"What's that?" I yelled to Hamrick, pointing to the mist.

"Well it ain't rain!" Hamrick shouted. "You guess!"

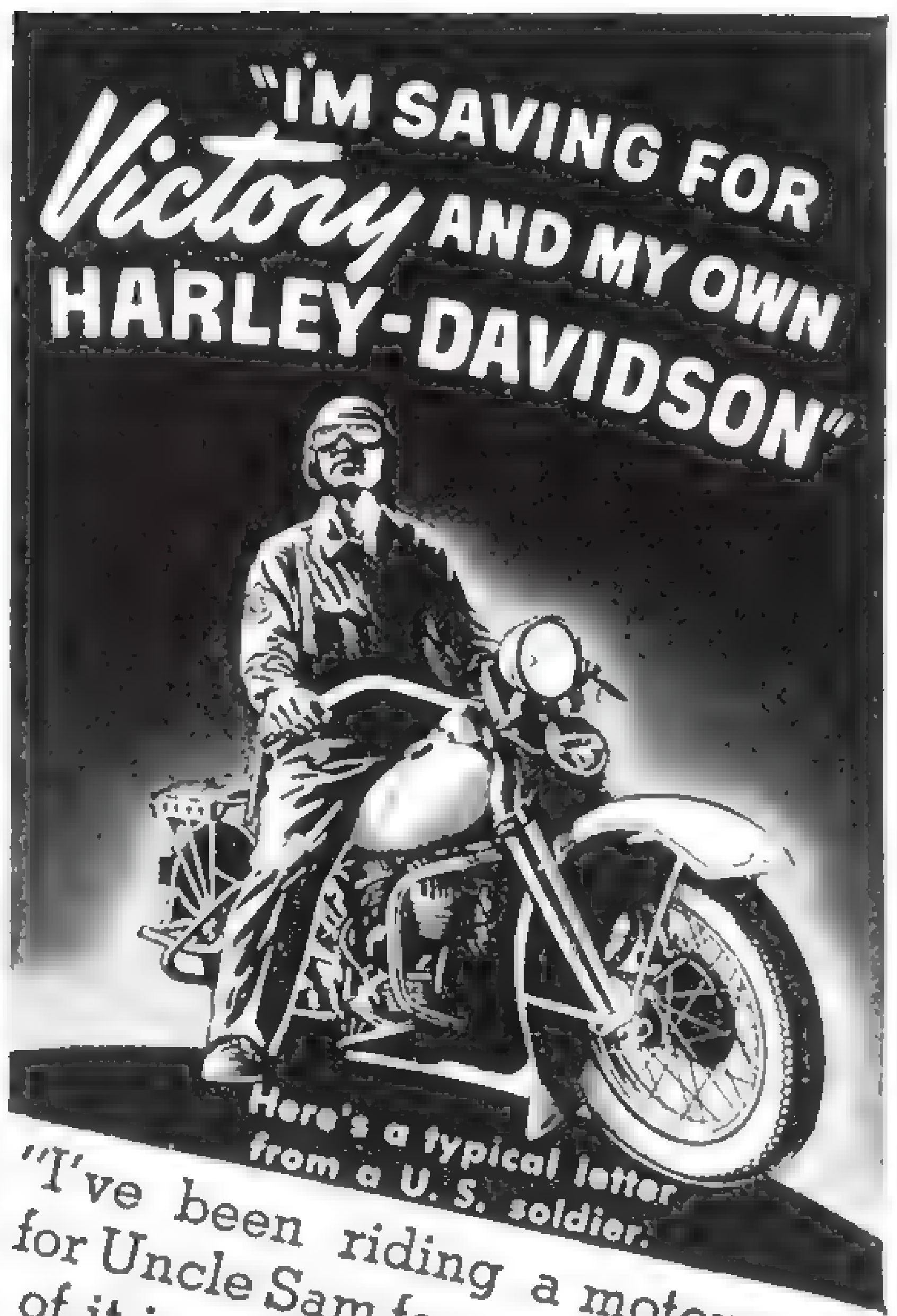
Then I knew! It was *lead.* Hot lead from machine-gun bullets. That was what McBain had started to explain to Hamrick—that there was machine-gun practice on one corner of 6-c. Tanks were used as targets. Hamrick had known this and had determined to give one civilian "the works."

* * *

The next day I saw the tanks on F Street as usual, the big ones and the little ones but they failed to stir me. The old enthusiasm was lacking. I ached in every bruised and battered muscle, adhesive tape held two cracked ribs in place.

"Beautiful, aren't they?"

I turned. Lieutenant Hamrick was staring at the passing parade with the eyes of a lover. "I've got some good news for you," he said, eyes fastened on the steel Thunderbolts. "Colonel Garvey says he can arrange to have you drive a tank—" ⧺



"I'M SAVING FOR Victory AND MY OWN HARLEY-DAVIDSON"

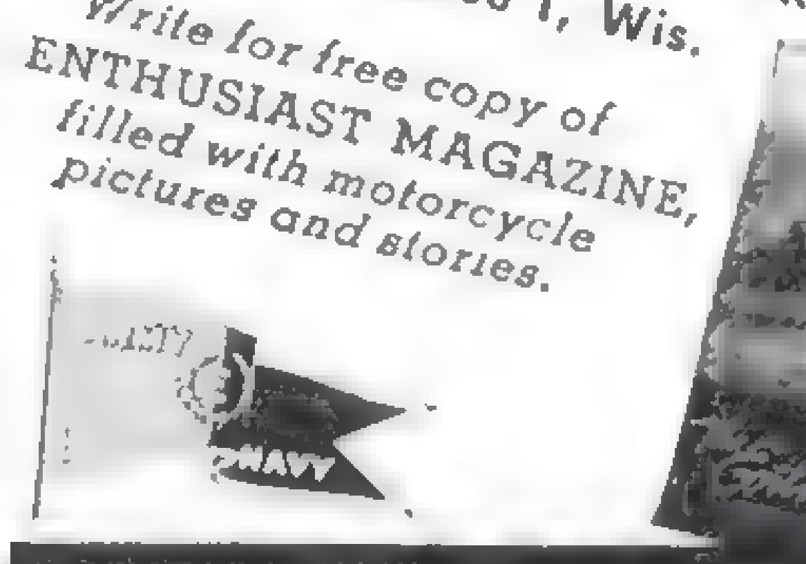
Here's a typical letter from a U. S. soldier.

"I've been riding a motorcycle for Uncle Sam for two years. Most of it is cross-country riding and the Harley-Davidsons really do take it. So I am laying away an allotment each month, and as soon as the war is over, the first thing I will buy, will be a Harley-Davidson."

Thousands of our boys in the service are dreaming about endurance runs, hillclimbs, race meets and other thrilling motorcycling days to come. Are you saving for Victory and your own Harley-Davidson? Keep on buying more War Bonds!

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. E, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

Write for free copy of ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE, filled with motorcycle pictures and stories.



HARLEY-DAVIDSON
MOTORCYCLES

How's Your Football Memory?

• Brush up with Esquire's entertaining new 92-page book, "Football in War and Peace." Vividly written by the famous coach Clark Shaughnessy, "Football in War and Peace" describes the high points of all the greatest games and the outstanding plays of all the greatest players. The book also includes 16 pages of thrilling football action photographs, many illustrative sketches and charts, and diagrams showing the use of football strategy in war. For the authentic inside story of football . . . for good punch-packed reading, send for "Football in War and Peace." $1 each post paid. Clip the coupon.

ESQUIRE SPORTS DEPT., P. O. BOX 1143, CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS

Please send me ...... copies of "Football in War and Peace" by Clark Shaughnessy, at $1 each.
I enclose $ ...., payment in full. U. S. orders only. No stamps please.

Name . . . .
Address
City . . . . State . . . . . .

New Kid on the Block

Continued from page 88

loses a ball downuh soor's gotta go and git it."

"Downuh soor!" said Steve. "Jeez—not me!"

"Den don't ever ask us fer a game again."

"We don' went no yella kids hangin' roun' us," Simple said.

Steve felt he was on a spot. "Don't call me yella," he said desperately, glancing about him. He hoped some adult or other would interfere quickly, but there were no people near.

"'At's whatchuh are, dough—a yella bastid."

"Yuh big skinny joik—I'll show yuh who's yella!"

"I'll slap yuh na teeth," Simple threatened.

"Yeah? Gaw head, start sumpm!" Steve got ready to drive a fist to Simple's belly. These big skinny guys, he had found out, usually couldn't take it in the basket. And if he got licked, well, it didn't matter much.

Simple made a warlike gesture and Steve took his stance, but then Jabbo stepped between them and pushed them apart. "Stop makin' like hard guys, it ain't gittin' my ball back." Jabbo didn't want any diversion. Simple understood and was easily calmed.

"Well, Steve, if y'aint yella, prove it," Jabbo said.

Steve hesitated another moment. Then recklessly he said: "Okay. I'll prove it!" He immediately regretted the impulse, but the others took him at his word and there was no backing out.

TURKEY FARM
O'Malley

Puffing importantly, Jabbo and Simple raised the heavy iron disk set in the sidewalk and rested it vertically on edge. Steve looked timidly down the manhole. There was a row of U-shaped iron bars set into the masonry, extending down into gloom. It looked extremely uninviting. And it had begun drizzling, which made it all that much more unpleasant.

"Well, how 'bout it?" Jabbo said. "We can't stand here all day holdin' dis ting."

"Gotta look where I'm gawn, ain't I?" Steve sat down at the

Continued on page 186

UNIVERSAL

GENÈVE
ESTABLISHED 1894

A new, waterproof, non-magnetic wrist watch for men. 17 jewels, solid 14 karat gold case and buckle . . . price, $165 (Federal tax included) at selected jewelers. Universal Geneva Watch Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York • Geneva, Switzerland.

Copyright 1943, Universal Geneva Watch Co.

Merito wines were famous before the Spanish Armada

IN the year 1264, more than three hundred years before the Spanish Armada sailed for England, ancestors of the present Marques del Merito settled at Jerez, Spain, and began producing fine wines. For seven centuries this family has devoted itself to the vintner's art. During those centuries Merito Wines acquired an international reputation for unsurpassed excellence. More than thirty gold medals from International Expositions furnish striking proof of the superb qualities of these wines.

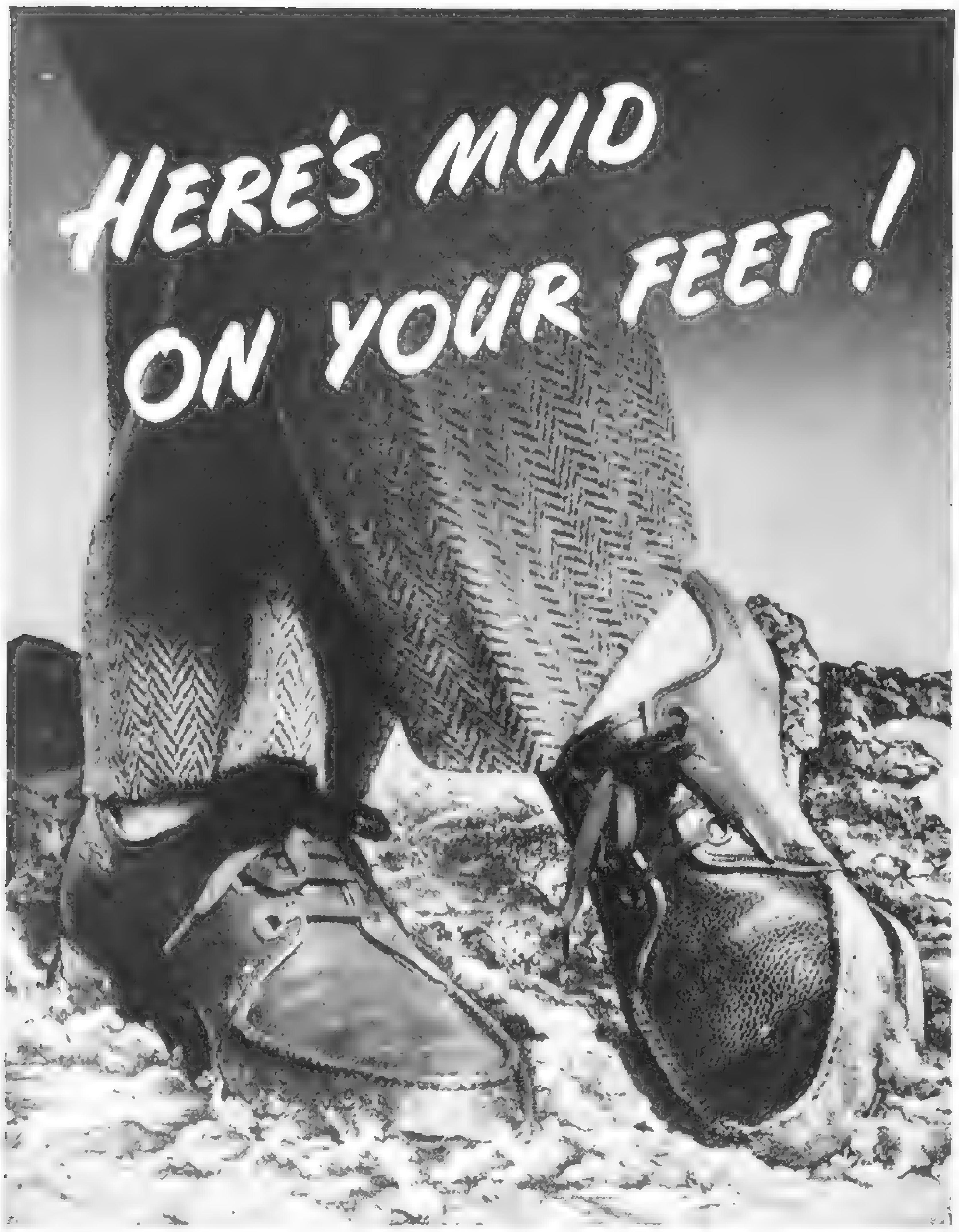
Today, Merito Sherries and Ports are being sold here in America. Shipments continue to come in from Spain and Portugal and are on sale at good dealers everywhere.

Each Merito label carries helpful information on taste, color and use. Look for the Merito label when you buy wine.

MERITO
NO 120
SHERRY
MERITO
NO.180
TAWNY PORT

MERITO
Imported
SHERRY *and* PORT WINES

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION NEW YORK



SO WHAT!

● M-U-D mud. It never did any shoe any good. But here's one built to take it, and come up smiling.

Oil-treated uppers that dry out soft and pliable. Combat Soles—the new flexible bottoms that outwear leather . . . resist cold and damp.

Plus Walk-Over Silver Linings*—extra quality and workmanship where they count most—*inside* the shoe. Smartly styled for rain or shine. The ROCKET, grain or smooth calf.

WALK·OVER Mudhounds

Walk-Over prices $8.95 to $12.95. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

*©WALK-OVER

New Kid on the Block

Continued from pages 88-185

edge of the hole with his legs hanging in it, twisted around and felt with his feet for one of the iron bars. His hands closed on the top one. It felt clammy and cold. With a shudder he began letting himself slowly down the hole, stopped, and looked pleadingly up at Jabbo and Simple. They weren't really going to let him go down there, he still hoped; it was just a joke, and they'd carried it far enough. But there was no sign of reprieve on the two faces above him. "You're okay," Jabbo said tensely. "Whadayuh waitin' fer? Keep goin'."

Slowly Steve went from rung to rung, his hands gripping the bars so tightly that they hurt, his feet inching downward until they found a secure resting place.

As Steve went farther down he heard the sound of water. It got louder and louder. Finally he reached it. There had been a lot of rain during the preceding week and the water was high enough to trap the ball in the manhole. His eyes could just define it, floating below him. Gingerly he stooped and reached for it—a little farther—he had it! He put the ball in his pocket and triumphantly began the ascent.

There was a sudden cry from above: "Cheese it! Putso!" Then with a clang, the sewer lid fell, sealing him in darkness.

Simple and Jabbo fled down the street from Mulcahy, the policeman. He stopped after pursuing them a little way, and went back to the corner. The sewer lid wasn't quite in place. Cursing the boys, he shoved it into its bed with his heel and stamped it flush with the pavement. Then he went into Green-Stein's grocery on the diagonally opposite corner for a chat. It was nasty out and he was glad to get indoors for a half hour or so.

Simple and Jabbo had hidden in a hallway halfway down the block. Jabbo, looking out, had seen the officer go into the grocery. "We'll hafta wait," he said. "Mulcahy could spy us troo duh store winda."

"But duh kid . . ."

"All he hasta do is hol' on."

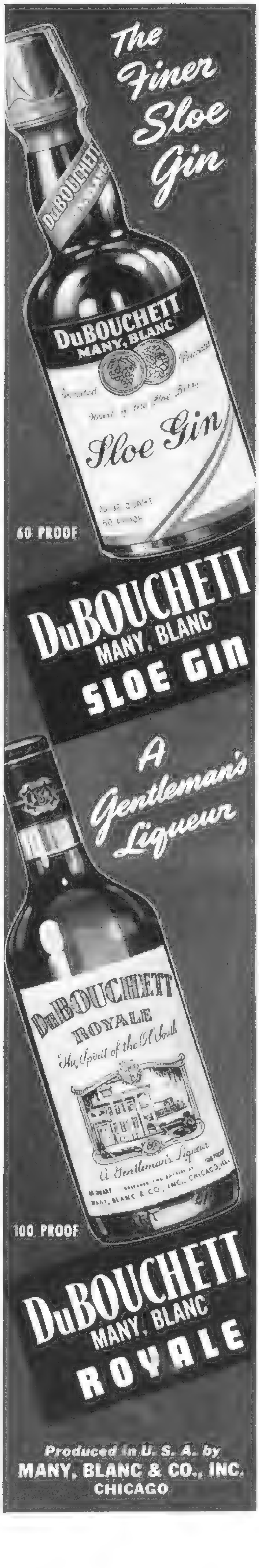
They kept watch on the grocery. The officer did not appear and they began getting panicky. Simple was the first to utter a terrifying mutual thought: "He coulda fell. Maybe he got drowned!"

"Don' talk like dat," Jabbo said nervously.

"He's been down dere an awful long time."

"Expect 'im to git out by 'imself, stupid? How could he lift duh cover when it takes duh two of us? He's just waitin' fer us."

"But such a long time! Why don' he yell or sumpm? If I was down dere I'd yell my head off." Simple went on persistently with his horrible childish logic:


The Finer Sloe Gin
DuBOUCHETT MANY, BLANC Sloe Gin
60 PROOF
DuBOUCHETT MANY, BLANC SLOE GIN
A Gentleman's Liqueur
DuBOUCHETT ROYALE The Spirit of the Ol' South
A Gentleman's Liqueur
100 PROOF
DuBOUCHETT MANY, BLANC ROYALE
Produced in U. S. A. by
MANY, BLANC & CO., INC.
CHICAGO

"Wouldn'choo—heh? Duh kid musta slipped, he musta . . ."

Jabbo raised his fist. "Shaddap, or I'll make yuh fra cripple!"

"But Jabbo," Simple whispered. "Supposin' sumpm really did hapm. Supposin' he's dead." Simple paused and added with a whimper: "We done it!"

Jabbo thought it over, grasping the awful implications of it all.

"Guess we bedda keep our mout shut." Now Jabbo also whispered. "We'll just hafta waid'll Mulcahy goes away, and den take a look. But I got duh jitters hangin' aroun'. C'mon—we'll cop a walk." A little later, Mulcahy, remembering that he had to call in to the police station, left the grocery and continued on his beat.

TRADERS' CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION
OFFICE

"Who you co-operating with tonight, Babe?"

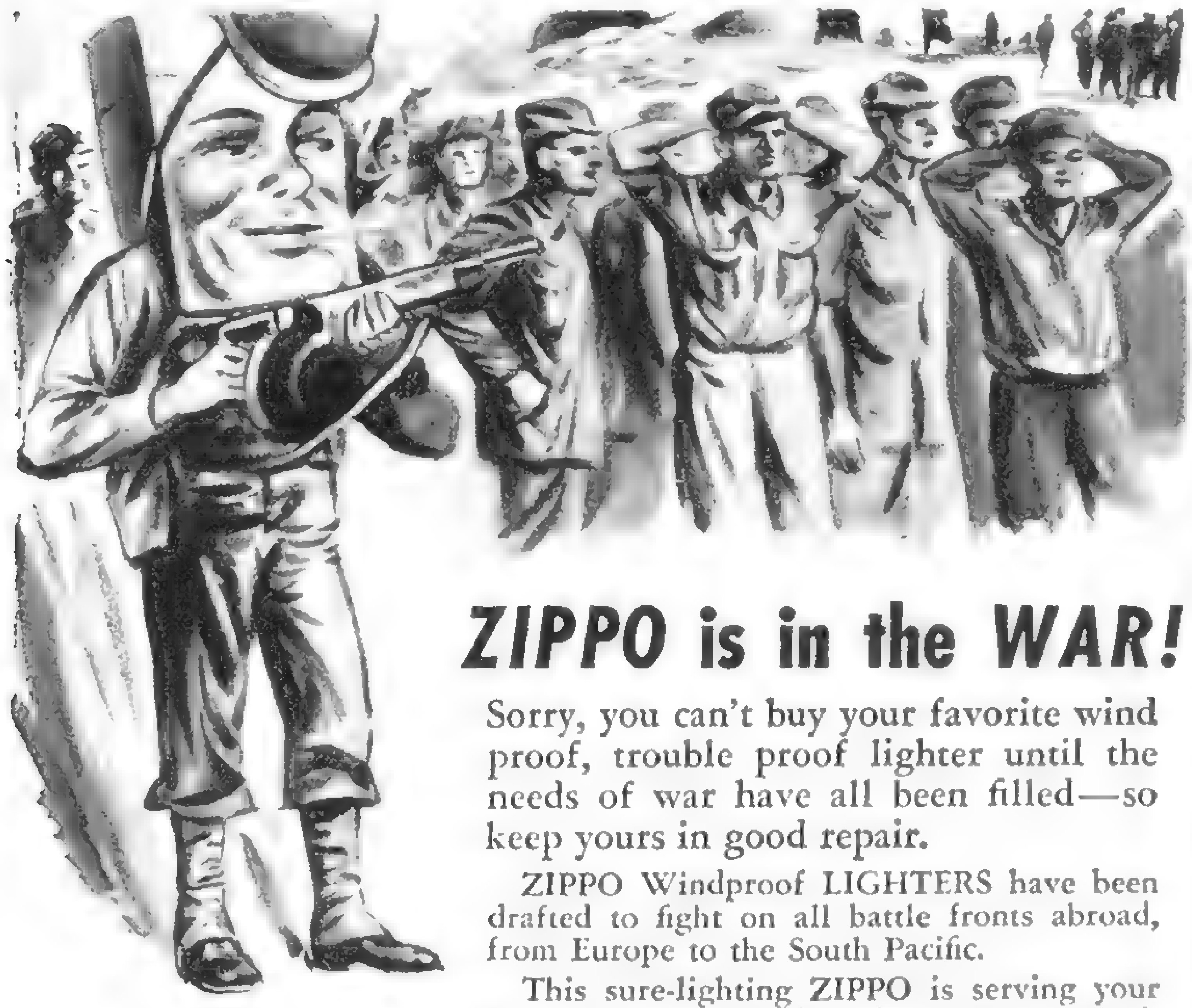
* * *

The shock of sudden darkness made Steve cling tightly to the iron rungs, motionless. Gradually his eyes adjusted themselves to the deep gloom and, looking up, he saw the glinting row of iron rungs, the six tiny holes of light in the sewer lid, and a swath of faint gray from the side opening through which the ball had fallen. He started climbing toward the light. He had not gone far when he was embraced by a rumbling noise, and stopped. The roar became louder, the vibrations more intense, filling him with a new dread. Gratefully he felt the disturbance die out. It must have been a truck passing. "Help!" he yelled. "Help!" A quick overpowering echo resounding about him almost deafened him, but he yelled and yelled until he realized that he could not be heard.

He resumed climbing, feeling with infinite caution for each rung. He thought about Simple and Jabbo and planned violent deaths for them by his own hand. That mental distraction temporarily lessened the sense of his own predicament. Then he chanced to look down, and the bottom of the manhole seemed so far away that it gave him a fit of dizziness and he had to stop again. He was cold and sick all over; he only wanted to get free.

The fit passed and he stretched up a numb hand for the next

Continued on page 188



ZIPPO is in the WAR!

Sorry, you can't buy your favorite wind proof, trouble proof lighter until the needs of war have all been filled—so keep yours in good repair.

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTERS have been drafted to fight on all battle fronts abroad, from Europe to the South Pacific.

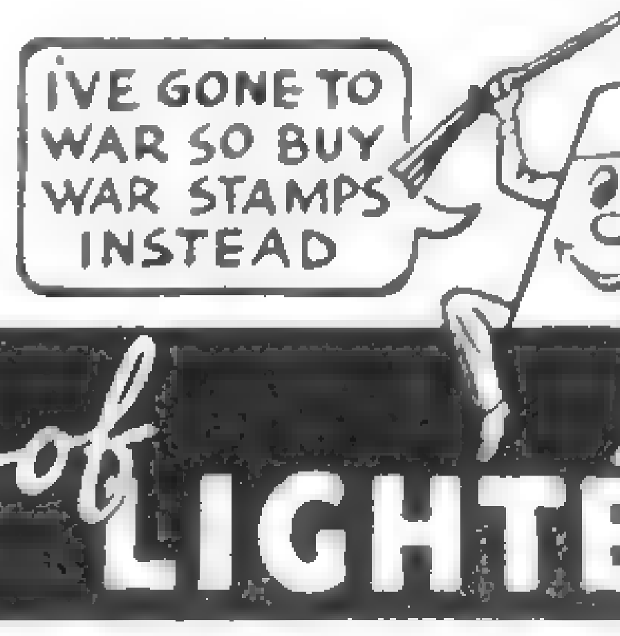
This sure-lighting ZIPPO is serving your boys well on sea and land—where its windproof flame is filling many needs beyond lighting pipe and fag.

You can get ZIPPO Hard Flints 4 for 10¢ (they give a big spark, wear long and fit most any lighter) and ZIPPO Long Lasting Fluid 25¢ a bottle (gives a sure light—and never gums up the works). Ask your dealer.

ZIPPO MFG. CO., 7 Barbour St., BRADFORD, PA.

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

For best results demand ZIPPO accessories from your Dealer.


I'VE GONE TO WAR SO BUY WAR STAMPS INSTEAD

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

Integrity

The integrity of a product is your only real assurance of quality, and today such assurance is more important than ever before. The Wright Air-flow Minute Man is a hat whose fine craftsmanship and styling insure the utmost in value and satisfaction. And it's not only 100% water-proofed but air-conditioned* for greater comfort besides.

*U. S. Patent No. 2,218,590

$6.50

Other Styles $5.00 to $7.50

THE WRIGHT HAT

Works Wonders with Morale

ROTHSCHILD BROS. HAT COMPANY • Manufacturers
SAINT LOUIS • CHICAGO

New Kid on the Block

Continued from pages 88-185-187

rung, but could not find it. There was no rung! Frantic, he turned his head and located it, much to the left of where it should have been. Still, it was in line with the others. He did not understand that fear and vertigo had made him lose his sense of direction.

He reached the top, at last. There was the lid, above his head. He pushed, but without effect. He pushed harder. It did not budge. He began yelling again: "Ma—mama—mama!" He waited awhile, gathering strength, then went a step higher so that his back was against the lid, and thrust upward with all his strength. It seemed his back would break when the lid suddenly yielded a bit. He giggled hysterically, rested, tried again to no avail. Then, in despair, he began weeping.

All at once the lid lifted as if by itself. Steve looked up and saw the sky, gray and dripping, but prettier than it had ever seemed before. A swarthy face appeared, the face of a street cleaner who, passing, had noticed the wobbling of the manhole cover.

"You crazy kid," the man said, extending a big hand to Steve.

Steve hardly heard. It was all over—he was free! He scrambled up out of the manhole. "Hey, fellas, I got it! I got duh ball!" he called, holding it up. Looking around, then, he saw that the street was empty.

The street cleaner stared at him. "You little fool!" he said. "Ain't you got any more sense?"

"Yeaaah!" Steve interrupted, making a face at him, and ran off.

Jabbo and Simple came back by a side street past the grocery, found Mulcahy gone, and crossed the intersection to the manhole.

"Jeez, I hope nuttin hapmed to 'im," Simple kept saying. "God, I hope he's awright."

"Can'tcha close yuh hole even fer a minute?" Jabbo said.

The lid came up and they peered down. Then they looked at each other, going white. Both had a mental picture of a body being

17 "KNOW-HOW" Books to help your ARMY CAREER

AUTHORITATIVE
EVERY military service book is written, edited and illustrated by practical experts. Many are used by the U. S. Army as standard text books in its schools throughout the country. Most of them contain information and instructions not readily available elsewhere.

WHETHER you're in the Army now or are waiting to be called, you'll want to read the books described below. All are written for men who are ambitious and eager to get ahead.

READ ALL the descriptions carefully. Choose the titles you want now and encircle their numbers on the coupon below. File the full list for reference and convenience in ordering other books in the future.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

8. MAP AND AERIAL PHOTO READING Only practical book on map and aerial photo reading. Two chapters on foreign maps. Maps and aerial photos, protractors, coordinate cards included. Practical problems and exercises cover the whole subject. New, revised edition. Many illustrations. $1.00

6. MODERN JUDO by Charles Yerkow. Complete manual of Close Combat, hard-hitting offense and aggressive defense. Every phase of infighting, advanced tactics, nerve centers, body development, exercises. 400 actual photographs. $3.00

22. CREASY'S DECISIVE BATTLES brought up to date with nine new battles and thirty new maps. Only modern edition of world famous book. Gives historical background of battles and blow-by-blow account of battles themselves. Fascinating and thrilling reading. $3.00

23. MILITARY SKI MANUAL by Frank Harper. Comprehensive, authoritative handbook for ski troopers, written by internationally famous skier and mountain soldier. Tells the whole story. 150 illustrations. 300 pages. $2.00

24. ARMORED WARFARE by Maj.-Gen. J. F. C. Fuller. Annotated edition of the most important book on modern war. Used as official book by Russians, Germans, etc. Highly praised by Timoshenko. New material gives Source book of German experts' Panzer 'strategy, now brought up-to-date pungent comments on World War II developments. Thirty illustrations. $1.00

25. USE OF AIRPOWER by Flight Lt. V. E. R. Blunt, R.A.F. Calm, expert analysis of what airpower can and can't do. First book to show true place of air weapon in total war. R.A.F. strategy based on Blunt's ideas. Author worked in R.A.F. Staff College and Air Ministry. English edition best seller. Comment by Winston Churchill. $1.00

40. COMPANY ADMINISTRATION AND PERSONNEL RECORDS by Lt.-Col. C. M. Virtue. New edition 400,000 copies sold. Revised to July, 1943. Recognized "bible" for unit administration, complete, comprehensive, authoritative, up-to-date and indispensible. Fully illustrated. $1.50

13. PSYCHOLOGY AND THE SOLDIER by Norman Copeland. First American edition of famed work on military leadership and morale. Frank discussion of fear, sex, discipline, personality, teamwork and fighting spirit in the armed forces and on the home front. $1.00

16. BLITZ FRENCH. Companion volume to No. 15. Compiled to live up to its name and give soldiers an open sesame vocabulary in this language. 75c

46. COMBAT AVIATION by Keith Ayling. Complete, systematic book on tactics and techniques of modern combat aviation. Written by veteran pilot and international authority on military aeronautics. Planes and men, formations, combat, guns, interception, night fighting, ground support, etc. Only book to give all of the dope. Illustrated. $2.00

61. PRINCIPLES OF WAR by Gen. Carl von Clausewitz. Edited with biographical foreword by Hans W. Gatzke. Historic source book from which Hitler and German militarists have obtained basic strategy and tactics used through more than a century of attempted world conquest. $1.00

64. THE OFFICER'S GUIDE. All-inclusive, authoritative digest of everything the officer must know—uniforms, pay, allowances, insurance, overseas duty, command, etc. Revised to August, 1943. Coast-to coast best seller. 500,000 sold. 540 pages, profusely illustrated. $2.50

2. ARMY FOOD AND MESSING. Revised edition of widely-known "Manual of Mess Management." More than 350 Army-tested recipes. Mess account forms, menus, mess sanitation, storage, inspection, supervision, control, nutrition, field kitchens, dehydrated foods. The complete guide 100 illustrations. Water proof cover. $2.50

11. SURPRISE by Gen. Waldemar Erfurth. From ancient days to Hitler and Eisenhower and Montgomery, SURPRISE has won the battles. Famous German General Erfurth shows how it is done and analyzes its value under all conditions. drawing penetrating conclusions. Maps. $1.00

27. KILL OR GET KILLED by Maj. Rex Applegate. Commando-type warfare explained for soldiers by a soldier. Last word on quick, fool-proof methods of attacking to kill with bare hands, knives, pistols, sub-machine guns or carbines. Includes training procedure and suggested layouts for special ranges. Over 200 photographs. $2.00

18. FLYING HEALTH by M. Martyn Kafka, M.D. Former U. S. Army Air Corps Flight Surgeon, writing in pilots' own language, gives invaluable, specialized advice on safeguarding health, parachuting, flying diseases, dissipation, fatigue, exercise, heart, eyes, ears, nose, throat, tropical and Arctic aviation. $2.00

15. HOW TO SAY IT IN SPANISH by Gwyn, Canova and Webb. Quick, practical guide for all who don't speak Spanish. English words and phrases with Spanish equivalent and phonetic pronunciation. Easy road to all the Spanish you need to get you by. Handy pocket size. 75c

5-DAY EXAMINATION OFFER . . . SEND NO MONEY

TO GET THE BEST MILITARY BOOKS without sending any money, clip the coupon, encircle the title number of the books you want and they'll be sent you C.O.D. If within five days after receiving the books you decide to return any of them, your money will be promptly refunded.

Authoritative Books For The Army Since 1921
MILITARY SERVICE PUBLISHING COMPANY

MILITARY SERVICE PUBLISHING CO.
821 Telegraph Bldg., Harrisburg, Pa.

Please send the books encircled below. I will pay Postman (or Army Postmaster) the total amount for the books ordered, plus actual postage charges on delivery. I can return any or all of the books within five days for full refund.

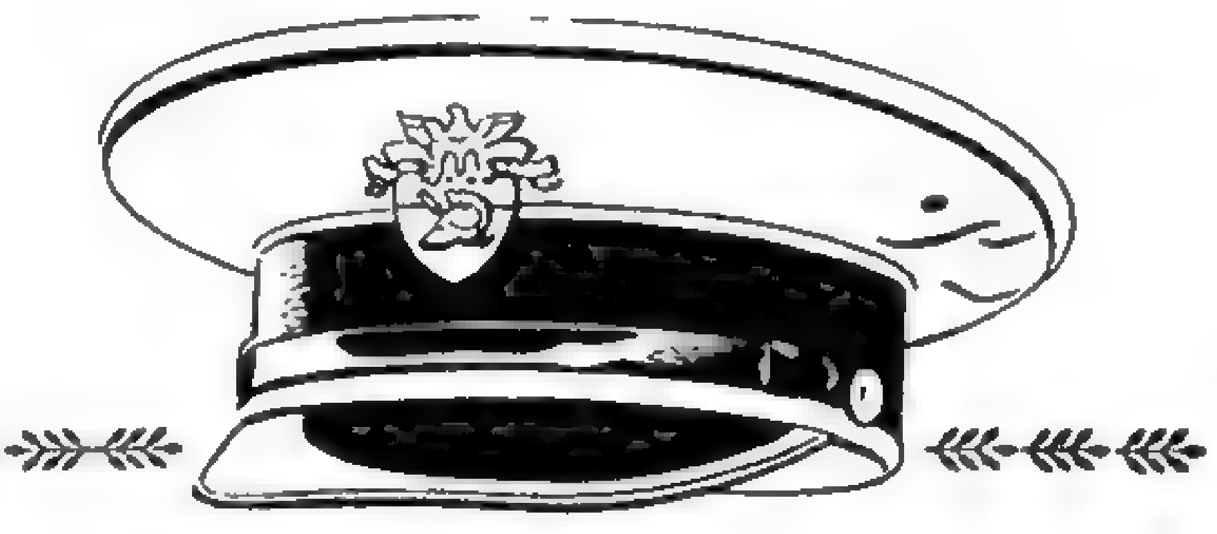
Name ....

Address ....

2 6 8 11 13 15 16 18 22 23 24 25 27 40 46 61 64

( ) To save postage, check here if you enclose with this coupon a check or money order for full amount of your order. We'll pay all postage charges but you get the same five-day money-back guarantee.

HE IS A CADET . . .
A WEST POINTER
This is the special insignia of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. It may be worn only by members of the Corps.



And here's another Pointer

Servicemen have a quick eye for marks of distinction. They know the quality sign of the Stetson diamond, too. For Stetson shoes have been worn by officers of our Army and Navy since the Spanish War.

We hope our civilian friends will continue to ask for Stetson shoes. A limited group of fine styles is available. THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, INC., South Weymouth, Massachusetts.

THE STETSON SHOE

The RAIDER

STETSON SHOES

"More by the Pair, Less by the Year"

carried along with a rush of water, way down underground through a dark tunnel to the river.

"Whad're we gawna do, whad'll we do?" Simple whimpered.

"Run away, nuttin else," said Jabbo. "Maybe we kin git in de Army. We could fake our age. But we need some dough. I got a few bucks saved up. How 'bout you?"

"I got a buck or so."

"Go git it," Jabbo said. "'N' about supper—guess we better eat so our folks won't git suspicious. Den I'll meetchuh fronta my house."

* * *

It had cleared early that evening when Steve came out of the stationery store where he had been sent by his father for tobacco, and it was not yet dark out. Steve, thinking about Simple and Jabbo, saw them coming up the street. They gaped at him and started toward him, fast.

"Hey, kid! Hey, Stevie!"

Steve waited grimly; he was going to tell them plenty. But then their actions puzzled him—Jabbo slapping him on the back, Simple pumping his hand and saying: "Hy, kid? Hya Stevie pal?" Steve sensed deliciously that he had something on them. He realized that they had been worried sick. He guessed from the way Simple avoided his eyes, and from Jabbo's sheepish look, that they'd been just as scared as he—maybe even more scared.

"I'm okay," Steve said quietly.

"But hodjuh git *odda* dere?" they asked, both dying to know.

Steve smiled mysteriously. "Oh—I got out awright," he said. "'N' by duh way, here's yuh ball."

Jabbo took it and looked at it stupidly. "Oh, duh ball—tanks."

"Stevie's Okay," Simple said with emphasis. "Ain't he, Jabbo?"

"A solid guy fer my dough," Jabbo said, and grinned at Steve. "Looks like it's gawna be nice tomorra. We could go over to Van Cortlandt and try out my noo model bombin' plane."

"I'll take my football along," said Simple.

"Okay," said Steve. "Be seein' yuh." And, describing an arc in the air with his hand, he turned and swaggered home. ⧻

GORDON'S
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL
Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

94.4 PROOF • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY

Paragon Pete says:
THE WINNER IS
PARAGON!
YANKEE DUDE
CROSSTOWN
STRIDE
Paragon
Hats

From left to right on the rail—the winning hats of the year! *YANKEE DUDE* (snap-down brim, figured band, mellow weight fine fur felt, $5.50); *CROSSTOWN* (light weight felt, narrow band and binding, unlined, $5.50, lined, $6.50); *STRIDE* (mellow weight felt, grosgrain binding, contrasting band, $7.50)—each of them a sure bet and a sure winner!

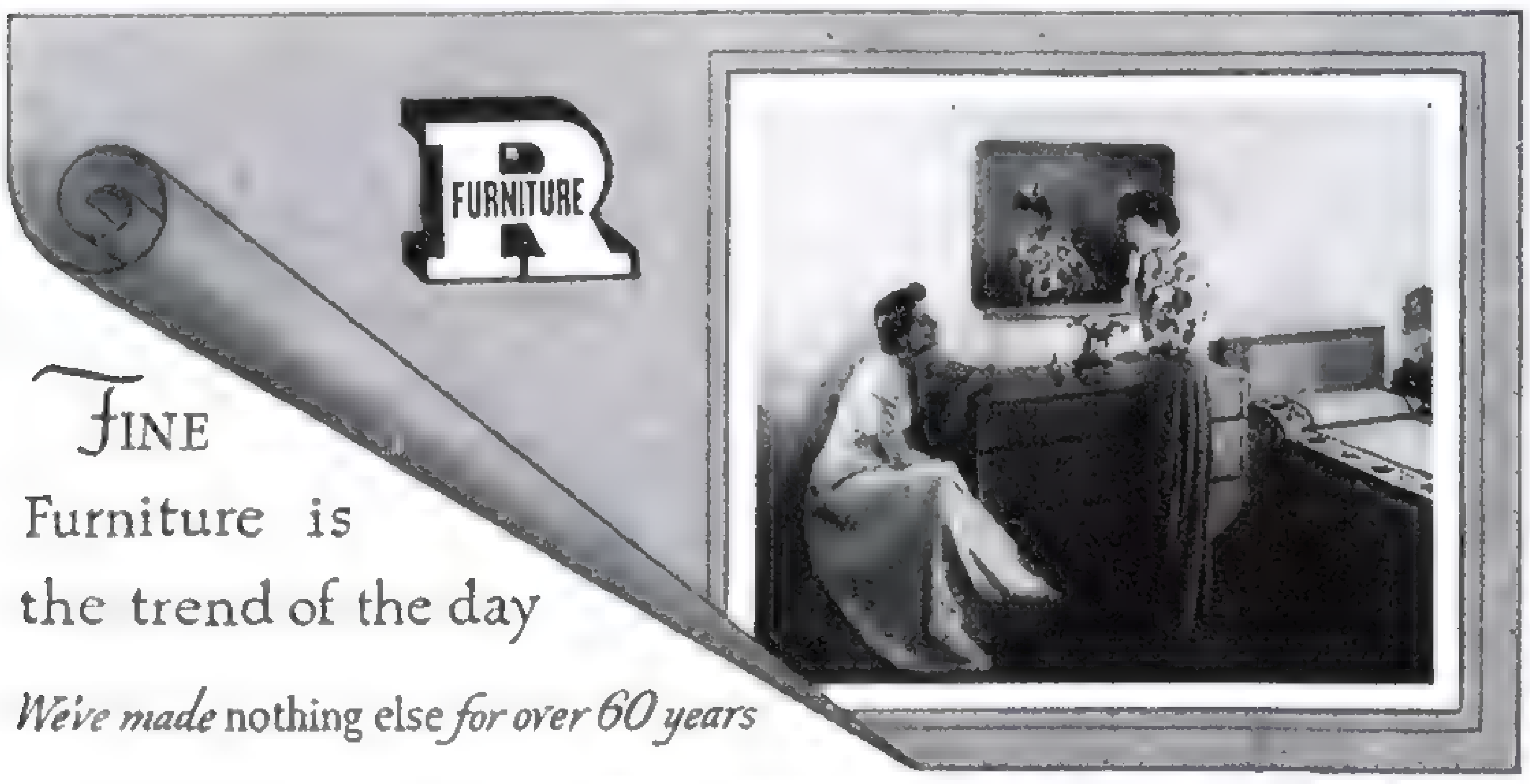
If your dealer can't supply you, order direct, stating size and color wanted.

314-316 S. FRANKLIN ST., CHICAGO 6, ILLINOIS

CISCO
MUFFLER and
WOOL GLOVES

AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

CISCO INC. Makers of Sportville MEN'S WEAR
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO


R FURNITURE
Fine
Furniture is
the trend of the day
We've made nothing else for over 60 years

You are welcome to visit our showrooms in the following listed cities
NORTHERN FURNITURE CO.
MAKERS OF BEDROOM AND DINING ROOM FURNITURE
Boston Cleveland Chicago Cincinnati Detroit Kansas City Milwaukee
Minneapolis New York Philadelphia Pittsburgh Sheboygan St. Louis
FOR LOCAL ADDRESS CONSULT TELEPHONE BOOK AND PLEASE NOTE THAT
PURCHASES MAY ONLY BE MADE THROUGH AUTHORIZED DEALERS.

ADVERTISERS' INDEX

NOVEMBER 1943

Abels, Robert 16
Abbott's Bitters 32
Abercrombie & Fitch Co. 165
Adler Shoes for Men 8
Airedale (Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co.) 141
Allen Edmonds 191
Alligator Co., The 120
Alpagora (Stratbury Mfg. Co.) .. 160
American Distilling Co., Inc., The
  (Bourbon Supreme, Burton's,
  Old Mr. Boston) 14
American Wine Co. (Cook's) 32
Angostura Bitters 26
Arch Preserver Shoes
  (E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.) 169
Arlington Mills 168
Arrid 137
Arrow Importing Co. (Marly) ... 154
Augusta Knitting Corp. (Jones
  Health Underwear) 174

Bancroft Cap Co. 167
Barclay & Co., Ltd., Jas. (Corby's) 133
Bielzoff Products Co., D. J:
  Chevalier Brandy 177
  Red Horse "Twig" 177
Book League of America 15
Book-of-the-Month Club 9
Botany Worsted Mills ...... II Cover
Bourbon Supreme (The American
  Distilling Co., Inc.) 14
Briggs (P. Lorillard Co.) 150
British Walkers (J. P. Smith
  Shoe Co.) 137
Brown-Forman Distillers Corp:
  King 136
  Old Forester 30
Buchsbaum & Co., S. 166
Buddy Kit Co., The 172
Burton's (The American Dist. Co.) 14

Calvert Distillers Corp. 98
Camel (R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.). 97
Cameo Vineyards Co. (Croix
  Royale Brandy) 190
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.
  (Johnnie Walker) 114
Cartier 164
Castle Films, Inc. 163
Champ (LaSalle Hat Co.) 138
Chateau Martin (Eastern Wine) .. 112
Cheney Cravats 28
Chevalier Brandy (D. J. Bielzoff
  Products Co.) 177
Chicago Daily News, The 119
Chicago Rubber Clothing Co.
  (Rainfair) 135
Chrysler Corp. 25
Ciro (Surrender) 164
Cisco, Inc. (Sportville) 190
Claristine (Leroux & Co., Inc.) ... 192
Classics Club, The 23
Club Cocktails (G. F. Heublein) 27
Commonwealth (Footsaver Shoes) 129
Conklin Pen 16
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. ... 32
Continental Briar Pipe Co. (Royal
  Duke) 169
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey) 108
Cooper Safety Razor Corp. 161
Corby's (Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd.) 133
Coronet Brandy (Schenley Dist.
  Corp.) 168
Cortina Academy 18
Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co. (Airedale) 141
Cougar (Eagle Clothes) 151
Crestknit (The Greenspoon Co.). 142
Croix Royale Brandy (Cameo
  Vineyards Co.) 190
Crompton-Richmond Co., Inc. ... 153
Croton Watch Co. 156
Curtis Shoe Co., Inc. 132
Cutter-Crossette Co. 181

Dale Clothes, Clifton 24
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U.
  (Myers's Rum) 32
Demuth & Co., Inc., Wm. 191
Dewar's (Schenley Import Corp.) 143
Disney Hatmakers 144
Distinctive Creations, Inc. 8, 16
Dobbs Hats 123
Domore Chair Co., Inc. 190
Doniger & Co., Inc., David
  (McGregor) 36
Don Q Rum (Schieffelin & Co.) ... 152
DuBouchett (Many, Blanc & Co.) 186
Dunhill, Mary (Escape) 31
Dunhill of London, Inc., Alfred ... 155
Duotone (Star Sapphire Needle) .. 16

Eagle Clothes (Cougar) 151
Eastern Gardens 16
Eastern Wine Corp. (Chateau
  Martin) 112
Electric Auto-Lite Co., The 107
Escape (Mary Dunhill) 31
Eterna Watch Co. of America, Inc. 149
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) 129

Fat Men's Shop, Inc. 24
Fields & Co. (Readinjack) 8
Florsheim Shoe Co., The 4
Footsaver Shoes (Commonwealth) 129
Forbidden Fruit Liqueur (Chas.
  Jacquin & Cie, Inc.) 179

Continued on page 191

CROIX
ROYALE
(say Croy Royal)
Brandy
COGNAC
TYPE
CROIX ROYALE
Liqueur
Brandy
Super Fin
COMPARABLE
TO
OLD-WORLD
BRANDIES

Croix Royale Brandy is the result of the expert blending of fine brandies. It's as perfect a brandy as experienced skill can produce, comparable to the finest of European Cognacs. *A sip will convince you.*

Try Croix Royale Brandy after-dinner or in high balls, manhattans, and old-fashioneds.

BUY WAR BONDS FIRST!

CAMEO VINEYARDS CO. • FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Get More WITH DO/MORE

DOMORE provides the big "extra" in Seating Service—the personal application of the chair to the user. That is how you *get more* . . . To derive the greatest benefits, chairs must be properly fitted to the individual and his work. Domore representatives have had special instruction in the art of chair application. To fight fatigue, and thus increase working efficiency, call your local Domore representative for a demonstration.

Write FOR FOLDER

Describes Domore Seating Service and current models. Send Today! DOMORE CHAIR COMPANY, INC., Dept. E., Elkhart, Indiana.

Licensed by Posture Research Corp.

DO/MORE
Seating Service

DOMORE CHAIR CO., INC.
Dept. E, Elkhart, Ind.

Please send your latest folder describing Domore Seating Service.

NAME ____________________
ADDRESS ____________________
CITY ____________ STATE ____________

ADVERTISERS' INDEX—*Continued*

Fownes Gloves 159
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc:
  Four Roses 11
  Paul Jones 22
French, Shriner & Urner 175

Gilbert Chocolate Co., John O. 191
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc. (Kentucky Tavern) 124
Glover Co., H. B. 117
Goebel Bantam Beer 139
Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd. 189
Graves & Sons Co., C. H. 181
Greenspoon Co., The (Crestknit) 142
"Gripper" Fasteners (Scovill Mfg. Co.) 174

Hamilton Watches 174
Hanan & Son, Inc. 166
Hansen Glove Corp. 152
Harley-Davidson Motor Co. 184
Harper, I. W. (Stagg-Finch Dist.) 100
Harris Tweed Assn., Ltd. 179
Harris Mfg. Co., B.W. (Zero King) 170
Hart Schaffner & Marx 33
Harvey's (Park & Tilford Imp.) 141
Henry, Lonard and Thomas, Inc. (Royalton Pipes) 162
Heublein & Bro., G. F:
  A-1 Sauce 26
  Club Cocktails 27
Hilgers & Co., J. 18
Holland-Racine Shoes, Inc. 176
Hollis Co. (Klipette) 24
Hollywood Film Studios 18
Hollywood Polish Co. 16
Home Game Co. (Porta Poker) 16
House of Gifts 24
House of Heywood, The (Matrix) 125
Hull Mfg. Co. 24

Inkograph Co., The 182
Interwoven Stocking Co. 111

Jacobson & Sons, Inc., F. 149
Jacquin et Cie, Inc., Chas. (Forbidden Fruit Liqueur) 179
Je Reviens (Worth) 177
Jobey (Norwalk Pipe Corp.) 178
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.) 108
Jones Health Underwear (Augusta Knitting Corp.) 174
Jones, Paul (Frankfort Dist., Inc.) 22

Kahn, Inc., David (Wearever Zenith Pen) 131
Kaye-Meyers Co. 180
Kaywoodie Company 21
Keepsake Diamond Rings (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.) 175
Keith Co., Geo. E. (Walk-Over) 186
Kellogg Co., Robert W. 18
Kelly's, Jimmy 26
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Dist.) 124
Kimball Co., Miles 24
King (Brown-Forman Dist. Corp.) 136
Knickerbocker Pub. Co. 24
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso) 129
Knox Hats 115

Lakeland Mfg. Co. 20
Lamb Knit Goods Co., The 18
La Playa (Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc.) 154
LaSalle Hat Co. (Champ) 138
Lektrolite Corp. 165
Leon & Eddie's 32
Leroux & Co., Inc. (Claristine) 192
Lexol 18

Linguaphone Institute 16
Lorillard Co., P. (Briggs) 150
Lubin-Weeker Co., Inc. (Weldon) 143

Mail-Bag Film Service 16
Manhattan Ties 140
Many, Blanc & Co., Inc. (Du Bouchett) 186
Marks, Alice H. 24
Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.) 104
Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc. (La Playa) 154
Marly (Arrow Importing Co.) 154
Martin's V.V.O. (McKesson & Robbins, Inc.) 182
Marxman Pipes 8
Mathey-Tissot 162
Matrix (The House of Heywood) 125
McGregor (David D. Doniger) 36
McKesson & Robbins, Inc. (Martin's V.V.O.) 182
Meeker Co., Inc., The 167
Merito Wines (Natl. Dist.) 185
Mid City Uniform Cap Co. 176
Middleton's Walnut, John 127
Military Service Pub. Co. 188
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  Country Doctor 18
  Marlboro Cigarettes 104
  Philip Morris 130
Mount Hope Finishing Co. (Wat-a-tite) 170
Movado Watch Agency, Inc. 140
Moyer Mfg. Co. (Seven Seas Slacks) 16

National Distillers Prods. Corp:
  Merito Wines 185
  Old Angus 155
  Old Crow 103
  Old Taylor 38
  Ron Merito 150
National Magic Co. 18
National Premium Beer 26
New Era Shirt Company 158
Nirenberg Sons, Inc. M. 184
Northern Furniture Co. 190
Norwalk Pipe Corp. (Jobey) 178
Nunn-Bush Shoe Co. 106

Old Angus (National Distillers) 155
Old Crow (National Distillers) 103
Old Forester (Brown-Forman Dist.) 30
Old Mr. Boston (The American Distilling Co., Inc.) 14
Old Spice (Shulton, Inc.) 171
Old Taylor (National Distillers) 38
Omega 173

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer IV Cover
Pacific Mills 138
Paragon Hats 189
Paris Belts 113
Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc:
  Booth's House of Lords 26
  Harvey's 141
  Private Stock 131
  Reserve 127
  Vat 69 118
Parker Pen Co., The (Quink) 3
Pembroke (Spiegel Neckwear Co., Inc.) 144
Pennstate Cigar Corp. (Wedgewood) 24
Peper Tobacco, Christian (London Dock) 32
Pepsodent 7
Personna Blade Co., Inc. 8

Continued on page 192

SO FLEXIBLE-

You can make them do "U-TURNS"!

Literally, the Shoe That's Made for You

Here are the shoes that really have what it takes . . to give you that spirit-booster Fifth Avenue styling plus extra-long wear and the world's most comfortable fit! They're Allen Edmonds, the *only* shoes constructed the nailess, no "break-in" Osteo-path-ik way. You can twist 'em, roll 'em or bend 'em heel over toe! The "Mac Neil" shown is a tan scotch grain; heavy sole.

$11.00
West of Rockies
$11.50

See classified phone directory "Osteo-path-ik" for dealer; or order direct including ration coupon. Write for free booklet: "The Shoe of Tomorrow!" Allen Edmonds, Belgium, Wis.

STYLED BY
Allen Edmonds

FILTER in
ROYAL DEMUTH
makes pipe function superbly
ULTRA FINE IMPORTED BRIAR

$3.50

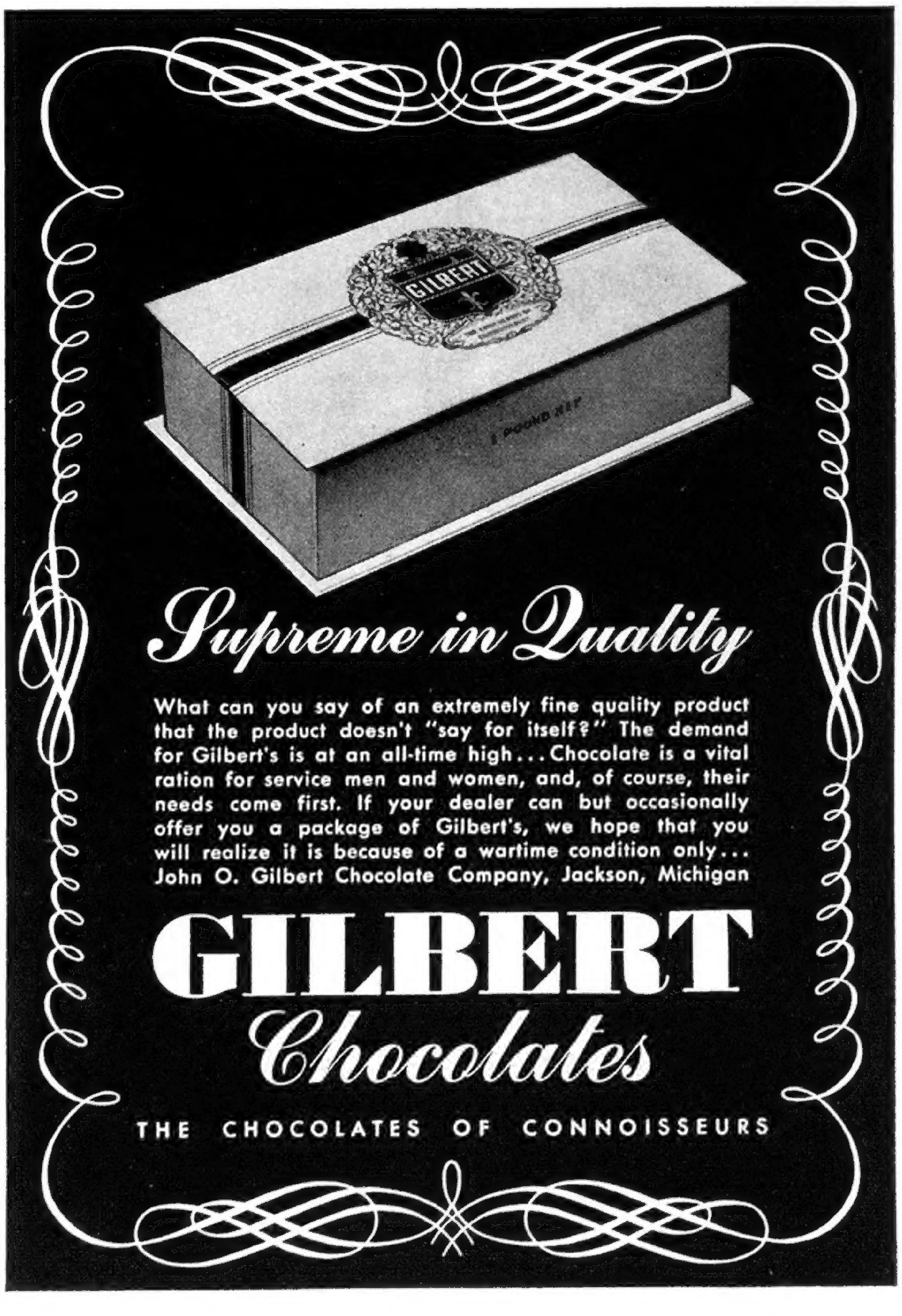
FILTERS FOR
WDC
ROYAL DEMUTH PIPES

Write for chart picturing 18 beautiful all-smooth models, telling benefits of MARVELOUS PATENTED FILTER

Also same styles, all-etched, with Eagle or "V" engraved PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS specially designed for men in service as well as civilians.

ENGRAVED ON ETCHED BOWL
ENGRAVED ON ETCHED BOWL

Wm. Demuth & Co., Inc., N. Y. 3



Supreme in Quality

What can you say of an extremely fine quality product that the product doesn't "say for itself?" The demand for Gilbert's is at an all-time high . . . Chocolate is a vital ration for service men and women, and, of course, their needs come first. If your dealer can but occasionally offer you a package of Gilbert's, we hope that you will realize it is because of a wartime condition only . . . John O. Gilbert Chocolate Company, Jackson, Michigan

GILBERT
Chocolates
THE CHOCOLATES OF CONNOISSEURS

WISH I WERE IN HIS SHOES

They're lucky chaps, and plenty smart — the millions of men in Portage Shoes. You'll like 'em, too — for the selected leathers, expert workmanship and good fit that assure deep-down satisfaction. You're looking for top values these ration days — so see your Portage Dealer, or write us for his name.

PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO.
Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

THE ZEPHYR
Model 6882
Hand Stained Russet

THE BRIARWOOD
Model 175
Shell Cordovan
Hand Stitched Tip

PORTAGE *Shoes* $5.50 to $8.95

ADVERTISERS' INDEX—*Continued*

Petersons's Tobacco Corp. 192
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 102
Pioneer Suspender Co. 153
Plaza, The 26
Plummer, Ltd. 24
Plymouth Mfg. Co. 180
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake Diamond Rings) 175
Portage Shoe Mfg. Co. 192
Private Stock (Park & Tilford) . . . 131

Quink (The Parker Pen Co.) 3

Rabsons 18
Rainfair (Chicago Rubber Clothing Co.) 135
Raleigh, Sir Walter 158
Red Horse "Twig" (D. J. Bielzoff Products Co.) 177
Regal Shoes 24, 37
Reis & Co., Robert (Scandals) . . . 160
Renault & Sons, Inc., L. N. 156
Revere Knitting Mills, Inc. (Travelo) 183
Reynolds Tob. Co., R. J. (Camel) . 97
Rogers Imports, Inc. 192
Rolex 181
Rolfs "Identifier" Billfold 126
Ron Merito (National Distillers) . 150
Ronrico Corp. 26
Rothschild Bros. Hat. Co. (Wright) 187
Royal Duke (Continental Briar Pipe Co.) 169
Royalton Pipes (Henry, Leonard and Thomas, Inc.) 162
Rumpp & Sons, C. F. 171

Scandals (Reis & Co., Robert) . . . 160
Schenley Royal Reserve (Schenley Dist. Corp.) 109
Schieffelin & Co. (Don Q Rum) . . 152
Schlitz Brewing Co., Jos. 121
Seagram-Distillers Corp. (7 Crown) 35
Shulton, Inc. (Old Spice) 171
Simpson, Inc., J. B. 183
Skinner & Sons, Wm. 182
Smith Shoe Co., J. P. (British Walkers) 137
Southern Comfort Corp. 32
Spiegel Neckwear Co., Inc. (Pembroke) 144
Sportville (Cisco, Inc.) 190
Stein Bros. Mfg. Co. (Stebco) 157
Stern & Co., Edward L. 178
Stern, Inc., L. & H. (Sterncrest) . . 139
Stetson Hats 17
Stetson Shoe Co., Inc., The 188
Stone Tarlow Co., Inc. 18
Stratbury Mfg. Co. (Alpagora) . . . 160
Stylecraft Jewelry Co. 16
Surrender (Ciro) 164
Swanee Pride Liqueur (M. S. Walker Co., Inc.) 172
Swank, Inc. 116, 128

Tavannes Watch Co., Inc. 151
Taylor Corp., E. E. 161
Taylor Wine Co., The 32
TexTan 132
Three Feathers (Schenley Dist.) . . 19
Timely Clothes 29
Trabert & Hoeffer-Mauboussin . . . 178
Travelo (Revere Knitting Mills) 183
Tripler & Co., F. R. 101

Universal Geneva Watch Co. 185

Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.) 102
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import) . . 118
Vitamins Plus 12
V Line Clothes 163

Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry) . . 114
Walker Co., Inc., M. S. (Swanee Pride Liqueur) 172
Walk-Over (Geo. E. Keith Co.) . . 186
Wat-a-tite (Mount Hope Finishing Co.) 170
Wearever Zenith Pen (David Kahn, Inc.) 131
Weissman Watch Co. (Welsbro) . 142
Weldon (Lubin-Wecker Co., Inc.) 143
Wembley, Inc. 13
Westminster Socks 157
Whittemore Shoe Dressings 24
Wiesenfeld Co. 18
Wilson Sporting Goods Co. 173
Wine Advisory Board . . . . . . III Cover
Worth (Je Reviens) 177
Wright (Rothschild Bros. Hat Co.) 187
Wright & Co., Inc., E. T. (Arch Preserver Shoes) 169
Wrisley Men's Toiletries 125

Ybry 159

Zenith Radio Corp. 105
Zero King (B. W. Harris Mfg. Co.) 170
Zippo Mfg. Co. 187

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

"AIR-TITE"

U.S. Pat. 1,801,193

TOBACCO POUCH

America's finest tobacco pouch makes an ideal smokers gift. Occasionally, your favorite tobacconist may not have any Air-Tites in stock. There's a reason: A large percentage of Air-Tites is going to the members of our armed forces. Necessarily, the civilian supply is limited. However, it is worth your while to wait for an Air-Tite . . .

"It seals as it closes"

Keeps your tobacco fresh,

L-O-N-G-E-R

ROGERS IMPORTS, Inc.
U. S. Agents:
Peterson's Pipes Dublin • London
419 Fourth Ave. New York 16, N. Y.

For the Smoker Who Cares

Peterson's
Old Crock

Peterson's OLD CROCK

(RICH IN AROMA)

If it's a better smoke you're looking for, we suggest Peterson's Old Crock. The choice imported and domestic tobaccos used in this blend are selected for their fine aromatic and smoking qualities.

Mild, rich in aroma—Peterson's Old Crock is typical of the matchless, mellow smoking quality that distinguishes all Peterson's tobacco.

1½ oz. Trial pkg. . 25c ret.
8 oz. Cannister . $1.25 ret.
8 oz. Old Crock Jar $1.50 ret.
16 oz. Cannister . $2.40 ret.

If your dealer cannot supply you write to

PETERSONS'S TOBACCO CORP.
419 FOURTH AVE. • NEW YORK CITY

From an Ancient treasured formula

LEROUX
From an Ancient treasured formula
Claristine
LIQUEUR
LEROUX & Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Claristine

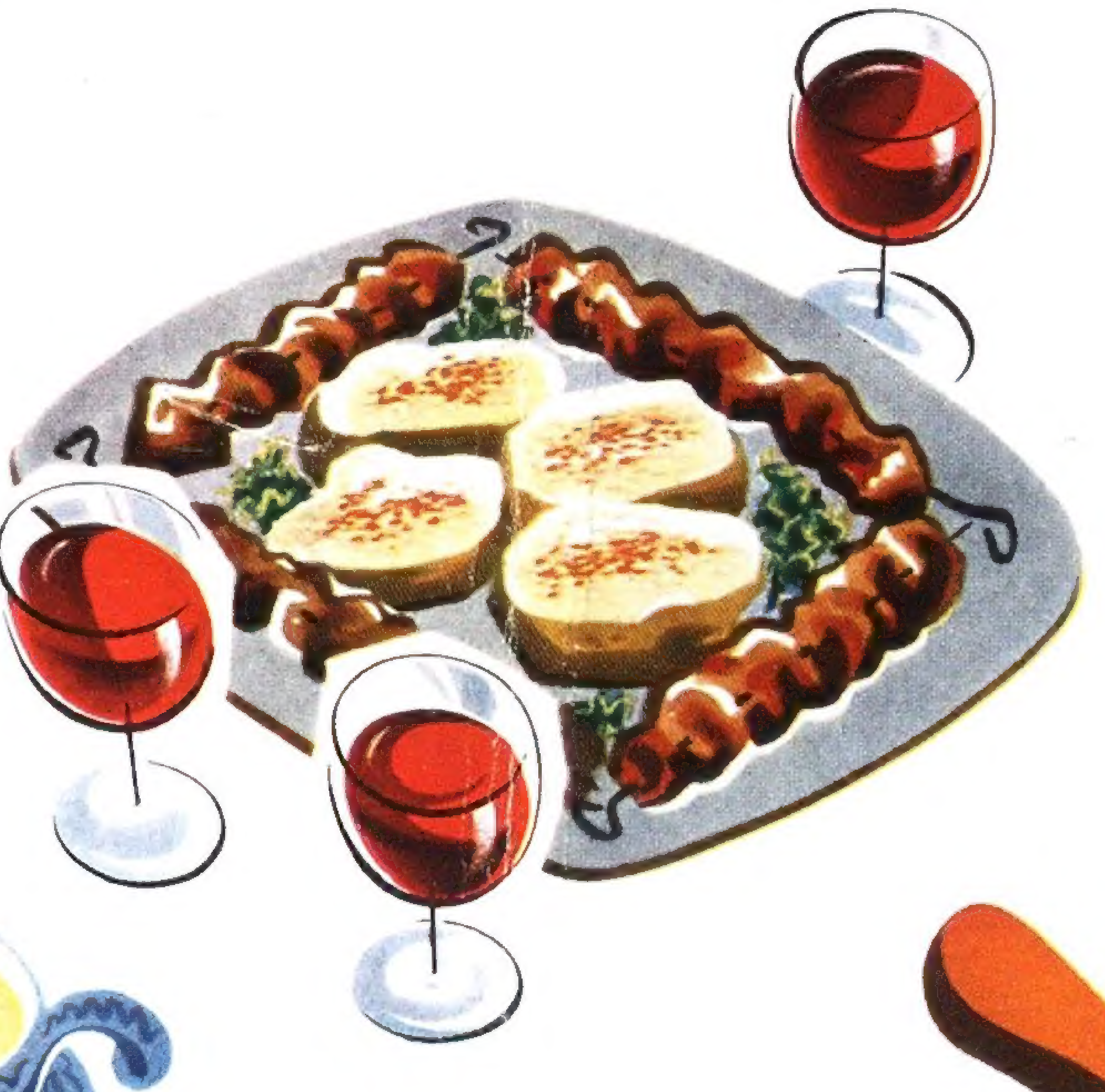
SIP WITH YOUR COFFEE
FOR THE B & C COCKTAIL

LEROUX & CO., Inc.
Philadelphia • New York City
Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937. 86 proof

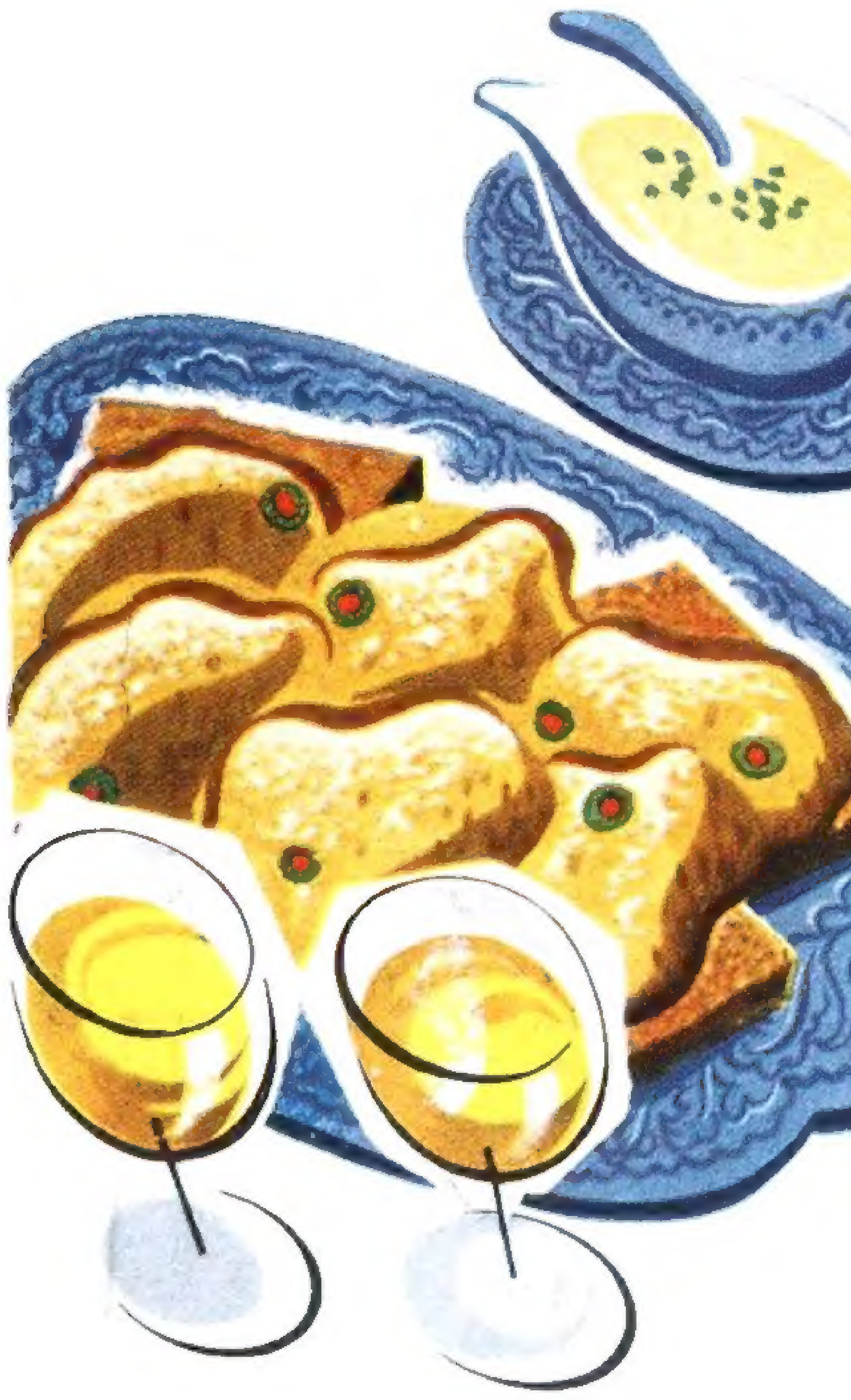
Wine has a way with the foods of Wartime

The wine growers of California invite you to share some cheerful secrets of good eating. These secrets start with simple foods. A knowing recipe, a bit of wine at the right point in your cooking—and you come out with dishes great chefs could boast about. Dishes you'll enjoy most with glasses of good table wine

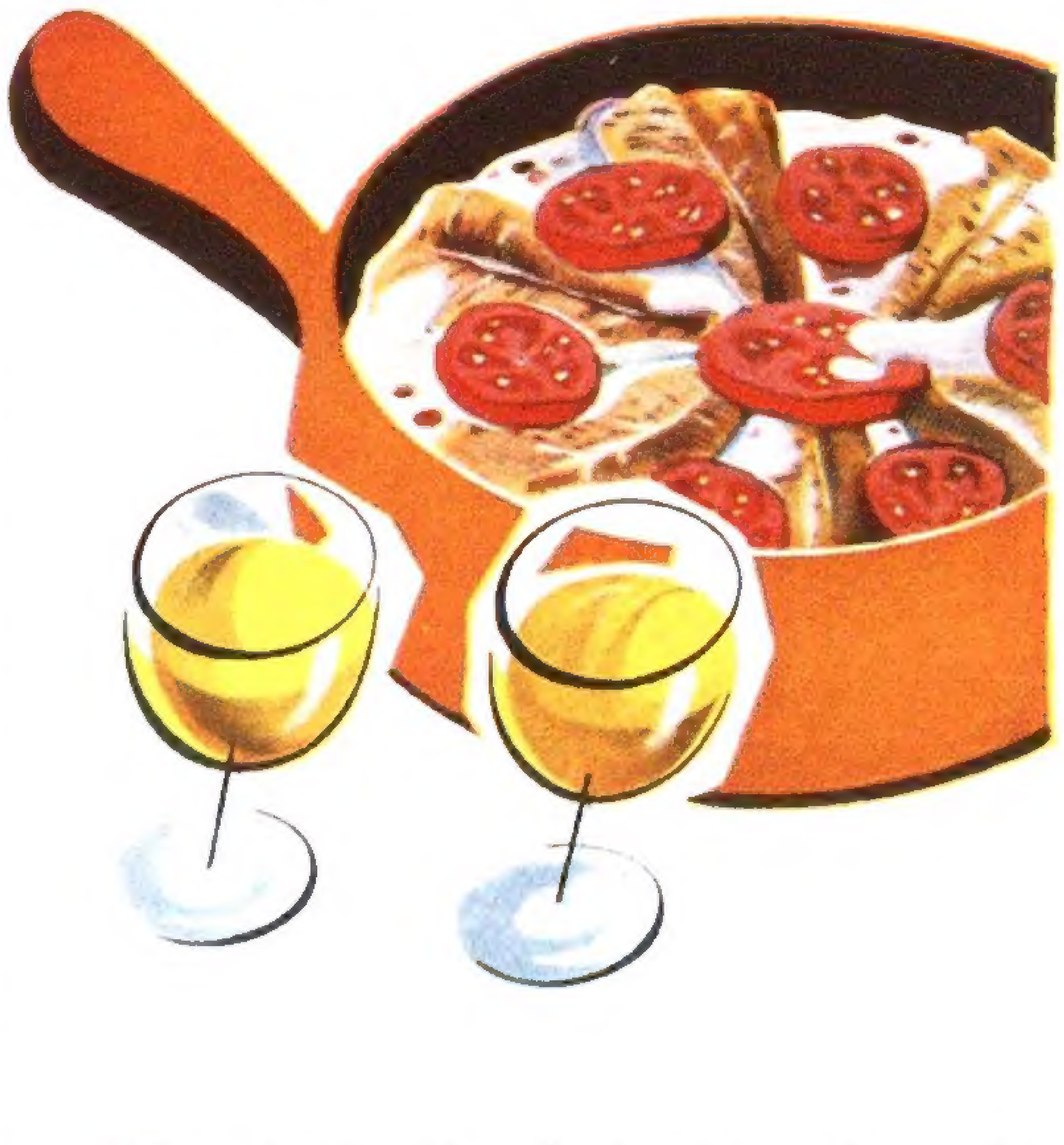
Kidneys en Brochette, with Red Wine: To serve 4, cut in cubes 2 veal or 5 lamb kidneys, soak in salted water ½ hour. Drain and arrange on skewers, alternating kidney cubes with squares of bacon. Marinate 30 min. in this sauce: ½ cup red table wine, ¼ cup salad oil, salt, pepper, cayenne, mustard, grated onion. Remove from sauce, broil very slowly 15 min., basting with the remaining sauce. Serve very hot. Enjoy with this treat one of our fine California red table wines, a Burgundy or Claret. Or a good red wine bearing the name of the grape variety from which it was made, like Pinot Noir, Cabernet or Zinfandel



Baked Fish Vin Blanc: For 4 or 5 persons, salt and pepper 1½ lbs. fish fillets or thin slices. Poach 10 minutes in 1 cup California Rhine Wine and ½ cup bouillon with a bay leaf and 1 tbsp. each of chopped celery, parsley and onion. Remove fish to shallow baking dish and arrange with halves of 3 small tomatoes. Boil down liquid one half, add 2 tbsps. cream, season, and strain over fish. Bake in hot oven (450°) 10 minutes, or until lightly browned. With this tempting dish, serve a California white table wine of the Rhine Wine type, or one labeled with the name of the grape variety from which the wine was made



Breaded Calves Brains au Sauterne: For 4 persons, parboil 2 pairs calves brains or 4 pairs lamb brains in usual way. Place under weight to flatten into patties. When cool, season, egg-and-crumb, and brown in oil. Prepare this "Sauce Delectable": Saute 5 minutes in oil a little chopped garlic, onion and parsley, a cup of chopped mushrooms, and a pinch each of marjoram and thyme. Blend in 1 tbsp. flour, stir in a cup of Sauterne. Add salt and pepper and bring to a simmer. Serve the patties very hot on crisp toast, the hot sauce in a separate bowl. Bring to table, well chilled, one of the delicate California Sauternes; or one of the fine varietals, such as a Sauvignon Blanc or a Semillon



• *For a big booklet of other interesting, point-saving recipes — write to the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco, Calif.*

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

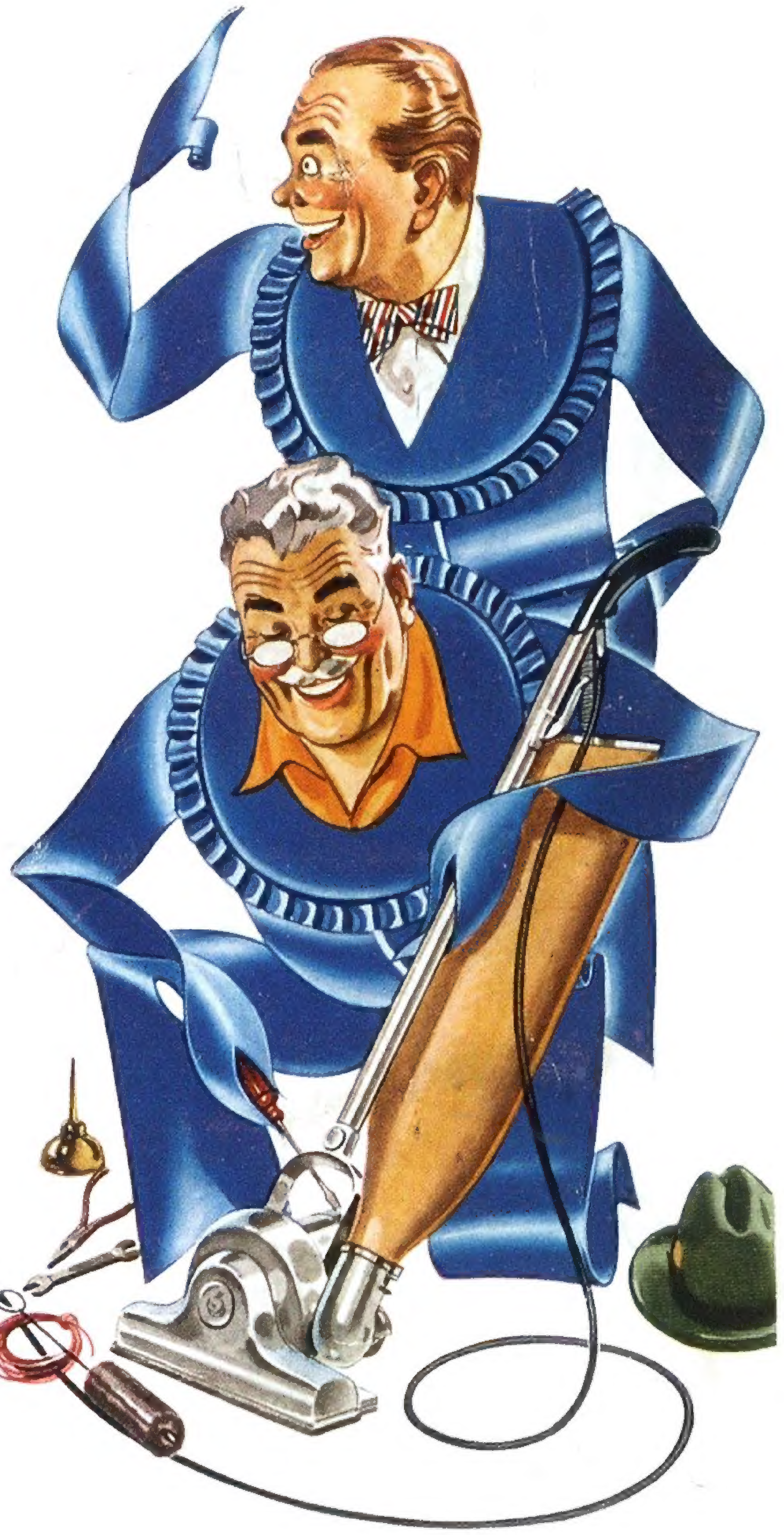
This is your Neighbor

of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

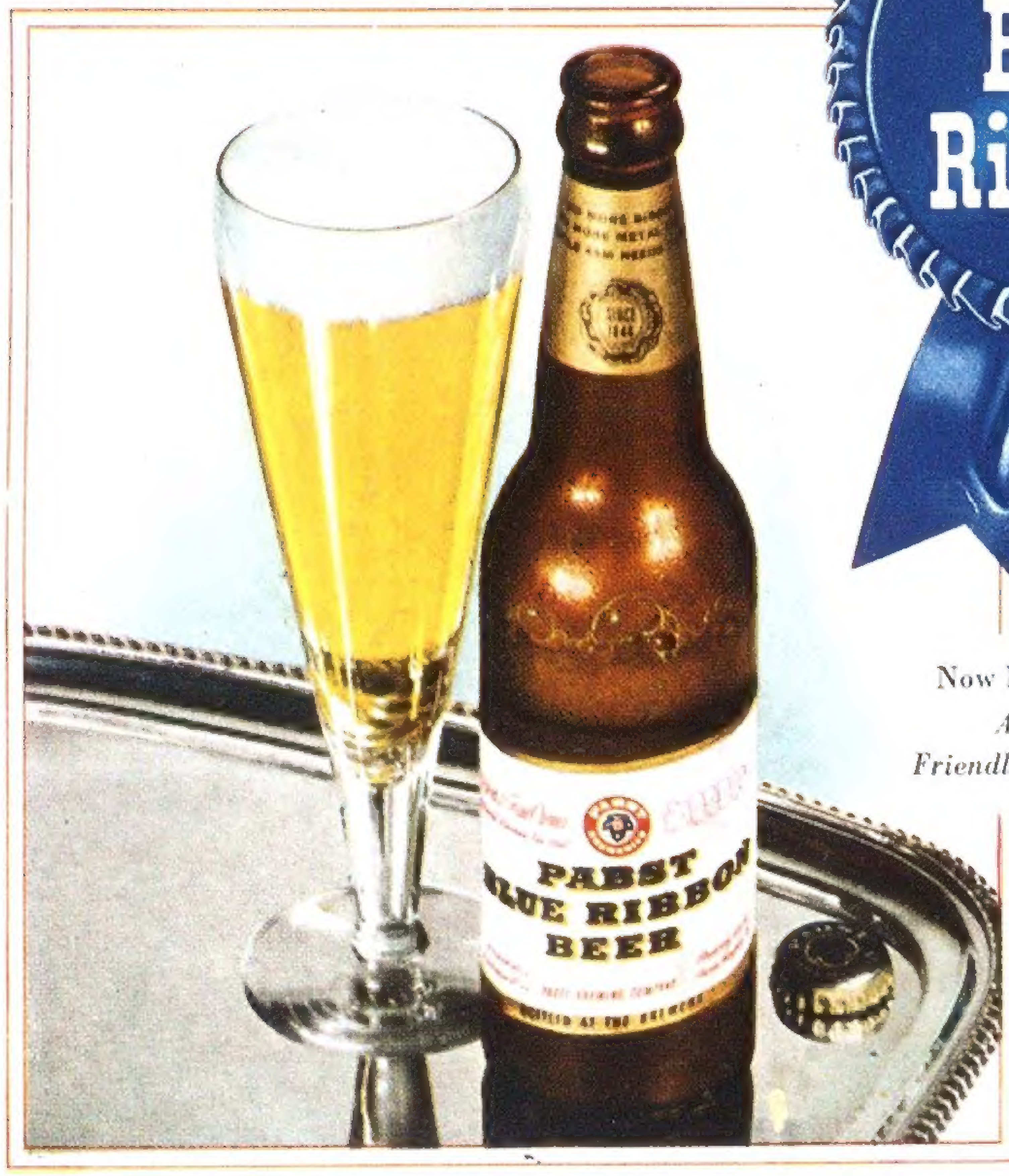
. . . who fixes your things when they start to break down

WITH Blue Ribbon Town so
devoid of skilled labor
Thank goodness for Mr.
McGregor, your neighbor.
For Mr. McGregor's an
amateur mender,
Of things like a door lock,
a dented-in fender;
A window that's sticking,
a faucet that leaks,
An icebox that's dripping—
a bedspring that squeaks.

OF course you can't pay him
—so don't volunteer,
Just bring out some bottles
of Blue Ribbon Beer.
And after your things have been
expertly mended,
He'll welcome the brew that
is *full-flavor blended*,
No gesture's so pleasant, so
friendly, so nice—
As clear, sparkling Pabst, when
it's right off the ice.



Pabst
Blue
Ribbon



TUNE IN THE LAUGH SHOW OF THE WEEK. GROUCHO MARX as your host of "BLUE RIBBON TOWN!" Every Saturday Night . . . Coast-to-Coast CBS NETWORK

Now More Than Ever
*A Symbol of
Friendly Companionship*

AMONG friends and neighbors everywhere, Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is the *symbol of friendly companionship.* Blue Ribbon's softer, kindlier taste comes from *full-flavor blending*... the Pabst process that blends no fewer than 33 *fine brews* into this one great beer.

More people than ever are asking for Pabst Blue Ribbon. So, if your dealer is out of it today—won't you ask again tomorrow? Remember... no matter where you go, there is no finer beer—no finer blend—than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

© 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED
into One Great Beer